



## Tea Table Talks No. 1

There would be no need for "Pure Food Laws" if every product were given a tithe of the care expended in assuring the perfect purity of

# BLUE RIBBON TEA

That care is exercised from Tea Garden to Table. In the blending, the most minute care ensures uniformity—ensures purity—ensures perfection.

The new doubly-protective wrapping ensures against the slightest deterioration by dust, moisture or careless handling.

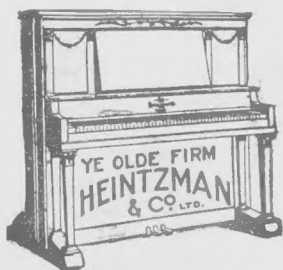
Your ideals of food-purity are expressed by always using

### Blue Ribbon Tea

A Wonderful Opportunity for a Generous Christmas Gift

# CLEAN-UP SALE

Of Slightly Used and Shop Worn Pianos



The  
Home  
of the  
**Heintzman  
& Co.  
Piano**

**Will you place a  
Heintzman & Co. Piano in  
your Home this Christmas?**

The finest of all gifts that you can present to your family is a Heintzman & Co. Piano. Its exquisite tone is recognized as ideal, and it has earned for this instrument the title of the "World's Best Piano." Heintzman & Co. skill and craftsmanship build this Piano for lifetime usage, and even after the strain of long years of service its action is just as even and responsive, and its tone just as pure, sweet and resonant as at first.

Remember that the Heintzman & Co. costs but very little more than the ordinary "good" Piano, and can be bought on easy terms.

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at  
**\$250 to \$350**  
Priced originally from \$500 to \$600

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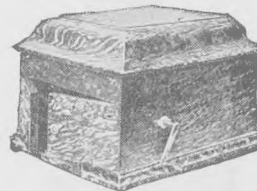


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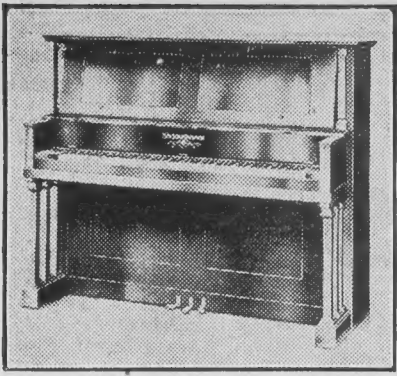


**Will there be a Victrola in  
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What gift of equal price is half so desirable as a Victrola? Delightful music in unlimited variety, from the greatest singers, from the violins of masters, music by celebrated orchestras and famous bands is yours to command. And then—the delights of the dance, oldtime or modern, to the music of skilled interpreters!

For a few dollars down and easy monthly payments, any Victrola from \$21.00 to \$305.00 may be yours. Write for Catalog and full particulars of Victrolas and Victor Records.

Also write us for information as to the latest song hits, folios of song and pianoforte music, opera scores, etc., and for the sure satisfaction of your needs in any branch of music.



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**BRINSMEAD, LONDON, ENGLAND**—Small Cottage-sized Piano. Circassian Walnut. Good Piano for beginner. Price, \$100.00.

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## A Christmas Prayer

By Principal Crammy, B.D., Wesley College, Winnipeg

**G**OD and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee for the Christmas time and its message. Once angels sang Thy song of Peace and shepherds abiding in the fields heard and wondered. Yet they sang that man might learn the song. Nearly two thousand times with the revolving years have Thy people turned in memory toward the song or the angels and the light that in it and with it shone from heaven. Nor have they turned in vain. We have heard much and learned much, and Christmas and its message means more than it once did. For this we bless Thy name. Yet our Father we are still as those who watch wearily in the night and look for the morning. And we come again to Thee, for in Thee is no darkness, but only light.

Help us to find our peace in Christ. Help us to see that only as we are one with God is there peace for us, which is abiding. It may be that led thus by Thy spirit, we may discover that we have more of the peace of God because more of the nature of God, in the midst of this confusion that seems at times to drown the angels' song, than in the quiet and inactivity that we sometimes call peace, and sometimes pray for, but which is surely, in its reality, only death.

We bless Thee for the spirit of Jesus, which we have seen manifested throughout our land during the year—the spirit of service, the spirit of sacrifice. We bless Thee for the tens of thousands of our young men who, though war was repugnant to them, and strife repugnant to them, have listened to the call of duty, to withstand with their lives that which seemed monstrous, that which with one fell stroke would threaten with disaster the gifts which Thou hast given us through a thousand years of experience and struggle. Be with our young men, O God, and make them valiant. While they rejoice at being soldiers of the King, may they rejoice yet more at being soldiers of the Cross.

Be with those who at home require no less the valiant heart. In hours of anxiety may Thy presence bid them be of good cheer. In hours of sorrow may Thy presence banish darkness. May all the pathway of duty be made glorious by being made the place of communion with the Son of Man.

Make this time of strife an instrument of peace. May the spirit of sacrifice shown by our soldiers and their mothers and their wives and their sisters make still more hateful the skulking cowardice of the spirit of self-seeking, until men holding the foul deformities of manhood in abhorrence may seek their real manhood in Christ.

Thus, O God of Love, through the confusion that seems to mar the peace of to-day, bring about a higher peace, that will vindicate the hope that shines like a light out of heaven upon men's hearts at the Christmas time. Hear our prayer, O God, which we seek to offer in the spirit of Jesus. Amen.



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# WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

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DECEMBER, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA





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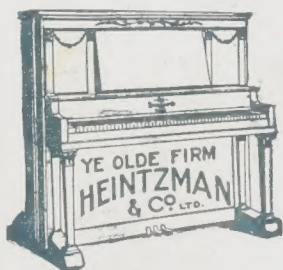
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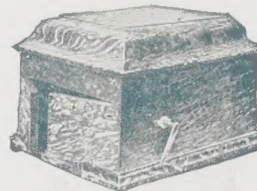


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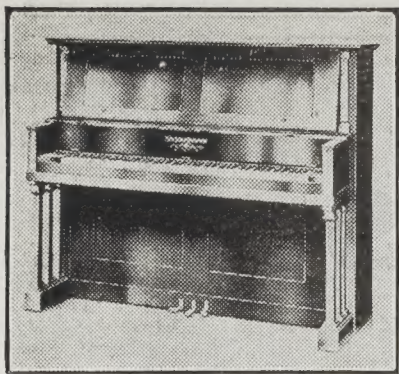
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# Stop The Leaks

Make farming a real business. See that you sell and buy to best advantage. Do business when possible with this farmers' company—the company that has demonstrated that it has the interests of the farmers at heart. Support the co-operative movement.

**In Selling Your Grain**—Are you getting all you should get in price and in service when you dispose of your crop? If so, figure out who is responsible. In times past there have been leaks. Even yet there may be a leak or two in your system of selling. Are your grades checked? Does the firm that handles your grain do all that can be done in helping you to collect on claims for loss or damage to your shipment? Are you getting satisfying service?

**You get the best in price and the most in service when you dispose of your grain through the Farmers' Pioneer Company.**

**In Buying Your Needs**—Don't forget that co-operation helps. Each and every farmer, by purchasing what he can through **The GGG Co. Ltd.** helps himself and also helps the Company to be of still further benefit to farmers of the Canadian West. The supplies and implements handled were selected because of their excellence; they are offered at prices as close as possible to manufacturers' cost. Cheap goods are dear at any price. We are in the field to stay, and do not sell supplies or machinery that are not of high quality or will not stand up under the wear and tear to which they are bound to be subjected in Western Canada. There have been too many leaks in connection with supplying farm needs. Too many middlemen have taken a living, and more, from the margin between the real cost of manufacture and the selling price. Honest men pay "the other fellows" bad debts. When you buy through **The GGG Co. Ltd.** you stop these leaks.

**Our 1916 Catalog will be ready for distribution within a few weeks. Watch for our announcement regarding it, and prepare to buy your general supplies and machinery through this farmers' company.**

**High Prices can be  
Cut Down by  
Co-operative Buying.  
Try it.**

**The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.**

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NEW WESTMINSTER  
British Columbia

**SERVICE  
when you sell.  
VALUE  
when you buy.**



## EDITORIAL

## A Christmas Message

## THE BELLS

THE Christmas bells are pealing once again, but their music abounds in minor effects and in rebellious discords. There is no longer the hearty ringing which suggests careless joy and the laughter of children, but a ceaseless tolling which speaks of tears and heart-aches, of empty chairs and lonely hearths. Yet to him who listens with the heart rather than the ear, there is something heavenly in the music. There are harmonies of peace that nothing but the hardships and terrors of war could have produced; there are suggestions of joy and goodwill that could have been prompted only by co-operation and sacrifice.

## LONELY BUT COMFORTED

IN one of the rural communities of Manitoba there may be found tonight an elderly pair. They are alone in the body, but in soul they are surrounded by their family of boys — their boys, but now their Country's and their King's. Two years ago that home was gay with laughter and rich in the joy of exuberant young life. Now the rooms are silent and a gloomy sadness seems to have settled over all. Yet look closer and you may read in the two lovely faces something of pride and joy and devotion that was never known before. You may read that these two are glorying that they have been privileged to give to their Country and their God four sons who will not have lived in vain. They realize that the joy they took out of their four sturdy baby lads may have been more or less a selfish joy; that their pride in their four young stalwarts may have been, perhaps, a selfish pride; but now they know that there is nothing selfish in the joy and pride and devotion which fill their hearts when they learn that in the trenches four young men — their very own — are sacrificing health and life that right may be upheld and tyranny overthrown. The very best wish of The Western Home Monthly is that all parents who have given their sons in this glorious cause may know this higher joy.

A man may amass wealth, may build up a great business, may leave a fortune to his children, and because of this may enjoy satisfaction and distend with pride. By his country and his God he will be measured by what he has given through himself and his children to forward the cause of truth and freedom. The men and women who can hold up their heads to-day, who can smile through their tears, are those who have some one to love in the fields of Belgium or on the plains of France.

## BEREFT BUT CONSOLED

WHO are these with eyes so lonely and with faces so unutterably sad. What do they hear in this chiming of the Christmas bells? It is a mother

whose son is lying in a soldier's grave; it is a wife whose life-companion lies by his side. Yet such is woman's devotion at this hour that the air is charged for these two with celestial harmonies. They who have come through death have reached the higher life, and they alone of all the human throng can understand the shepherds' song; they alone get comfort from the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The wish of the Monthly is that all who have made the great sacrifice may know something of the great joy and experience fully of the great consolation!

## READY, AYE READY

THEY are crowded together in the barracks. They are inured to hardship and strain. They walk and drill and walk again. They are eager for active duty, but must hold themselves in patience, for their hour has not yet come. This daily round of duty is monotonous. It is hard for the body; it is harder for the mind. But the boys in khaki will see it through. They know what the outcome of this war means for their country, the Empire and the race. And so they build themselves strong in resolution and fit themselves in every way for the life that is ahead. Gradually they begin to get the real message of the bells. The deep cadences were always there, but they were never heard by these men until now. It is a strange thing this about the Christmas chimes, that listeners always determine the music that will be heard. A young man, gay and debonair a year ago, heard nothing then but empty tinkling; the earnest patriotic soul of to-day hears the bugle call to higher service, the trumpet call to victories over self and sin and wrong. The Monthly can wish for every young man who has enlisted nothing better than this: that he may realize to the full the opportunity that awaits him; that he may attain to true manhood through the highest sacrifice; that the song of peace may ever sing in his own soul, and that he may have a foretaste of the peace which the world is to enjoy through the sacrifice of many.

## HEROES ALL

COLD and cheerless it is in the trenches. We who are not there cannot picture the dangers nor imagine the horrors. Surely, however, we can realize that those who are holding an enemy at bay, now gaining a trench, now winning a stronghold, now pressing forward to occupy new ground, now retiring to accept the faithful ministrations of the Red Cross workers; surely we can realize that these heroes have reached through their zeal and their devotion a height to which we cannot hope to attain. It is idle to send these men a greeting. It is more meet that we should sit by and worship. Yet there are lonely hearts on the firing

line, and in the whitewashed halls there is great suffering, and if it would do any good to these our soldiers to know that our hearts are with them every hour and every minute then let them know it. The Monthly can send no wish but this: that all may live up to the standard of bravery, kindness and purity already established; that all may know the highest peace — the peace during commotion — the highest joy — the joy of service — the highest goodwill — kindness to one's enemies; and that all may return home unscathed, with blushing honors thick upon them, to lead here as they have led there, honored by their fellows and favored by their God.

## MINISTERING ANGELS

A BAND of women workers — knitting and sewing — putting thought and heart and good wishes into all they so cheerfully perform — what can we wish for them but that their kindness may return upon themselves? May they have the reward promised to those who give a cup of cold water in the name of the Master! No higher commendation was ever accorded any one than that contained in these simple words: "She hath done what she could." There are some all through this land of whom it would be no extravagance to say this much. May all such have a new vision this Christmas Day. May their hearts give a deeper meaning to the music of the Bells! May they hear the songs and melodies that are unknown to the selfish and the vain! And above all may they soon experience the joys of reunion — the battle ended, peace for a thousand years.

## THEY ALSO SERVE

TO have the will but not the power; to have the courage but not the opportunity — this seems the hardest lot of all. Men beyond the age limit, boys yet in their teens, fathers and helpless little children — all these must stay behind. 'Tis hard to only stand and wait. Workers in factories, toilers in the fields — gladly would many of you join the colors, but the way is not yet open for you. Contain your souls in patience. Those who watch the stores are yielding as noble a service as the men who are bearing arms, provided only that the service is for the common good. This is a time of sacrifice. No sacrifice is too great for such a cause as this. So while our brothers are offering their lives at the front, we who remain behind must lay on the altar our time, our wealth, our all. All is at stake, and all must be risked. Good old Reginald Heber has taught us all the song the bells should ring:

"They climbed the steep ascent to heaven,

Through peril, toil and pain,  
God grant to us that grace be given  
To follow in their train."





# May McD's Christmas Page



## The Genesis of Christmas

IT is always an interesting task to trace back a stream to its sources. Not casually or arbitrarily was the feast of the nativity fixed in midwinter. Almost all the heathen nations regarded the winter solstice as the most important point in the year, as the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and of the gods, who were originally, perhaps, only the symbolic personifications of these. In the northern countries this fact must have made itself peculiarly palpable — hence the Celts and Germans from the earliest times celebrated the season with the greatest festivities.

### Traditions Derived from Ancient Customs

Ages and ages ago, perhaps a hundred centuries or more, when human beings began to record the facts of the physical world, they noted that there was a definite season at which the short days of winter began to lengthen, and the long, grim nights to grow more brief. This was at the time of the winter solstice, in December, when the sun turns in its apparent course among the stars, and seems slowly to return, with its radiant light and vivifying heat. Men knew that the power of stern winter had been broken, and that soon would come the springtime, thrilling the earth with new life, causing the seed to swell and the buds to burst, and suffusing all created things with the fresh joy of vigorous youth. All the world over this moment of transition was watched for eagerly; and when it came it was welcomed with merry-making and with a sort of symbolism which belonged to the nature worship of the primitive peoples — east, west, north and south alike.

### Yuletide Among the Druids

In the remote north, where winter is stern and unrelenting for many months of the year, the first token of its decline was hailed with great joy. In the black Scandinavian forests great fires were kindled, fed with mighty trunks of pine and spruce, until the flames shot far up into the heavens, defying the frost king and hailing his approaching downfall. Around these roaring seas of billowy flame gathered the savage, bearded northmen, basking in the ruddy warmth, calling with hoarse voices upon their barbaric gods, and clashing their rude weapons; for the time was coming when the ice in the fjords would melt, when the serpent-shaped boats would again be launched, and when the vikings would glide out to slay the monsters of the sea, or to fight and plunder and ravage the abodes of other men.

But on the night that was longest, just before the great flaming wheel of the sun turned backward once again, and when the yule logs were made ready

to flare out, a terror, strange and sinister, took possession of the timid. Men and women and children whispered to one another that on this night there were many who suddenly put off their human forms and were changed into werewolves, fierce, ravening, and thirsting for blood; and that these dreadful creatures roamed in the forest glades until the rising of the sun of the new year. In this belief is seen again the symbol of the transformation of the season.

### Mysterious Ceremonies of Celts and Gauls

Strange, weird and awe-inspiring was the December ceremonial among the Celtic peoples of Western Europe, and most of all in the rites of the Britons, who observed this period of their winter solstice in their great roofless gardens and temples. In them torches blazed at night, and mysterious ceremonies accompanied the cutting of the sacred mistletoe, which symbolized the

personal movements and interferences on earth of their great deities, Odin, Berchta and others. Many of the beliefs and usages of the Germans passed over from heathenism to christianity and have partly survived to this day.

The yule festival like the Saturnalia of the Druids, was the greatest feast of the ancient Germans. It was dedicated to Odin, or Wodan, the greatest god of the heathen. He was the old Germans "god of heaven" who blessed the fields and gave victory; who was worshipped as the giver of good things.

In Jewish homes the Nanukah, the great Festival of Lights, spreads the glow of the transition period into the hearts of Jewish children, almost at the same hour when Christmas sheds its light and sets ablaze the tree under the neighbor's roof. This is to welcome the renewal of light and heat from the returning sun, and the custom goes back farther than recorded history.

The Egyptians celebrate the

The pagan festivals, it has transpired, were called "unconscious prophecies" of the law and divine promise. The Church sought to combat and banish the deep rooted heathen feeling by adding, for the purification of the heathen feasts and customs which she retained, her grandly devised liturgy, besides dramatic representations of the birth of Christ and the first events of His life.

So it was that manger-songs arose, and a multitude of Christmas carols, as well as dramas, which sometimes degenerated into farces or fools' feasts. And so arose also the Christ-trees, or Christmas trees, present giving, and Christmas dishes. Thus Christmas became a universal social festival for young and old, high and low, as no other Christian festival could have become.

### Why We Celebrate December 25

Nobody knows whether December 25th is the exact date on which Christ was born, or what people first celebrated that date. It may have been in April, or in October, but unlikely in December, judging by some of the attendant circumstances.

But if heathenism was to be understood and conquered, some of its established institutional and festive ways must be adopted and reformed, and filled with a new meaning in accord with the new thought and hope then beginning strangely to move the hearts of men. And this was the very thing that happened. After the triumph of Christianity, the prejudice of the early Christians against the celebration of birthdays as heathenish died out.

Some time between 337 and 352 Pope Julius directed Saint Cyril to ascertain the correct date of the Nativity. He reported that the Western churches observed it on December 25, although other churches kept the day in January, April, May, March, and September. Pope Julius was so satisfied with Saint Cyril's report that he set December 25 as Christmas Day, and our observance of that date has come down to us from that decision.

The observance of the festival of the Nativity was from the beginning called Christmas or Christ Mass, because a special mass was celebrated on that day. The pure glow of the spiritual festival dissipated the dark clouds of licentious and wicked ceremonies that marked the notorious Roman Saturnalia; but the Christian observance, while exterminating the evils of the heathen festival which it displaced, permitted many of the pleasing and innocent features to remain. Among these are customs which survive at the present day — the decorating with evergreens, holly and laurel; the burning of the yule log and singing of Christmas carols, which are the evolution of the ancient hymns of praise to Saturn and Bacchus and other heathen gods.

## A Merry Christmas

and

## A Happy New Year

continuance of life and of the means of life throughout the winter.

But more wonderful still was the scene among the Gauls on the coast of Brittany. Human eyes have never gazed upon a stranger sight than these marvellous sanctuaries, with their thousands of huge white columns, uncovered and not enclosed by walls, rearing their forest of stone up to the frosty heavens. Amid all this maze of mystic pillars, the flames of countless fires glared at night, as the natives, crowned with chaplets of green, moved in their imposing processional. At a distance the uninitiated gazed with awe upon the spectacle, perceiving on the cliffs the frantic figures of the women, their hair streaming in a sort of fiery mist, as they waved their torches wildly and shrieked out cabalistic words and litanies, while the myriad pillars echoed to the fearful chanting of the men.

### Germans, Jews and Egyptians had Winter Festivals

At the winter solstice the Germans held their great yule-feast in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun-wheel; and believed that, during the twelve nights from December 25 to January 6, they could trace the

same season, and it is a curious and interesting fact that they chose for its symbol a new-born child, since at that time another year was born. It was also the period when nature began to give birth to new plants and grains.

### Sanctification of Heathen Festivities

These were, indeed, an awful precursor of the Christmas that we know—a heathen Christmas, kept by tall, skin-clad savages, on whose volcanic passions a check was placed only by the reputed magic powers of their mysterious priests. The Saturnalia, the Juvenalia, and the Brumalia of Italy were transmuted into and sanctified by the establishment of the Christian cycle of Christmas observance. The superstition of the Egyptians, the savagery of the northern people, and the frantic and bloody practises of the Druids, have all been purified and touched with grace and beauty; so that there remains a festival of harmless mirth, of light and color, of song and melody, of good-will and peace, and through it all the happy innocence of children's laughter.

The Church must be credited with the effort so to use the pagan customs which she felt constrained to adopt as to make them profitable to the souls of the people.





## The Night Rider

A Christmas Tale of Candle-light Days by Edith G. Bayne.

THE stage coach lumbered heavily along through a seemingly endless labyrinth of bush. The rough road zigzagged and dipped, and rose and fell again with dull monotony, and the late December evening was rapidly closing in. It was fifteen miles from York village, where Elizabeth Blake had been to the trading post, to her home on the lake shore, and she was now returning with laden baskets and in company of Mistress Ogilvie, widow of Major Ogilvie, late of the Fort.

Master Treadwell, the driver, being cold and lacking company on the box, had had recourse to his usual solace in times of stress or loneliness, a square green bottle, and the faithful horses plodded on unguided, for the reins had slackened and Master Treadwell slept.

Within the coach, seated opposite one another, were the two women, the elder short and stout with a sonsy rosy face, and the younger slender and fair with great blue and brown curls that peeped coquettishly from underneath the grey beaver bonnet.

"I wish we were at home, Aunt," said the girl, clinging to the window-ledge

falling snow she discerned a black horse and a rider at a standstill a few feet away.

"Ho, ho the coach! Hello passengers!" called the deep voice again.

Having elicited no response from Treadwell on the box, the rider now rode close and saluted Elizabeth.

"Your Jehu is drunk as an owl, madam, and you are standing on the brink of a great hole in Crossman's Bridge."

"Mercy-a-me!" shrieked madam from within.

Elizabeth glanced beyond the rider, and in the thickening gloom spied a wide black chasm not ten paces from the horses' heads.

"Tis the mercy of heaven!" she murmured, dazedly.

"And the instinct of your beasts, madam—or—is it Miss? Zounds, 'tis but a lass and a pretty one!"

"Have done!" cried Mistress Ogilvie, who had now appeared at the door, "Have done, sir!"

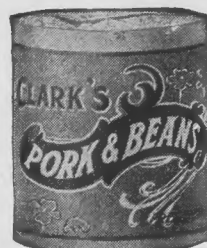
"Hush, aunt; he has saved our lives, whoever he is."

"I thank you, sir—we both thank you."

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Children gazing at toys during the Christmas holidays

with a small, white-mitten hand, for the coach wheels had sunk to their hubs in a deep rut. "Father bade us hasten. The Indians—"

"Glance out child and see if you can discern lights," returned Mistress Ogilvie, "your eyes are sharper than mine, and methinks we should be approaching the settlement."

The woman sat bolt upright, swaying from side to side with the erratic movements of the vehicle, and balancing herself by aid of a great green umbrella.

The girl lowered a window, and thrusting out her head, peered into the deepening twilight.

"I see no lights," she said, "but I hear hoof-beats. And 'tis snowing harder!"

"Ah, 'twill not be a green Christmas after all!" ejaculated the dame. "Close the window quickly, Betty, lest the candles be blown out!"

Two feeble tallow dips in their sconces above spluttered and wavered, threatening to retire into ultimate gloom, so the girl made haste to obey.

For a few moments the stage labored along as before. Then of a sudden it gave a violent lurch, and the horses, with a series of convulsive plunges and staggerings, came to a halt.

"What can the matter be!" exclaimed Mistress Ogilvie, startled out of her phlegmatic calm.

Hoof-beats near at hand fell upon the ear, and a deep voice now broke the winter stillness.

"Put thy head out, child, and ask what is wrong," directed the dame.

Elizabeth opened the coach door and peered without. Through the heavily-

Pray tell our driver to step down a moment," said the woman.

"Madam," responded the rider, "your driver is past stepping."

"Oh!" from the lady, then "Betty, child, what under the canopy are we to do?"

The girl surveyed the stranger. His features were indistinguishable under the squirrel-skin cap, but he was very tall of form and wore a dark great coat, leggings and riding boots.

"Will you help us ford the stream, sir?" she asked.

"Gladly. Step in again ladies, and trust to me. The river is swollen and rapid just here, but I think not deep."

With much trembling and hesitation and many outcries on Mistress Ogilvie's part, and a furtive fear and swift heart-beats on Elizabeth's, the stage was backed away, the horses were led downhill south of the bridge, and soon the icy water splashing and surging over the wheels and washing against the windows, told the passengers that they were in the act of crossing the stream.

Once or twice a tentative pause or an indeterminate lurching of the vehicle paled their cheeks and gave them vivid nightmares of a watery death. Lowly and steadily and very carefully, however, the rider in the van led the reluctant team on, and after a seeming great while—in reality but ten minutes—their fore-hoofs touched the farther bank, and they clambered chill and dripping up the incline, landing safely upon the road once more.

"Ha! your driver is awake!" cried the rider. "Now, man! Thou hast come un-



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wittingly through the Great Flood. Hast  
sense enough left to keep the road and  
a sharp lookout?"

"Whip up the beasts, man! They must  
be kept in motion after this dipping!"

"Stay, sir—we thank you kindly,"  
said Mistress Ogilvie. "What will you  
take in return for—"

"Aye, kind sir, name thy wish," sup-  
plemented the girl. The women stood at  
the coach door, and the dame began to  
fumble in her reticule.

"Wilt have a sovereign?" and she  
tendered a bit of gold.

"Nay, nay," declared the stranger,  
shaking his head.

"But you have rendered us a great  
service!"

"You have saved our lives! Indeed you  
must take something!" urged Elizabeth.

"Twill be little enough—"  
The stranger drew off the squirrel-skin  
cap and paused a moment. Then he  
leaned downward.

"I will have a kiss, then, since you  
must give me something," he said.

"Law!" exclaimed madam, bridling.

The girl laughed merrily.

"You first, aunt!" she said, pushing  
the lady forward.

The rider imprinted a chaste and re-  
sounding salute upon her fresh cheek,  
then turned and met the eyes of the girl.

"Would that I were the first and the  
last!" he said, softly, as he bent low.

Madam, exceedingly flustered, was

perspersed with rosy home-cured hams,  
savory roots and bunches of garlic and  
onions. Two or three precious holly  
sprigs occupied a prominent place along  
the hearth-shelf, glowing ruddily against  
bright pewter pots. From four ancient  
silver candlesticks—brought out from the  
depths of a great cedar chest especially  
for this occasion—yellow dip-candles  
shed a soft light, and their mild radiance  
and the reflected glory of a huge fire that  
blazed and crackled on the hearth,  
lighted the homely abode to its farthest  
nook and cranny. Rupert Blake, erst-  
while gallant captain in His Majesty's  
colonial force, but now short of a leg  
since the battle at Lundy's Lane, sat  
upon a low bench by the fire making  
fresh candles. Although his attention  
seemed entirely given to the pouring of  
the hot tallow into the moulds, ever and  
anon, he raised his head and listened to  
some fancied sound without, while his  
good wife bustled about in red kerseckie  
and grey homespun kirtle, preparing sup-  
per. A roast of venison sputtered and  
hissed on the spit, and a pot of fragrant  
vegetables boiled merrily beside it. The  
round table was laid with a coarse woven  
but snowy cloth and all seemed in readi-  
ness for a family meal.

"Hist, woman!" cried the Captain,  
"dost hear wheels?"

"Bless thee man, I have fancied it a  
dozen times and as oft been disap-  
pointed!"



Babine Indians Fishing on G.T.P. Line B.C.

engaged in rubbing the spot of late con-  
tact, with her pocket-handkerchief. As  
the girl sprang backward she sent a keen,  
searching glance into the stranger's face.

"The hermit!" she breathed, quickly.

"Aye—the hermit. Make haste now  
and speed homeward. I ride on to the  
Fort, for I do think there is trouble  
afoot this night, lady. That bridge be-  
tokens—"

"Hasten Elizabeth, and do not stand  
chattering there," called Mistress Ogilvie  
from the depths of the coach.

Obediently the girl followed her aunt  
into the vehicle, casting one last wonder-  
ing half-fearful look at the rider on the  
sable steed.

Then Treadwell urged his horses on-  
ward. The ladies called out farewell,  
and as their deliverer bowed low in his  
saddle, the great coach and its passen-  
gers whirled away into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

The interior of the lone log cabin that  
nestled amid its grove of pine and bal-  
sam, glowed most invitingly. It was the  
eve of Christmas, and the homekeeping  
heart of Mistress Blake—these many  
years, sore-wrung with fond memories at  
this season, memories of England and  
England's Christmas—had lent willing  
industry to her hands. From the dark  
rafters hung evergreen boughs, inter-

"I wish they were home," said the Cap-  
tain. "Step to the door mother, again."

Mistress Blake opened the door. A gust  
of wind mingled with thick, soft snow-  
flakes met her—and nothing else. Cap-  
tain Blake hobbled across the floor and  
peered over her shoulder.

"Betty!" he called, "Betty, child, are  
you there? Satan take my failing eyes,  
I cannot see a hand's breadth before  
me!"

His wife gave a sudden cry and pointed  
to the door jamb. There, quivering, as  
though freshly shot, in the pine wood of  
the door frame, lodged an arrow.

"Pluck it out, mother," said the Cap-  
tain. They returned to the fireside and  
examined it closely.

"'Tis of the Iroquois," said the Cap-  
tain, at last.

"The double-notch arrow! Wichita's  
signal!" gasped Mistress Blake.

The pair looked into each other's eyes  
for a long moment.

"Aye, woman, aye! There's trouble  
brewing of a certainty!" the Captain  
said, at length.

In the past summer a squaw of the  
Iroquois tribe had been wounded in the  
forest by a stray shot of some careless  
hunter and the Captain had found  
her lying near the bank of a stream to  
which she had crawled for a draught of  
water. Summoning aid, he had borne



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her to his cabin, where she lay for two weeks in pain and fever. A bullet had pierced the wall of one lung and for days her life hung in the balance. The surgeon from York, together with careful nursing, had carried her over the crisis into safety, however. During all of this time the red woman watched the movements and occupations of the pale faces with those shrewd, inscrutable black eyes that glittered from her dark, stoical countenance like twin beads, and few words escaped her. Yet she cherished gratitude nevertheless, as was evinced on her departure. Drawing a savage-looking knife from her belt, she seized a fagot from the hearth-box and commenced to whittle it into the form of an arrow. Fascinated, Martha Blake and her daughter and sister, Mistress Ogilvie, watched her. Wichita cut a single notch in the end and held it up, saying:

"Plenty maize. Indians quiet—if I send this."

Then cutting a second notch beside the first, she raised the stick above her head, as though brandishing a tomahawk.

"How so? What could happen in this quiet spot? Things are peaceable to what they have been in years gone by—only—well, only for the Indians' threats."

"Ah—the Indians! Aye, Martha, the red-skinned devils are on the warpath at last, I fear."

"They're quiet and peaceful just now, Father."

"Aye, aye—but the corn's a poor crop! The maize was black-rolled this harvest. Game has been scarce. If hunger hits them hard enough—well, hunger is the last and best argument. Like time and tide starvation waits upon no court of appeal, and necessity knows no law."

Martha was silent.

"Ha! I do hear steps, woman!" cried the Captain suddenly. "If they be only ghostly ones this time I shall deem my mind bewitched. Harken!"

"Hillo, neighbor! Hillo, Blake!" called a familiar voice, and the door burst unceremoniously open, revealing the stout, rotund form and ruddy face of one, John A. Esborough, 1<sup>st</sup> te of His Majesty's Irish



The Road to Bethlehem

"Iroquois on warpath, when snow flies. Burn, scalp! Paleface run, run for life!"

For some time the white women could scarcely comprehend this cryptic overture, but as summer passed and September came in, they found the one-notch arrow twice sticking tightly in the pine wood of the cabin door. After that they had completely forgotten the occurrence. The crops had not been abundant, and there was little game, yet the pioneers in and about the small colony cherished no fear of threatened Indian uprisings that came to the ear from time to time, from the lips of hardy hunters who had penetrated far north and west above York. The threat was hoary. They had heard it so often that they had come to look upon its import as most improbable; though, of course, quite possible, in spite of official vigilance at the Fort. "Come, let us eat," said the Captain. "I'm rarely hungry to-night, though I doubt much if I can do justice to the meal whilst the child is abroad."

The pair partook of the supper in silence, their ears ever on the alert for the sound of the coach wheels. Soon the old man returned to his bench at the hearth and began puffing at his pipe.

"Seems to me, Martha, like's if something's happened or about to happen—that we didn't quite figger on," he said, after a few moments.

His wife cast a sharp glance at him from the table-side.

Fusiliers, but now a farmer-settler in the Canadian forest.

"Welcome, welcome! Come to the fire, John!" cried Blake.

"Hast heard the news?" demanded the newcomer.

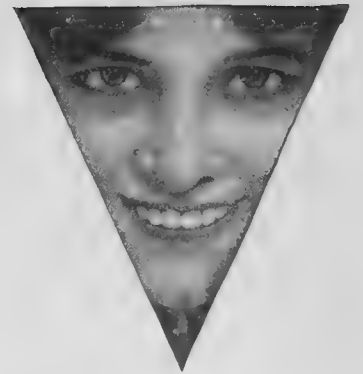
"News? Nay! No British mail has come to port these five weeks gone. The storm's at sea..."

"'Tis not of England I speak man, 'tis of affairs at our very door! The Indians—damn 'em—are out at last!"

Mistress Blake's hands flew up, and the Captain's pipe clattered to the floor.

"Aye, 'tis but too true! The rascals have cut off our communication with the Fort. Part of the bridge 'tween here and there is burnt away, and they're gathered at one of their devilish powwows up the river. Looks like they mean business, I've got all the farmers gathered at my home and we've turned it into a block-house."

"We must get word to the Fort!" cried Blake. "The river can be forded. I've already sent a messenger, man. 'Twas that strange hermit fellow, that black avised villain that rides abroad only at nightfall—for his health evidently, for he never robs or steals, as I've heard of, anyway. I found him riding eastward an hour ago, and he undertook the mission. But what's a score of guns when arrows are flying from those demons in ambush!"



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"Heaven deliver us!" broke from Mistress Blake's pale lips.

"How many Indians, think you, there will be to fight?" asked Blake.

"Some four hundred odd—perhaps more. We're ridiculously outnumbered, but we'll fight to the last man, God helping! Come! Hasten and gather up what thou valuest best, Mistress Blake, and Captain, get thy gun and give me thy arm! Where is little Mistress Betty and Dame Ogilvie?"

"Alas! They are from home. They went to York this morning," said Blake, making no motion to secure his gun.

The three stood in a silence that approached despair. Each thought of the burnt bridge and Master Treadwell's weakness. Each waited for the other to speak. Then, like a sudden song of gladness on the heavy air came the sound—distinct this time—of the coach-wheels. The Captain flung wide the door and there, a great, dark blur against the misty-dun colored back ground, stood the coach. Treadwell, with a loud "Whoa," drew up and sprang down to the ground. Elizabeth and her aunt, basket-laden, stepped out, the former nimbly, the latter slowly. The greeting they received : a com-

No tears, no word of complaint—only softly-spoken sentences of cheer fell from their lips, and high resolve shone in their patient eyes.

The attack was rather long in materializing, so long, in fact, that the eyelids of the lynx-eyed watchers grew heavy at their posts, and the late moon rose over the dark pine ridge and travelled westward where it hung at midnight, a pale gold crescent in the winter sky.

Two more hours passed. Then Blake, who stood at a small window near the door, consulted his great silver watch and found that it was past two o'clock.

"God hasten thy courier that went to the Fort!" he whispered to Desborough. "We are but nine men."

"Aye," responded the other, "we are in sore need of more, though heaven be praised we are under cover and the snow lies three inches deep on the roof. If the devils attempt to fire us, their plans, methinks, may go awry."

It was not long after this that a long, dark shadow crept out of the pine thicket behind the cabin and darted forward to a lone tree, where it seemed to melt into the shade behind the trunk. Then came another shadow, and another.



When the Boys Do Their Own Laundry

pound of thankful joy and palpitating fear. The news was quickly communicated; even Treadwell, who blinked stupidly, comprehending its gravity.

"Thou durst not return to York. Master Treadwell," said Desborough, pointing toward the east. "Look yonder!"

Above the pines rose a dull, red glow. "The devils have begun their work!" said Blake.

"Come, bundle the women back into the coach, and do you take them to my house, Treadwell. Captain, we shall foot it!" directed John Desborough.

Stopping only long enough to seize one or two articles of especial value and to extinguish the candles, the women entered the stage, while the two men walked rapidly after it. In less than half-an-hour the party reached a larger log cabin that stood in a clearing, two miles further west. Here were gathered about two score of settlers, including women and children. Two men were picketed before the house and within, at every window and loophole in the logs stood another man, armed with a six-shooter or an old "muzzle-loader." Some of the women also were armed, and stood ready to fall in as substitutes at the loopholes. The children slept, but the women were wide-eyed, with drawn faces that held besides the sickening dread, a stubborn courage—the courage of the pioneer woman the world over.

Just as stealthily came more. The pickets, also in shadow, stood heavily upon their guns, and the drowsiness of deferred sleep had caused them to relax, momentarily, from their vigilance, for they did not see those first shadowy forms, and the forest glades were silent as dim cathedral aisles. Those softly-gliding figures might have been dark spirits from another world, so silently did they come to life and then vanish, each behind its own tree or rock or clump of bushes. Suddenly an arrow sang through the still air. Another followed, then a third. The pickets, fully aroused, sped to the cabin door and gained it at the same instant that a volley of shot from the loopholes answered the arrows. Alert as the gunners had been, they also had failed to discern the enemy's silent advance. Instantly every soul in the house was broad awake. The redskins apparently had scarcely expected such a prompt response, for there now ensued a hasty parley among them. They had aimed at the pickets who were now safely within doors. Happily, neither had been struck, though an arrow had spun through the fur cap of one, and there remained sticking upwards like an unwieldy hatpin.

"I'll speak to them," said Desborough, drawing back the bolt of the door.

Then he stood forth upon the threshold, unarmed.

"Gray Rabbit!" he shouted, "Come

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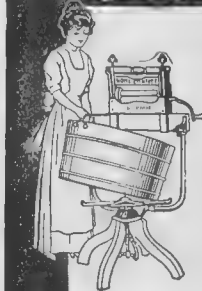
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man, stand forth. I want to speak with thee."

There was no reply from the forest depths.

"Is Gray Rabbit there?" he called again.

A tall, half-naked dark form seemed to spring up from nowhere, not six paces away.

"Ha! Now Gray Rabbit, thou art the chief of this marauding band. I will make terms. What dost thou want?"

The Indian shook his head rapidly from side to side, emitting several short guttural sounds that Desborough seemed to understand.

"So thy people are hungry. Well, dost expect to eat us?"

The chief stood in stoical silence.

"I repeat man, dost propose to give us for meat? Art a cannibal? Harken! I will give thee a hundred bags of corn, Captain Blake will do the same, and each of the others will give something—venison, pork, or beef. We have barely sufficient for ourselves this winter, but we will part with half for the sake of peace. Draw off thy band and this shall be done."

The only reply to this offer was an arrow sent straight at Desborough's head. It glanced off leaving a nasty flesh wound on the brow, that rained blood at once. He lost no time in withdrawing and barring the door again. Then followed immediately such a hideous yelling, accompanied by such a hissing rain of arrows that it seemed as though the air were filled with the sound. The guns steadily belched forth their answer. Red forms fell here and there, but others quickly took their places. From the forest all about, they poured forth upon the clearing, in teeming numbers. The cabin was surrounded. The small glass panes of the six windows were broken in and dark faces appeared in the apertures. They were shot down quickly, but more sprang up. The powder was giving out. Half-an-hour of fierce fighting, of speeding arrows and rapid shooting, of wild screeching and soft praying sped away like five minutes.

"I fear our ammunition is getting low," whispered one of the gunners, to Desborough.

"Have at them while it lasts!" he growled.

Blake stumped about from window to loophole upon his wooden leg, filling the posts of three men who had been wounded. The women had now come to the aid of the remaining fighters. Mistress Ogilvie wielded a huge knife to some purpose, and the battle hung at uncertain balance, with the odds, if any there were, in favor of the palefaces. Then the Indians, finding it a losing game as the morning advanced toward dawn, with a hundred of their band lying dead in the snow, approached with lighted faggots which they applied to the jutting logs at the corners of the cabin. Smoke that was not the smoke of powder rose, and presently flames leaped into view. The faces of the men grew a shade paler, and a few of the women moaned and clasped their infants closer in their arms. The flames were darting merrily about the lower part of the cabin, and the interior was becoming insufferably warm; the red-skinned demons had commenced a hideous dance in the front upon the clearing when of a sudden was heard the welcome sound of galloping hoofs.

It put new heart into the besieged. A last volley from the loopholes poured forth, and concurrently came some encouraging shouts from the road. In three minutes a score of riders galloped into view, their figures clearly outlined against the brightening eastern sky. In the van rode a tall man wrapped in a belted great coat with a squirrel skin cap upon his head, and into the seething mass of darting, dancing savages was sent a cannonade from twenty fresh guns that took such toll of them the clearing was left free of few but prostrate forms. Calling for buckets the horsemen galloped to the creek. The thin ice was broken and the buckets filled and passed from one pair of willing hands to another. The settlers threw, also, armfuls of snow against the burning logs, and after much rapid labor,

with the hissing of the quenched element and the shouting of one man to another filling the morning air, the fire died down. Little actual damage had been done. The lower structure was charred and smoking, the windows all broken, but the building was otherwise intact.

"Blessings, blessings upon thee!" fervently spoke Captain Blake to the leader of the reinforcements.

"We galloped the full sixteen miles," said one, "this fellow would not show mercy to man or beast till we reached here."

"Come in and eat and drink," cried a woman, soon coming to the door. The men swarmed into the smoke-filled house, but their leader sprang into his saddle again.

"Whither away in such haste?" demanded John Desborough, catching the bridle of the tall, black horse.

The stranger bent downward a moment and whispered something.

"Zounds man, what care we?" cried Desborough. "There are none here but wish thee goodwill. Thou'rt the hero of the day, man! See, 'tis already coming dawn. Have breakfast and rest a bit, then—"

"Nay, nay," persisted the rider, gathering up the reins. At this moment Elizabeth appeared in the cabin doorway. "A cup of hot coffee, lass!" cried Desborough. "Here is one that cannot wait."

The girl disappeared, and in a moment re-appeared with the coffee and a gen-

erous loaf. Only when she had reached the bridle did she recognize her preserver of the night before.

"Here stands the fairest lass in all the colony," said Desborough. "Wilt not remain and be served a proper breakfast from her hands?"

"That in faith would need no urging," replied the rider, "but that I may not permit myself the pleasure—alas! Thanks, fair lady, that draught has warmed me through. Farewell!"

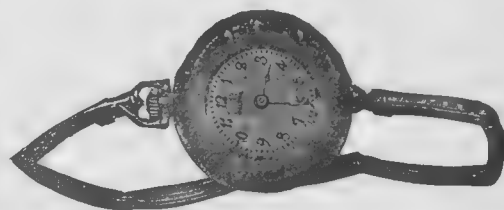
And with a low obeisance the tall stranger rode away towards the rising sun.

Dawn—the Christmas dawn—broke rosy and clear. York village lay in smouldering ruins, as did the homes of

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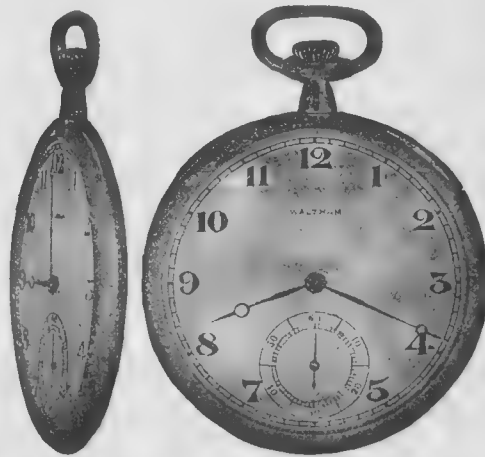
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Captain Blake and many another settler in the forest. But there was deep thankfulness and peace and goodwill in the hearts of that little band of pioneers that foregathered about the hospitable board of John Desborough. Christmas carols sprang spontaneously from their lips, and prayers of gratitude ascended to heaven throughout the day, and when evening fell they sat in the winter twilight about a huge Yule log of Canadian pine that blazed upon the wide hearth, and heard once more the story of the Christ-child who was born in a lowly manger. Who, likewise, had been without a home upon a Christmas morning long ago, but who now sat at the right hand of God the Father.

Of the hermit rider of the forest none ever heard again. Some averred that he had committed a crime in England and had escaped to colonial wilds, where remorse had eaten into his heart. Others maintained that he was mad and

had eventually killed himself. A very few remembered his good deeds.

There lives, however, a legend to this day to the effect that upon a snowy evening, as you approach Crossman's Bridge—it bears another name now—when the season is drawing near to Christmas, you may see a ghostly stage coach passing over it. It halts in the centre, and a rider on a black horse joins it. He leads the team backward and downhill, and they ford the river, if it is running, or cross silently over on the ice if the stream be frozen. Upon the farther bank a ghostly maiden steps from the coach door. The rider plucks off his squirrel-skin cap with its jaunty tail, and bends low. Their lips appear to meet. Then the maiden returns to the coach and re-enters it; the mysterious night sets spurs to his steed and the vision melts away a silently as it appeared, in a whirl of soft, falling snowflakes.

## "The Home of the Sunbeams"

By Jessie Findlay Brown

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was unhappy. Weary and old was his heart. Bitter and sharp was his tongue. Yet in years he was not very old; he was only fifty-three. But the flavor of life had gone from him. He was tired, so tired, of living, and Remorse gnawed at his soul.

Yes, Remorse. For so harsh had this monarch been with his children that he

of the unhappiness there. Therefore, the page pitied the king, and pitying, loved him.

One day, as the king sat in the royal chamber, garbed in his rich apparel, there appeared before him a fairy, robed in white. The king gazed at her in astonishment, so extremely plain was her face. "I always thought fairies were beautiful," mused he.



View of Granby Wharf, B.C.

was now left all alone in his grandeur, with no one of his own to be kind to him. Had the good Queen lived, it would have been different. But she had died when the little princess was a tiny babe, and some said the king had never rightly recovered from the shock of her death. Be that as it may, the fact remains that to his motherless children he was anything but a kind father. His sons he estranged by severity, keeping them at arm's length, thundering at them and threatening them until they saw in him only the frustration of every boyish desire. Then they grew to hate him. Even the little princess feared him with all her gentle heart.

The elder of the princes, chafing beneath the rigid rule of his father, sought adventure in foreign wars and died in battle. Soon after the younger prince fell in a foolish duel and the king, now doubly bereaved, centred his failing hopes in his daughter. But how could she know he loved her so? Certainly he gave her no sign of affection. So, when a penniless young nobleman at the court offered her his love, away with him ran the shy little princess, hungry of heart, and the king was left alone. Then indeed did he pity himself and imagine himself the most abused monarch in the world. His daughter he disowned and forbade ever to see his face again. But the years went on, and self-pity gave way to remorse.

Now, at the court was a young page whose frank, fearless manners and pleasing countenance had made him the favorite of the king. And because his eyes were clear and true, free from the scales of self, and because his heart was clean, it was given to this humble youth to see into the thought of his royal master and to know

"I am the Fairy Truth," she said, and her voice was sweet as the peal of a silver bell. "You are unhappy, O King. I have come to help you—to tell you what will make you happy once again."

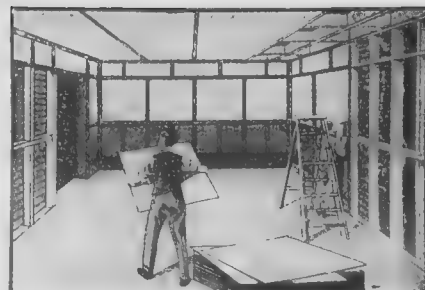
Her glance was so clear and divining that it seemed to the king as though she must know everything he had ever thought, or said, or done. He felt indeed that he was face to face with Truth. The fairy continued:

"You are just a little sorry that you were so harsh with your daughter. You would call her back, if you knew where she was, or if you thought she would come. You are beginning to see your mistakes in the treatment of your sons. You are wishing you could go over it all again. How differently you would act! Is it not so?"

Amazed at her strange knowledge of his inmost thoughts, the King silently nodded.

Just then a belated sunbeam stole shyly through the leaded panes, and fell in a long slanting shaft across the velvet carpet. It gleamed on the king's costly robes and glinted on the gold in his crown, then passing onward, lingered lovingly about the figure of the Fairy Truth.

"Ah, the Sunbeam," she cried. "Do you know why it has come? It is looking for a home. The sun will soon be setting, and the beams, who have played in the bright world all day long, must find a resting place. . . . It will not stay here. There is no place for it in all your grand palace. See, it is going!" And, following her gaze, the king saw that the sunbeam was indeed receding farther and farther towards the window, until soon it had vanished from sight.



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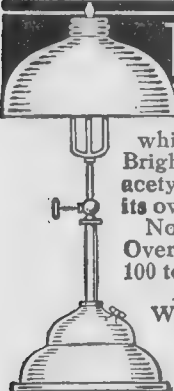
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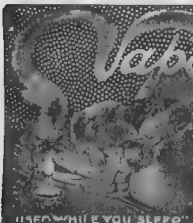


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"Now," said the fairy, coming closer to the king, "I must tell you my message and begone. Look in this jewel, and tell me what you see." She placed in his hand a great, sparkling gem, clear as crystal.

Into its depths the king gazed, and saw himself as he might have been—the man and monarch he was intended to become—great and good, beloved by his subjects, honored and respected by his fellowmen. Regretfully he sighed and laid down the stone. Then, raising his eyes to the fairy, he saw that she looked exceedingly sad, yet stern too; but there seemed to shine within her a sort of hidden radiance that hinted of beauty to be revealed.

"Look again," she commanded. "I see the same vision," said the king. "Look at me," said the fairy. "You are growing more lovely," said the king, wonderingly. And as he gazed, in a moment out leapt the hidden beauty that before had glimmered like inner radiance, and the Fairy Truth stood before him, dazzlingly lovely. "Ah," cried the king, a great light breaking in on him. "It is myself as I may be-

gold in his hand, and embracing him fondly, the king dismissed him from the royal chamber.

Early next morning, before the royal household was astir, the page set out upon his quest. As he passed through the palace gates he laughed right merrily. "Aha," said he, "I am going a-sunbeam hunting. Did ever lad go seeking such strange quarry? Yet surely I feel that I shall not return empty-handed. . . . I shall go first to the forest," he mused. "Mayhap, there, in its cool green depths, I shall come upon the truth."

So he went to the forest and sat him down by the side of a still, clear pool. All day long in its sunlit depths the little fishes darted hither and thither, while over its calm surface the waterflies skimmed, light as air. All day long the sunshine lay warm and bright above it. Sometimes a warm little wind wandered idly across it, and then the sunbeams danced, oh, so brightly, on the tops of the tiny wavelets. All day long on the fragrant air fell the wild music of birds, while



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come that I see—the man that you will help me to become. Wise Fairy Truth, pray tell me how it can be done!"

"What you must do first," said the Fairy, with great earnestness, "is to discover the Home of the Sunbeams. For all these merry sunbeams have a home here on the earth, and you must find it. It is the first step. The rest will be easy when once you have mastered this secret. There is a youth in your household, more guileless than you, who may be able to help you. Now, I must begone. Adieu," and, taking the jewel, the fairy vanished.

Deep plunged in thought, the king sat for some moments. Then he rang for the page, and told him all that had transpired between the fairy and himself. Wonderingly the page listened to the strange recital. But when he saw how earnestly his royal master desired to know the secret of the sunbeams' home, the heart of the page waxed strong within him, and he said:

"Sire, I feel that I can discover this secret. I am young, I am strong, I am afraid of nothing. To-morrow morning, I shall set forth; and I shall not return until I have wrested from the world this pearl of knowledge."

"Brave youth," cried the king, "You have comforted me greatly. May Heaven bless you in your quest! Take with you this pouch of gold. Want for nothing on your journey," and placing the pouch of

the bees hummed in melodious undertone. Was ever so perfect a pool, so green a glade, so sweet a summer's morning?"

"Never!" said the page, aloud. "And never so puzzled a page, I am sure. If only the Fairy Truth would appear to me, as she did to the king, and tell me how to begin!"

And then, lifting up his eyes, he beheld the fairy standing before him. In one hand she held a slim white wand, in the other a glowing jewel. To the page she looked wondrously winsome, and when she spoke her voice was sweeter even than birdsong.

"Truth is never far from the pure-hearted," she said, placing the wand in his right hand, the jewel in his left. "Now, you are equipped for your journey. This wand will point your path. It will lead you to the Home of the Sunbeams. This stone is the Jewel of Truth. By its light are all things seen in their true perspective. Should difficulties arise in your path, turn upon them the light of this jewel, and they will disappear."

Before the page could say a word in reply, the fairy had vanished. He was left alone in the greenwood, but the wand and the jewel were in his hands, and his heart sang with joy.

"Farewell, pretty pool!" he cried. "Farewell, sweet songsters! I shall be as wise as you when I return. For you no doubt could tell me all about the sunbeams' home, could I but hear you. Adieu!"



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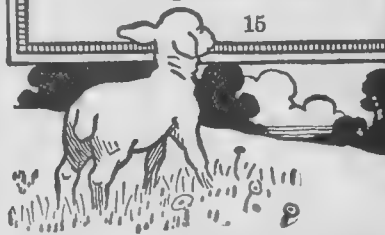
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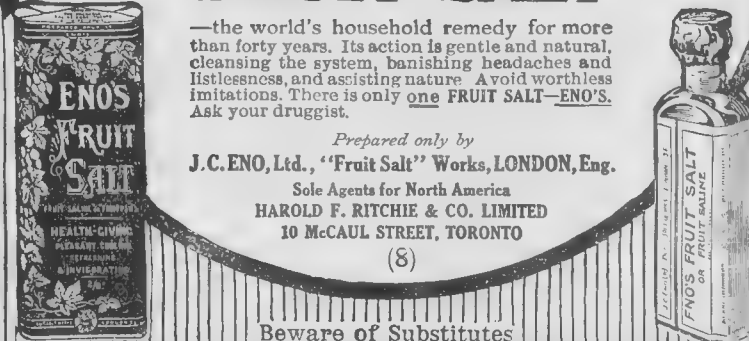
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Beware of Substitutes



The wand was pointing directly out of the forest, and thither the page buoyantly strode. He emerged upon a velvety meadow in which a peaceful herd was grazing. The wand pointed across the green country, away from the city streets. Light of heart, the page followed.

But a little way had he gone when he came to the bank of a river, whose waters flowed dark and deep. As he looked, they seemed to become darker and deeper than ever and dashed themselves about as though in fury. "What shall I do?" cried the page in distress. "The wand says I must cross. Ah, the Truth Jewel," and he flashed forth the great gem. Immediately the river subsided to a mere brooklet, over which the youth joyously sprang.

Now, when he had traversed some miles of country, the sun being high in the heavens—"I am hungry," quoth the page, "He who would track the Sunbeams to their lair methinks must have refreshment. Mayhap the dame of yonder cottage will be kind of heart."

So, pausing at a wayside cottage, he asked the dame if perchance she could refresh a weary traveller with a bowl of milk and bread. "Indeed, young sir, you are welcome," said she, and bade him enter. The cottage was poor, but clean; the dame was wrinkled, bent and brown, her face so seamed and lined as to appear

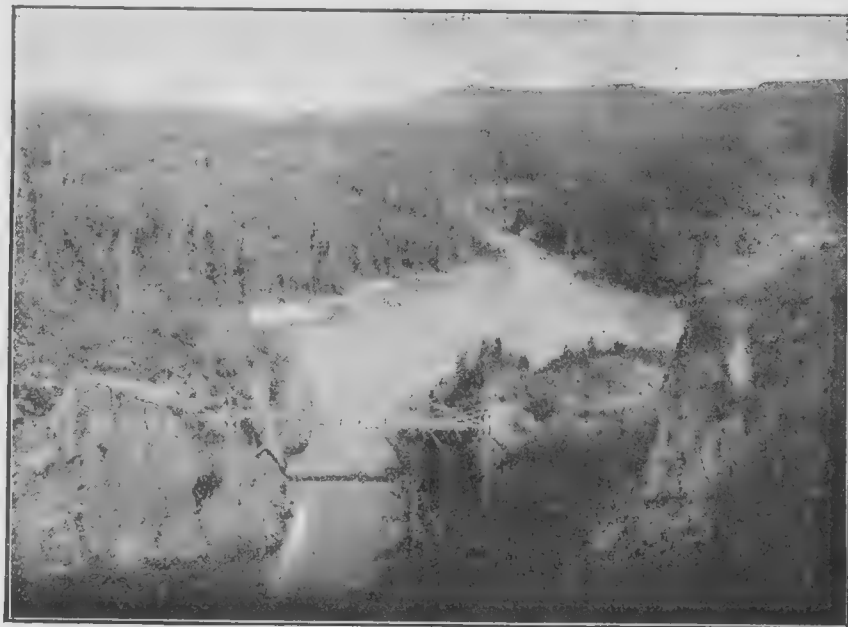
was a treacherous quagmire, in whose miry depths he would soon have sunk out of sight.

As he entered the village, the sound of childish laughter greeted his ears. On the green were a dozen or more little golden-haired rompers, enjoying the last warm rays of the westering sun. Following the direction of the wand, the page approached the green and stood, unobserved by the children, beneath a spreading tree. A woman, sitting sewing on a bench hard by, raised her head and glanced at him. She was of a lofty countenance, beautiful but sad.

Just then one of the children separated himself from his companions and came running to the woman. "See, mother," he called. "The sun is going down. See the sunset!"

The mother put her arm about him and held him close, while together they watched the glory of the sinking sun. "Mother," queried the child, "When the sun sets, where do all the sunbeams go? The little sunbeams that play with me all day long—where do they go?"

Now, the page just at this moment became aware that the wand in his hand was growing thinner and brighter until all at once it escaped from his grasp—a Sunbeam! Dismayed at the loss of his guide, he hastened to turn upon the truant the clear light of the jewel. He saw it making



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to have lost all human semblance. She set before him bread and meat and a pitcher of milk, and as he ate, she said:

"I had four lads like you once. They went to the wars. I gave them to my country. . . . I am alone now." By the light of the Jewel of Truth, the page saw that the cottage was a palace, the wrinkled dame a stately queen with a heart of pure gold.

Slipping under his plate some gold pieces from the king's pouch, he bade her farewell, and continued his journey, mightily refreshed, and smiling to himself at the thought of the dame's pleasure when she should discover the coins.

He was nearing another belt of woodland, when as he approached, suddenly there fell on his ears the sound of a mighty roaring. In a moment out rushed a dragon with many heads and mouths, and each mouth roaring as it came dashing onward. Escape there was none. "Ah, my jewel," cried the page, "Now we shall see this demon in his true perspective, and he flashed the sparkling gem straight upon the dreadful monster. The next moment he laughed aloud in glee, for the dragon had shrivelled away to a puny creature, with the squeak of a mouse.

It was towards the close of day that the young traveller drew near a little village, nestled at the foot of a wooded hill, like a tired child at its mother's knee. He had met with various difficulties, to all of which he had applied the clear light of Truth and they had dwindled away. Once he had thought to cross a green meadow which looked wondrous inviting to the foot and pleasant to the eye, but the wand bade him make a detour of the field. Perplexed, the page turned upon the problem the light of the jewel. To his great surprise, he saw that in reality the meadow

its way towards the bright-haired boy, who was just then asking his question. "When the sun sets, where do all the little sunbeams go?"

Straight into the heart of the child danced the sunbeam, and the page, striding gladly forward, answered him. "They go to their homes, my little lad—in the hearts of little children."

Then he sat down beside them and told them the story of his search, of the difficulties he had encountered, of the lessons he had learned. When he spoke of the unhappy king, the eyes of the mother grew moist and tender, and she said: "He is my father. We will go with you to him."

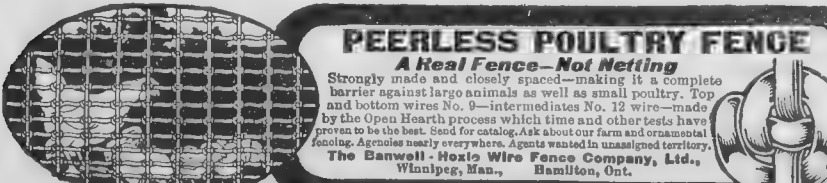
So the page abode in the house of the widowed princess that night, and early in the morning they set out to return to the royal city. With the gold the king had provided, the page purchased a coach and pair, so that they rode in state along the broad highway. And when they reached the palace, the page bade the princess and the child wait in the great hall while he went in to prepare the king for their coming.

Glad indeed was the monarch to behold again the cheerful face of the page. Overjoyed beyond measure was he to learn of the success of the youth's mission. Embracing him, the King entreated to be told at once every detail of his journey.

So the page told the monarch the tale of his adventures, saving only the identity of the child in whose innocent heart the sunbeam had found a home. "Now, Sire," he concluded, "I have brought the child back with me. He waits without. Take you this jewel of Truth in your hand and throw its light on the child when he enters."

His royal master took the stone and the page ushered in the child and his mother.

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## A Christmas Princess

By W. R. Gilbert

A full minute they stood facing the king. In that minute, by the light of the jewel of Truth, the king and the princess learned many things. The king saw the tender, yearning love in the heart of his daughter. The princess saw deep into the empty, hungry heart of her father and understood him as never before.

"My child!" cried the king, and the princess ran to him with happy tears.

"My grandchild!" cried the king, and folded the beautiful boy in his arms.

Now, the king, in embracing the princess, had allowed the precious stone to slip from his grasp and it fell to the marble floor of the chamber, chipping off a tiny fragment. The page hastened to pick up the stone. As he did so, he felt it taken from his fingers and a melodious voice said: "Farewell, O King! Farewell, happy princess and charming child! Farewell, valiant page!" For a moment the Fairy Truth appeared before them, surpassingly sweet. In a twinkling she was gone; and on the marble floor lay the tiny chip from the Jewel of Truth.

"See," cried the page, "she has left us a chip off the Truth Jewel!"

"So she has," agreed the king.

"So she has," echoed the princess.

"So she has," cried the child, and they all looked at one another.

IT was none of your modern Christ-masses of warm sunshine and balmy breezes, deluding mankind into the belief that spring itself is near at hand, only to chill poor credulous fools with biting winds and belated frosts, a few weeks later.

No, it was the real old-fashioned Yuletide of our youth, with ice and snow on the ground, and thick white rime on the trees, and when night came—a brilliant star of promise in the East.

On this correct Christmas eve a little figure trudged along the frosty roads, knee deep in crisp, white snow. He left the lights of the town behind, and followed the beckoning star shining above. Along the lonely highway he went till he reached a road where houses standing in their own grounds loomed large to right and left.

The boy opened the gate of one garden, and walked timidly up the drive. One of the windows was open, and from behind the drawn curtains he could hear

peals of merry laughter and a babel of tongues.

For a few moments he stood and listened then, apparently discouraged by the noise within retraced his steps. Pursuing his way along the road, he found a gate standing invitingly open: the garden was very silent, and when he reached the front door, the windows all looked down blankly upon him. The house was empty. Awed and frightened—he knew not why—at the strange stillness of the place, he turned and fled back to the high road. Keeping his eyes fixed on the star, and quickening his pace he presently came on a house larger than the rest, which rose directly in front of him. The iron gates of the drive were closed, but lights shone in some of the windows. The boy leant against the gates and looked wistfully up the wide avenue. Dare he venture into the dark unknown before him?

The overarching trees made a trellis work of white frost, which shone and sparkled in the moonlight like an enchanted way.

Visions of castles and ogres, of princesses in distress, and brave knight errants, flashed through his childish brain.

Perhaps imagination transformed him then and there into a knight of olden times, with a firm hand, he finally turned the handle of the heavy gate, pushed it open, passed through, making his way boldly to the house, under the overhanging boughs, which dropped white rime on him as he passed beneath them.

Reaching the lawn before the house, the boy stepped into the light of the lamp hanging in the porch.

Then with hands thrust deep into his pockets and head upraised, he commenced singing in a clear, childish treble:

"Hark, the Herald Angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King.  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."

Having sung the hymn conscientiously through, he waited a moment to see if the inmates of the house would show any appreciation of his efforts, but the door remaining closed, and the silence



Babine Indians Fishing, Courtesy G.T.P. Railway

"We will keep it," announced the king at last. "Perhaps she will return for it. If not—"

"If not, Sire," cried the page, "why not set it among the jewels of your crown? Is it not well worthy so high a place?"

"Wisely spoken," declared the king. "We will do as you suggest." And so, as the fairy did not return, the jewel was placed in the royal crown.

So the princess remained at her father's court, and the handsome boy grew up, strong and noble, the delight of his grandfather's heart. And so beautifully changed did the king's nature become, that in a surprisingly short time he became as good and great as anyone could have desired. The page, as a reward for his loving service, was appointed a high office in the kingdom, which he fulfilled with great wisdom. And so they all lived happily ever after.

A couple of city men were playing golf when they saw an old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. He was mild in speech and manner and played well. But once when he made a fizzle he ejaculated vehemently the word "Assouan!"

A few minutes later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assouan!"

The fourth time he said this one of his new-made friends said

"I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assouan' so often?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "isn't that the biggest dam in the world?"

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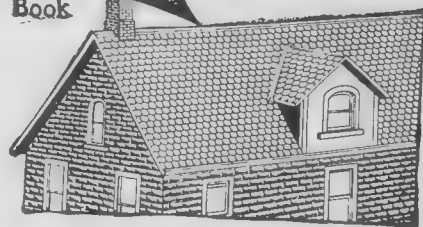
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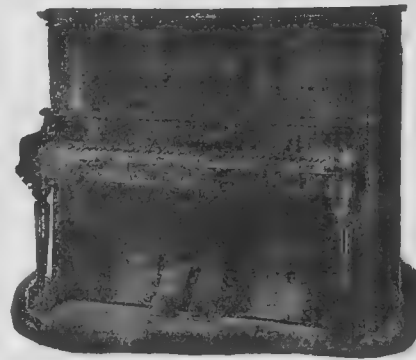
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unbroken, he cleared his throat and proceeded to exhort all "Good Christian men rejoice with heart and hand and voice."

He had not by any means concluded his theme, when a deep voice behind him made the boy start, and abruptly terminated his carol.

"What are you doing here?"

The child looked up at the speaker—a tall elderly man, with iron grey hair and a pair of piercing dark eyes, which were sternly fixed upon him from beneath the thick beetling brows.

"I was singing Christmas carols."

"Oh! were you? Then don't do it again!"

"I'm sorry you don't like it."

"Do you know you're trespassing in my grounds?"

"No! I knew it was your grounds, but I didn't think trespassing counted to-night, because it's Christmas time."

"I suppose you don't think stealing would count because it's Christmas time either, eh?"

"I don't know anything about stealing." The child's eyes met his, solemnly. With a non-committing grunt, the stern faced man turned and walked towards the house, while the boy, with a sinking heart retraced his steps into the darkness. He had started out so full of hope and happiness to sing his Christmas carols, and now it seemed as if no one wanted to hear them.

The man on the doorstep caught the sound of a stifled sob.

"Come here," he commanded.

The boy returned obediently. The light of the lamp shone on the aureole of rime about his fair curls—shone too, on a large tear drop coursing down his cheek.

"What do you want—money?"

He produced ten cents and held it towards the boy.

"No, thank you."

"You won't take it?"

"No, thank you—not if you don't like my carols."

"Why should I like them?"

"Because—well because it's Christmas."

"That's a bad reason. I hate Christmas!" he exclaimed vehemently.

"You hate Christmas?" the boy echoed incredulously.

"Yes! do you like it?"

"Of course—I love it."

"Why?"

"For everything. Good night, sir."

The boy raised his cap, and would have gone his way, but the man seemed loath to let him.

"Suppose you come in for awhile and tell me what 'everything' means, and some of the reasons that make this season attractive to people. Have you found anybody who wanted to hear your carols?"

"Not yet," the boy confessed, and keen disappointment looked out of the large blue eyes. "But I should, you know, if I went on long enough," he added cheerfully.



This photograph of Russian artillerymen at work was found on a Russian officer captured by the Germans

"You're evidently of a hopeful disposition," remarked the man, opening the door with his latch key. The boy followed him into the house, feeling as though he were really entering the fairy palace he had dreamed, lay at the end of the enchanted avenue. A butler appeared and took his master's hat and coat. His well trained solidity could scarcely conceal his astonishment at the strange guest. It was many a year since a child had crossed the threshold of that house. The man led the way into a large and luxurious room.

"Don't stand there staring, Dawson; you fool," he growled, as the servant's eyes still rested with astonishment on the small figure.

"Is that your brother?" the boy inquired.

"My brother"—with a chuckle, as the door closed—"No, why?"

"I thought it must be 'cause you were so rude to him."

"Oh. Are you rude to your brother?"

"I've not got one, but I 'sper I should be if I had one. Most fellows are."

The boy took an exhaustive survey of the room then solemnly scrutinized the gentleman standing on the hearth rug before him.

"This is the most beautiful house I've ever been in. You ought to be very good to live in an enchanted palace," he remarked decisively. "I hope you're not an ogre."

"Well, I fancy opinion rather leans to the belief that I am. I'm certainly not good."

"I think very likely there's a spell over you, and when it's broken you'll find you're really a good man."

"Oh! I have never thought of the possibility of that contingency. Have you seriously studied the question of evolution?"

"I don't know what you mean. I've read a great many fairy tales."

"I see. What's your name?"

"Terence."

"How old are you?"

"Nine and a half."

"I gather you live with your mother, and have no brothers."

"Yes," nodded the boy, "there's only mother and me."

"Your father is dead?"

"Yes, he died two years ago. He was a singer, but he got a dreadful cough, and couldn't sing any more, and he coughed for months and months, till all our money was gone and then he died. I'm waiting to grow up and earn money for mother. But sometimes I get rather tired of waiting. I did to-day, so I came out to sing carols while mother was away looking for work—she teaches music, but we haven't any pupils just now, so one gets poor, you see—and I thought if I could earn some money it would be lovely to give her a Christmas present to-morrow, as a great surprise—and have a turkey and plum pudding."

"Christmas, ah! Yes, that was what you came in to tell about, wasn't it? Sit down."

The gentleman pointed to an easy chair in which the boy ensconced himself, while his host dropped into one on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"Well, Master Terence, please inform me for my future edification why you like Christmas."

"Because—oh, because there are such a lot of things to make one happy."

"I find a lot to make me miserable."

"Do you?"—with surprise and pity. "Perhaps you don't have a Christmas tree?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. Do you?"

"Yes, we're going to have a beauty to-morrow."

"Really?"

"Yes, it was mother's idea. We had a fuzzy kind of plant, and she bought five cents' worth of small candles, and she's making things out of paper to hang on, and we're going to light the candles, and pretend there are all sorts of lovely toys on the tree, and everything I can think of that I'd like. Mother's going to pretend to cut off. Won't it be fun?"

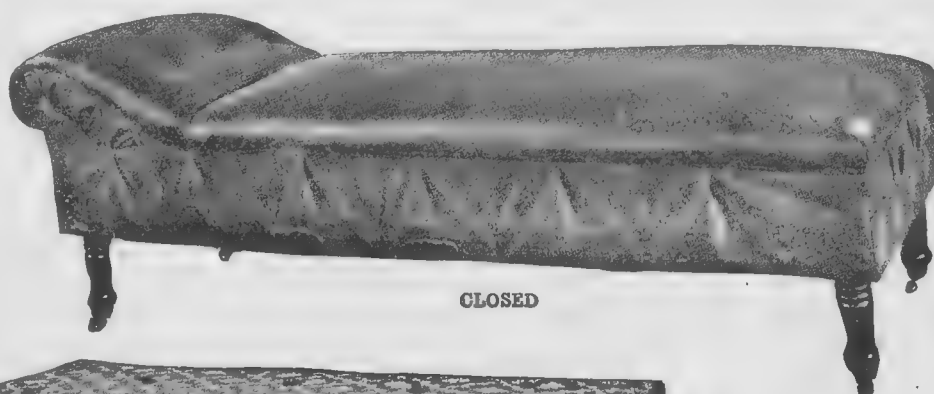
The man had grown silent, and was looking intently at the boy.

"And your dinner," he said at length, "will that be all pretence, too?"

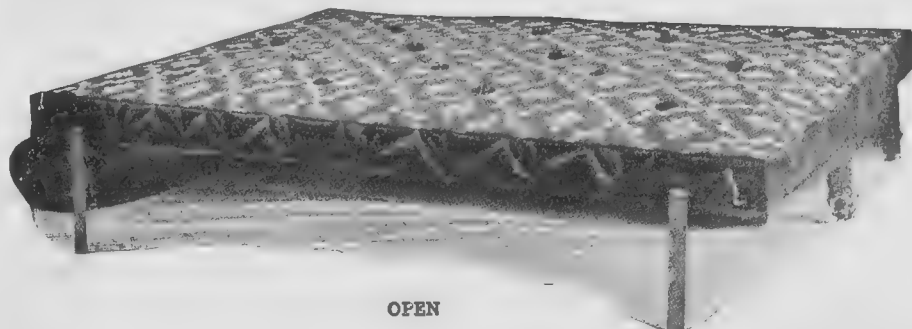
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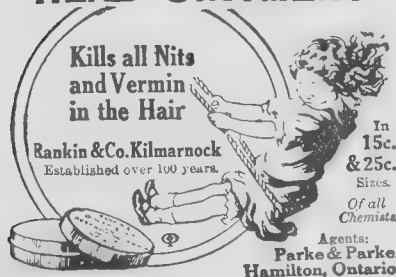
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"Oh, dear no," laughed Terence. "We shall have some real dinner, but, of course, we shall pretend it's quite different things. If I don't manage to get any money by singing to-night, bread and cheese will be turkey, and bread and jam, plum pudding—I think we shall have jam to-morrow. We don't always pretend, only on particular days like Christmas and mother's birthday, and mine, and my rabbit's. I've had him three years. Have you got any rabbits or dogs or anything?"

"No, child. I've got nothing—nothing." "Nothing like that, p'raps, but what a lot of other things you've got?" Terence remarked tactfully.

"But I've no one to pretend with." "Oh! You can pretend alone quite well, but it's not such fun." "I'm always alone."

The boy realized vaguely the pathos underlying the man's words. After a pause, during which a brief but desperate conflict waged within his soul, Terence said slowly: "I've decided that I'll give you my rabbit for a Christmas present to make you like Christmas, and so that you won't always be quite alone."

The man rose in silence, and paced up and down the room. Terence felt rather hurt that his generosity should meet

"Do you think I can see your mother, Terence?"

"I daresay you might." Terence felt distinctly dubious as to whether this stern strange man should be asked to come and see them in their one humble room. He knew his mother did not care for strangers, so prudently refrained from issuing the invitation his hospitality urged him to make—viz.: that his new friend should come and share the joys of his Christmas tree.

"Do you think I might come and see her to-morrow?" enquired the man, breaking in on the child's puzzled but silent debate.

"Well, I think perhaps I'd better not. You see you're only my friend. I've got lots, but I never take any home to mother. One's a policeman and one's a butcher's man who was a soldier, and one's the old woman who sells oranges and nuts at the corner of the street. I took mother to the stall, but she doesn't come to see us, though mother likes her very much."

"As I unfortunately don't possess an orange stall, nor a butcher's shop, nor even a 'beat,' I'm afraid this meeting on neutral ground will be difficult to accomplish. Do you think we could persuade your mother to come here to-morrow with you and the rabbit, to teach me some of your pretend games,



Beauty Spot on a farm at Golden Stream, Man.

with so cold a reception. Had he been capable of realizing and understanding the tumult of long suppressed emotion his childish words had raised, he would have been rewarded out of all proportion to the gift. The child had touched a heart long dead and awakened it to life once more. The man realizing perhaps, that his silence might appear ungracious, said somewhat huskily:

"Thank you, my boy—thank you. I should like to have your rabbit: it will always make me feel less lonely."

"I'm glad you'll have him. Perhaps you'll begin to like Christmas if you get some presents?"

"No, lad, no. I can never like Christmas. You wouldn't understand, but it was one Christmas years ago that the only thing I loved on earth was taken from me."

"What was it?"

"The woman who was to have been my wife."

"Who took her from you?" "My best friend ran away with her, but you can't understand these things, child."

"Yes, I do understand, because my father died at Christmas. But mother said that should make it easier to bear trouble, because you see it was the time the little Christ-child came into the world, and He came to comfort everybody who was sad. Mother and me were very sad. I was unhappy mostly because she was. I was only a little chap, then you see, that was three years ago."

and yet have a real Christmas dinner and a real tree?"

"But I thought you didn't have Christmas trees because you are too old?"

"But I should like to have one to-morrow, just to forget for once how old I am."

"A real Christmas dinner and a real tree? Oh, I say, that would be wonderful. Why, there'd be nothing more to pretend?"

"Only for me. I might pretend I wasn't a lonely, hard, unloved old man."

"You wouldn't be. Mother and I would love you. It would be fun. Shall I run home now, quickly, and ask mother, without singing any more carols?"

"Yes, run along. Wait a moment," he added, "you shall take a note from me with you." He crossed to his writing table as he spoke. "What was your father's name?" he inquired, taking up his pen to write the address.

"Rodney Blake," replied the boy, slipping out of his chair and examining a set of ivory chessmen on a table.

"Rodney Blake!" exclaimed the man. "Sure," said Terence.

"Then your mother's name is Juanita?"

"Yes. Father always called her Nita, but I know it's Juanita 'cos I never can spell it. But how did you guess mother's name?" cried the boy in astonishment.

"I think I knew her once," the man said, pausing pen in hand. "Rodney Blake," he muttered. "Rodney Blake dead, and I never knew."

## An Xmas Hint

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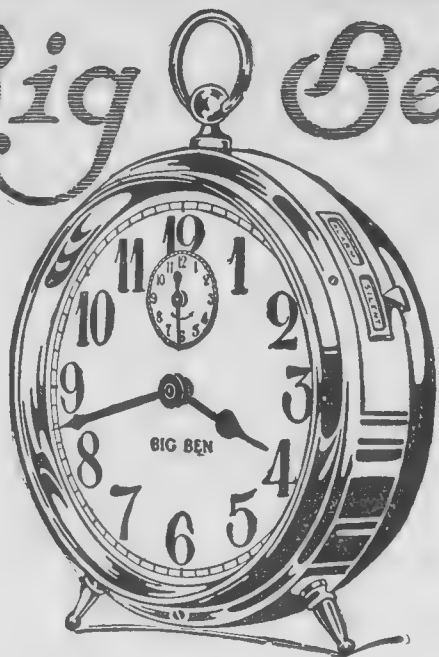
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"Peace and goodwill from Heaven to Earth

Begin, and never cease."

said the boy softly to himself. The man dipped his pen in the ink, paused again and laid it down.

"Terence," he said, "you shall take a message for me. I won't write. Tell your mother that you found an ogre in a lonely castle, who was only an ogre because someone had cast a spell on him, and tell her, he can only be transformed back into a prince, when a beautiful princess comes to break the spell."

"Mother would make a lovely beautiful princess. She's just like the one in my fairy tale book."

"Well see if you can persuade her to make the ending to this story a happy one."

"I think she will p'raps to please me. She does lots of things like that for me. And besides, it's not often a lady has the chance of being a real princess out of a fairy book, with a live ogre to get rid of. It's most lovely. But d'you know I don't believe you're an ogre at all. I believe you're a real proper prince."

"Do you really?"

Terence nodded.

"Yes! Only p'raps you're rather old for a prince. P'raps you've grown into a king by now. I am glad I came to your enchanted castle."

"So am I, little man. Perhaps you are the knight through whom I am to be freed from the spell, which you

"Do you understand me, Dawson?" he thundered.

"Yes, Judge. Certainly. I'll send the young woman at once."

Dawson descended to the servants' hall, and confided to its occupants his conjecture as to the speedy confinement of his master in a lunatic asylum.

The fairy tale princess, accompanied by Terence, carrying the rabbit, walked together up the enchanted way to the castle of the ogre. The bald headed one admitted them. A moment later they stood before the ogre.

Nobody said anything, but the Princess grew very pale, and the ogre looked very sad—much more like a good prince than an ogre. At last he spoke.

"You have come to break the evil spell that has been upon me all these years, have you not?" he said earnestly, not at all as though he was only pretending.

"Oh, if I only could," said the Princess with a sob in her voice. "Can you ever forgive me, Jim?" Terence was rather bewildered at the very real way these grown ups played.

"You don't know his name, Mother. You should call him 'Prince,' and, of course, you can break the spell. That's what you're for."

The ogre suddenly turned to the boy.

"Ah! Knight-errant! Tell us how an evil spell is broken?" he said, "and what a bewitched ogre does under these circumstances."



Prince Rupert Waterfront

kindly suggested had been cast upon me."

"What a splendid idea?" cried Terence.

"We'll pretend that, won't we? I am longing for to-morrow. We'll play fairy tales all the afternoon won't we, Mr.—King? Good-bye. Oh!" He turned at the door. "I do hope the gentleman with the bald head who stared at me won't mind our coming."

"If he does, he'll go," answered Terence's new friend, which utterance was wholly enigmatical to the boy but sounded distinctly reassuring. The prospect of the bald headed gentleman's disapproval was evidently not regarded with any dismay by the king of this castle.

"Good-bye." Another wave and Terence was gone, running down the enchanted way to the big gates, and home as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Judge Fansittart returned to his library and rang the bell. Dawson, "the bald headed," appeared in answer to the summons.

"Go out and dig up the best young spruce you can find in the shrubbery."

"Dig up, Judge! A tree. I, Judge?"

"Yes, you. Now, at once."

"What size tree, sir? inquired Dawson, fearing for his master's sanity.

"What size? I don't know. The proper size for a Christmas tree, of course."

Dawson bowed differentially.

"And, Dawson. Who's the youngest female in the house?"

"The kitchen maid, Judge. Fifteen her age is, so I understand."

"That'll do. Send her into the town to buy the right things to hang on a Christmas tree."

Dawson looked blankly at his master.

Terence cogitated a few moments. "Well," he said finally, "in most cases it's the prince who saves the princess, and then it's quite simple. He just kisses her and everything comes right, and they live happily ever after."

"I see," said the Prince-ogre: "then in this case matters are reversed, I suppose?"

"Yes," assented Terence, "in this case the Princess must kiss you, I expect. It's all quite right because it's a real fairy tale."

The pale face of the Princess was now a rosy red, and she looked shyly at the ogre-prince. He held out his hands, and she went right up to him, and then he caught her in his arms, but whether he kissed her, or she kissed him Terence has never been able to make out: but it didn't matter either way because the spell was quite broken, and the ogre turned into a most splendid prince, who ever after that loved Christmas and rabbits and Terence—but Terence's mother, most of all, and he called her his Christmas Princess—and they lived happily ever after.

A Philadelphia lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener, whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

"Faith, an' Oi'm not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland niver got justice yet."





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# The Young Man and His Problem

By James L. Gordon, D.D.

## SPEAK UP!

Speak up. Speak out. Have a mind of your own. Support your soul by great convictions. Clear the atmosphere of your mind by straight thinking. Be through with cant. Be not a sounding board for the notions, opinions and ideas of other people—and have your say. Speak up. Speak out.

Kate Douglas Wiggin in "Penelope's Progress," charmingly depicts a Scotch maid whose entire repertory of conversation was exhausted in a single phrase with which she invariably replied to all questions. The only answer she deigned to give was "I could na' say." "Jean, is your mistress in?" "I could na' say." "Jean who lives next door?" "I could na' say." "Jean is it raining?" Turning upon you her blue Scotch non-committal eyes, she would respond as was her custom "I could na' say."

## FINGER PRINTS.

The criminal is a fool. The forger is just as sure to be caught as water is certain to freeze when the "glass" drops. Every telephone tells on the criminal. Every railroad track leads to him. Every telegraph wire flashes with information concerning his size, weight, shape and appearance. He cannot eat without being seen or walk without being heard. Because the fugitive is a stranger, men inquire "Who is he?" and because he is an idler, men ask "Why should he be here?" And, even if he should but press his hand on the glass of the mirror he has left an infallible sign and signature which may reveal his whereabouts.

There is one man who is thoroughly persuaded of the detective value of finger prints. It is a New York burglar named Cella, who on being confronted with the marks of his own fingers changed his plea from not guilty to guilty, though he had fixed up a plausible alibi and there was no other evidence. The jury, it was afterwards learned, would have split upon the finger-print evidence, so the man goes to prison self-convicted, and the opportunity of a judicial opinion on the evidential value of the prints is lost.

## ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

He is a wise man who knows when he has enough. Why add dollar to dollar, farm to farm, land to land, and house to house, when you have enough? You cannot live for ever—not here. And if you have enough and to spare, be wise, spare yourself, travel, see the world; and when you return help your neighbor up to the place where he can say: "Enough is enough."

When Pyrrhus was about to sail for Italy, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his intentions and expectations.

"To conquer Rome," said Pyrrhus.

"And what will you do next, my lord?"

"Next I will conquer Italy."

"And after that?"

"We will subdue Carthage, Macedonia, all Africa, and all Greece."

"And when we have conquered all we can, what shall we do?"

"Do? Why, then we will sit down and spend our time in peace and comfort."

"Then," said Cineas, "why not sit down in peace and comfort now?"

## AFRAID? EH!

What are you afraid of? Do you expect to win in the game of life without a venture? Are you satisfied to remain just exactly where you are, for lack of a little courage? Plunge—even though the waters be cold. Test your strength. Try your hand. Risk an experiment. Better have folks laugh over you than loved ones weep over you. Remember that failure is the vestibule of success. "Three failures make one success." "A faint heart never won a fair lady." From The Bookman we clip:—

"Carlyle came up from Ecclefechan to attend Edinburgh University when he was scarcely fourteen years of age, and with a companion, Tom Smail, journeyed the entire distance on foot. They secured a clean-looking and cheap lodging in Simon Square, a poor neighborhood on the south side of Edinburgh, off Nicholson street. After residing in various parts of the old town, Carlyle removed in 1821 to better quarters, and the most interesting of his various abodes in Edinburgh was at 1, Moray street (now Spottiswood street), Leith Walk. Here he commenced his literary work in earnest, and began to regard life from a brighter standpoint. Leith Walk is described in 'Sartor Resartus' as the Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer. 'All at once,' he writes, 'there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What art thou afraid of? . . . ' It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new birth or baphometric fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man."

## SELF APPRECIATION.

Take pride in your own work and seek to improve it. If a speech has been effective, review the telling points. If you have written a paragraph with music in it, commit it to memory: it may come in handy, some day. Compare your literary work. Dare to "work up" a judgment on yourself. And believe in your own "genius." More men fail through a lack of confidence in themselves than through conceit or over-confidence. It was said by Rebecca Harding Davis concerning O. W. Holmes, that:—

"He enjoyed his work as much as his most fervent admirers, and openly enjoyed, too, their applause. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the book-cases, took out the volume and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning.

"There!" he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, 'could anybody have said that better? Ah-h!' with a long, indrawn breath of delight as he put the book back."

## COURAGE AND FAITH

War is an unspeakable horror, yet he who would doubt that even from war good will be evolved at last can have little faith that life is more than a blind struggle. Christianity teaches us a higher

## RETURNING GIFTS

Send a gift to somebody—where there is no possibility of return. Gift for gift and present for present is a paganized form of Christmas celebration. Surely there is an empty hand and an outstretched arm reaching your way. Dr. Grenfel, the saint of Labrador, when in this country last July, told how when he was in one of the hospitals at home in England he saw a little blind boy. He was waiting to be operated upon for cataract. He used to sit in his cot with his hands outstretched. One day a sister was asked why he sat like that. She said, "He hopes someone will come along and take hold of his hands."

strength than that of the ancient Stoic, whose strength lay in his grim contemplation of his superiority over anything that could befall him in facing it unmoved; but true courage means unswerving faith in the future. It is such courage that is demanded now and for this faith there is no lack of evidence.

## THE EAST AND VOTES FOR WOMEN

It is interesting to note in the United States newspapers the various reasons, or explanations, adduced for the defeats which the woman suffrage cause suffered in the four States on the Atlantic seaboard in which it was voted upon this fall. The general summing up is that the four States in question are among the most conservative in the conservative East. One thing which is a certainty beyond question is that among the organized influences which were ranged against votes for women in those States were the liquor interests, which always pay women the compliment of being afraid of her.

## CHAINED!

Some men never rise. They are educated, cultured, brilliant, "lucky," the idols of beautiful social circles, and seemingly the favorite children of destiny, but they never rise, they never soar, they never lift themselves above the dead level of average humanity. Why? The answer is in one word: "Habit!" The chains of evil habit hold them for ever to the earth.

A naturalist tells how he found on the Atlantic coast the skeleton of an eagle with an iron trap clasp one of its feet. Hundreds of miles away the noble bird had fallen a victim to the cruel snare; then, weighted with anguish, it had flown across the country, until at last, worn out by the burden and the pain, it expired on the margin of the sea, the instrument of torture still clinging to its relics.

## MUD.

Diamonds are found embedded in the soil. Pearls are found hidden beneath the surface of the sea. So men of genius are born in the huts and haunts of poverty, and great souls and master minds rise from the obscure corners of the earth. Let us turn John Ruskin's "Ethics of The Dust" into a parable illustrating the divine possibilities of human nature:—"Ruskin, in his 'Ethics of the Dust,' informs us that the mud of a London street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, and let the atoms arrange themselves according to their nature, and you have the opal. Separate the clay, and it becomes a white earth fit for the finest porcelain, or if it still purifies itself, you have the sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated, it will give you a diamond. And lastly, the water, if purified and distilled, will become a dewdrop, or it will crystallize into a lovely star. So that out of the London street mud you have, according to Ruskin, an opal, and a sapphire, and a diamond, and a lovely snowstar."

## "O GOD, SAVE US!"

Men hide their religion, but put their unbelief on exhibition. Religion, like love, is too sacred a thing to be talked about, but "infidelity" is a subject, poor enough to be used as a football by any fool. Modest men are backward about telling you what they believe, but the man of superficial thought will inform you, without request or permission, about his doubts, fears, unbelief and agnosticism. But in the hour of danger all men seek God. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "Oh God, save us!"

## ALL ON BOARD!

Get on board! The train is starting! Five minutes more and "she" will leave the station. People who are for ever taking the "next train" miss the reception which destiny intended for them. It is possible to "get rich" too late. What earthly use is there in reputation, fame, and popularity when sleep will not come and food will not digest. A neighbor remarks.

"A friend of mine passing along the streets of New York some years ago heard the newsboys announce the death of A. T. Stewart. Instantly he said: "We were about the same age. If I am to do any good in this world with my money I must begin now." During that year he put \$80,000 into educational enterprises. This was not taken from his current income, but from the accumulations of all his life."

## OH MEMORY!

Memory is like a vast library into which the architect has wrought domes, arches, aisles, fire places, stairways, windows, pillars, and mosaics. This is the palace which we are building for the future. Ah, and it will be a magnificent palace—or a stately prison. Oh memory!

Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were the victims of this inability to forget; he by day, in this waking moments, she at night in dreams and nightmares, were pursued by the undying ghost of Banquo, which was but the objectified image of their own conscience, as it drove its shadowy sword into their inmost hearts till he cried: "Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, sweet wife"; and she wandered about in her sleep, striving in vain to wipe the blood-spot from her guilty hand. This involuntary ethical memory is one of the safeguards of virtue, one of the restraints of vice.

## GET TO WORK.

Get to work. Begin operations right on the spot where you are. You may be four miles from nowhere, but begin there. Begin with what you have. Use the tools which God has placed within your reach. Don't spend your time wishing for a better start. Crank your machine. Wind up your clock. Work the windmill on your own pipe organ. Use a tallow dip if you can't find a wax candle. Remember that an oil lamp is better than a gas pipe without a gas-jet. If the world were perfect you would be out of a job. You will have a better environment when you get your fence up. If your job was the best one on the road, the chances are, you wouldn't have it. Thank God for what you have. Columbus manned his ships with jail-birds because the sailors of his time feared what lay beyond the horizons that had bounded their voyages. Remember, he got there!



# Business is booming!



*Toronto, Ont.*

*Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.*

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*Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.*

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*Factories are busy, a great many working over-time.*

*More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.*

*Canada has, in proportion to population, greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any other country in the world.*

*Millions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.*

*The people who spend this money want the best service.*

*They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.*

*They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.*

*Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.*

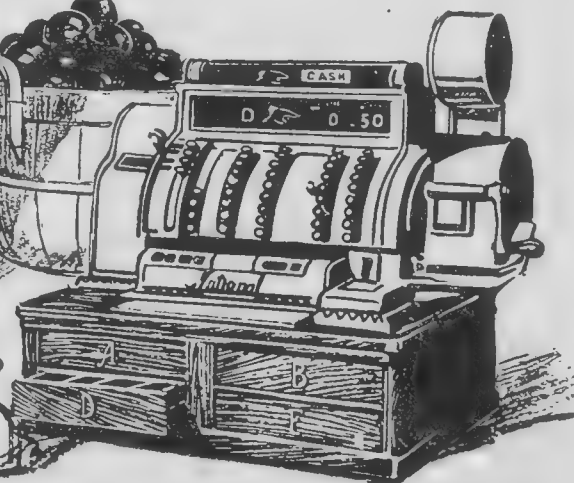
*Last month the N. C. R. in Canada had the largest sales of any month in the past seventeen.*

President of  
The National Cash Register Co.

[Signed]

*John W. Patterson*

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Effective Dec. 1st to 31st, from

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|-----------|-------------------|--------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
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| Winnipeg  | \$40.00           | \$45.00            | \$59.30            | \$63.45           |
| Brandon   | 44.00             | 49.00              | 63.30              | 67.45             |
| Regina    | 50.65             | 55.65              | 69.95              | 74.10             |
| Calgary   | 63.80             | 68.80              | 83.10              | 87.25             |
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## HELPING HIM OUT

By E. L. Chicane, Author of  
"The Wanderer Returned,"  
"Camera and Gun," etc.

LOVE is love the world over; its darts strike prince and peasant in the same manner, and to an extent they experience the same extraordinary sensations.

Now, Smith was an ordinary commonplace name; like an ordinary man he fell in love and experienced all the extraordinary symptoms which accompany that state.

Smith was engaged in a large city emporium where his duties consisted in measuring off ribbon at so much per yard, meanwhile talking pleasantly and giving the regulation store smile. People sometimes wonder why store clerks are so solemn "after hours." I ask you yourself, do you care to carry on business after its day is over? When a part of a man's daily occupation consists of smiling, he needs a rest at night. Besides the facial muscles could not stand the strain.

But this is neither here nor there, Smith was deeply in love, and the object of his affection, little Bessie Joyce at the hosiery counter, a miniature, pocket edition of a girl, and as Smith used to say as he expanded his chest before the mirror at night, "Just as high as my heart."

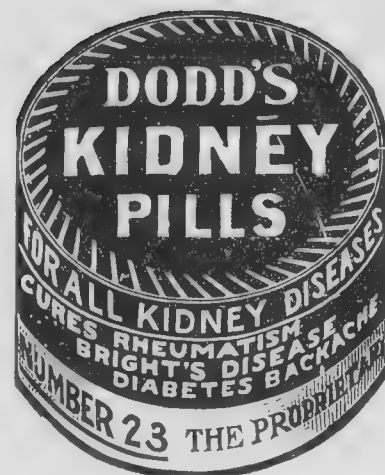
The course of true love never does run smooth, and Smith's affair was no exception to the rule. A big rival was there—in more senses than one—in the person of Percy Brown, one of the shop-walkers. Percy was a big six-footer, with a chest at once the envy and despair of poor Smith, who took dumb-bell exercises night and morning. Furthermore, Percy was the possessor of a sweeping black moustache and Smith smoothing his six-on-each-side affair often speculated on the value of that hairy appendage as a weapon in the field of love.

So far Bessie had been non-committal and bestowed her smiles equally upon the rival lovers. But Percy had the advantage of being able to walk around and occasionally exchange a few words with Bessie; she would smile and then poor Smith's face was sad to see. Envy and jealousy chased each other over his countenance and the strange combination left a curious result.

At night, however, when the store closed, Percy would be left behind for further duties and Smith, treading on air, would escort Bessie to the car, and occasionally, when he happened to be going in the same direction, would see her to her destination. Of course Bessie knew that he loved her—what woman doesn't when she is the object of affection? "She could see the lovelight in his eyes," as the poet says, and indeed in Smith his whole anatomy seemed to be telling the same tale. But she did not let on, oh, no! What woman does? Also she loved him, but what female ever discloses this fact until the psychological moment? And so Smith, like the generality of the male sex, served his time of misery. Also Bessie was a great reader of novelettes and in a recent one, "From Scullery Maid to Duchess," she had read how love might be increased by the addition of a proportion of jealousy. Hence the amorous glances in Percy's direction.

Escorting Bessie home in the car one night, Smith, artfully as he thought, brought the conversation round to the theatre and things theatrical and led up to the play that was being staged that week—"A Pirate's Life and Horror," meanwhile hoping the conversation would last out until they reached the next bridge. Bessie saw to that and as the light became a little dimmer, in a stuttering voice and shockingly ungrammatical language, he asked her to accompany him to the theatre that evening. By the time he got through his face was as red as the setting sun, but fortunately he was too busily engaged to notice the amusement of the car's other occupants. Bessie, as she consented, was quite cool—even cold, Smith thought.

Supper was not a very important meal for Smith that night, though every bite coupled with his anticipations, tasted



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BRANDON MANITOBA



like nectar. Soon he rose and laid out the best shirt he possessed, a blue one with pink stripes, also the cuff links his grandfather had left him and which were only used on very special occasions. The best trousers being slightly out of crease, had, before supper, been placed folded under the trunk, with most of the room's portable furniture on top of it.

Great struggling ensued with a high white collar and, after three had been laid by, one was fastened on, with only slight detriment to itself and, after a few futile attempts, one of the ties' bright spots was successfully placed in the middle of the bow. All this accomplished and fully attired, he posed before the mirror, stretching forth his arm as he had seen the hero do when sending the villain to perdition.

It was still an hour before he could go and meet Bessie, and he beguiled the time in going through the several con-

men's pockets were useful except that there are sometimes too many of them. His cup of misery was now full and his heart sank within him. Whatever would she think of him now? He felt like a man who has come out from bathing to find all his clothes gone but his collar and tie. Bessie was quite cool and understood how things were going. She kept up a conversation almost unassisted, for until their destination was reached the best Smith could do was to answer in monosyllables. At the precincts of the theatre he was glad to mingle with the crowd and felt perceptibly cooler.

During the first scenes of the play they sat enthralled, their interest intense, at least so it seemed, though Smith saw but little, as he was indulging in electric shocks by furtively touching a gloved hand which lay near his. As the lights were lowered for the second act, with a burst of daring, he

## Words of Cheer from Saskatchewan's Premier

Writing this word early in November for The Western Home Monthly Christmas Number I express the earnest hope that when Christmas, 1915, arrives the arms of His Britannic Majesty and his brave Allies may be gaining a distinct ascendancy over the assailants of liberty and democracy. Yet even in this first week of November a true analysis of the situation yields every reason for steadfast confidence and fortifies our determination to prosecute the conflict forced upon us to a completely successful issue. The event of the War to date must make every Canadian and Britisher prouder than ever of the British Empire. In the world's relations prior to August, 1914, Britain was looked to as a naval power and not as a military power. As a naval power Britain has not failed. After fifteen months of war Britain is the absolutely undisputed mistress of the seas. In addition she has shown her ability to become a military power. To-day Sir John French commands one million men in France and Belgium; and within the Empire there are more than twice that number of reserves and men under training. No Canadian can fail to thrill at the thought that of all the millions who have been in action in the fifteen months of fearful war our Canadian boys have proved to be fully equal to the best in every possible respect. We are saddened by reflection upon the thousands of our best men who have given their life's blood for our sakes and for the principles or honest dealing between nations and universal liberty. I cannot think that these lives have been given in vain. I am firmer now than ever in the conviction that the struggle will result in a full vindication and victory for these principles.

(Signed)

*Walter Scott,*

Premier of Saskatchewan.

ventionalities before the glass. His bow was perfected and he succeeded in raising his hat in the most approved manner without disturbing the parting in his hair.

After waiting, in his imagination, several hours, but in reality about half an hour, Bessie appeared, and Smith began at once to lose his comfortable self-satisfied feeling. His shirt cuffs must be protruding at least eight inches and he was painfully conscious of the finger marks on his collar. Bessie was dressed in "some soft shimmering stuff," as authors say, who are not initiated into the mysteries of the fashion column, and to Smith she appeared as something unearthly as indeed he felt himself just then, only in another sense.

Somehow or other they boarded a car and when Smith came back to earth, the conductor was standing before him and making some sarcastic remarks about "love-birds" and Smith had to go through nearly every pocket before finding the necessary. By the time he found it, the sweat was trickling down his cheeks and he found the fare had been already paid by Bessie, who was smiling at him and assuring him that

seized the little hand and could have jumped when the pressure was returned.

Breathlessly they watched the play, as the hero periodically escaped death at the hands of the villain, squeezing hands all the time; and then, with the villain vanquished and the hero holding the rather corpulent heroine in his arms, Smith found his arm in a new position and mentally calculated Bessie's waist measurement.

The walk home that night was a dream; for Bessie said she preferred walking, though Smith stuttered out something about a taxi. Incidentally she preferred the less frequented streets, but all too soon, they arrived at Bessie's home and parted at the gate.

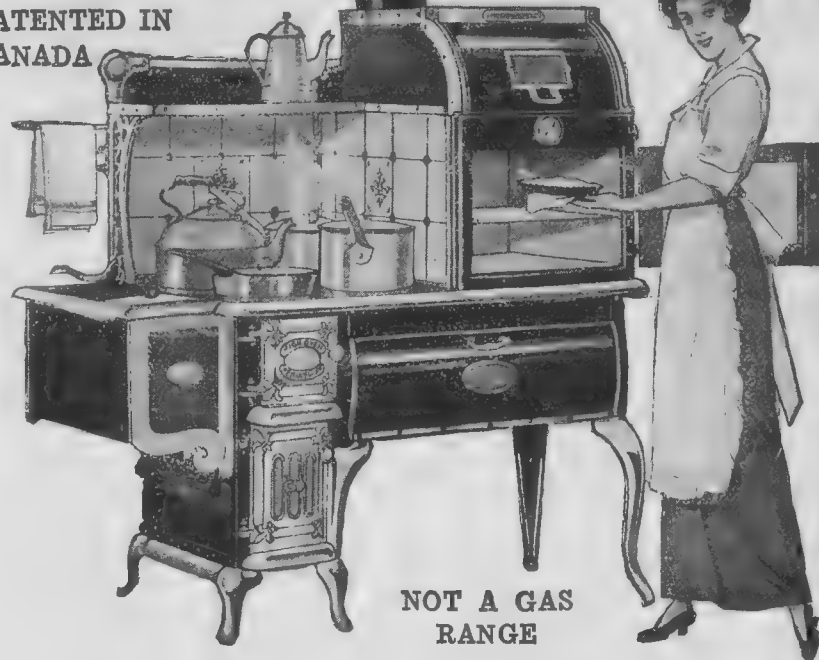
This was the first of many little excursions which broke the every day routine of work at the store. All the smiles now went Smith's way and Percy looked for other world's to conquer.

As he grew better acquainted with Bessie, Smith became less bashful and self-conscious, though he never could feel perfectly at ease in her company. Still events were less funeral. But even when they had arrived at that stage popularly designated as "steady com-

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NOT A GAS RANGE

How often have YOU heard the women folk say, when sitting down at the table: "Getting the dinner over that old hot stove has taken my appetite clean away" All the pleasure of the meal gone for them—and you too.

### THE LIGHTER DAY HIGH OVEN RANGE

has changed completely the old order of things. Just as iron replaced wood for ship building, coal oil replaced candles for lighting, the railway replaced the Indian trail.

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Wouldn't you like to see a Lighter Day Range? Every day, more stores are ordering Lighter Day Ranges, but if you want to see the range right away, if you want to see how your own work can be lightened—we will send you a wonderful little book. The photographer made this book. He took pictures of a woman using the Lighter Day Range, and really it's almost as good as seeing the range yourself. Let us send you this little book—and if you have a friend who thinks as you do about planning for "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen," write her name on the coupon, too. Just mail the coupon to-day, so you won't forget.

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pany," he could never pluck up enough courage to ask the momentous question, though any observer could have been perfectly sure of the answer.

In fact as far as maidenly reserve would allow, Bessie had assisted him—almost prompted him. And yet Smith never caught on and then kicked himself as he went home at night and asked the gods if she loved him. Oh! man, man, thy name is destiny.

And so Christmas came along—that season of good-will and presents and indigestion which brought a special stress of work to all in the store.

As the lovers walked home one evening, Bessie asked "Where are you going to spend Christmas, George?" "Oh, I don't know," he answered. "At the boarding house likely. I was thinking of going home, but they don't give you no time at the store."

"Won't you come and have dinner with us, George? Ma told me to ask you. There'll only be a few relations," she added, as Smith showed signs of collapsing. And so it was arranged.

elbow in a lemon pie. It took him some time to get over this little mishap, but Bessie's pa flung his jests around so rapidly and everybody laughed and joked so hilariously that he soon found himself actually enjoying it all and in a burst of dissipation kicked Bessie's foot under cover of the table.

As night came on and with it the disappearance of the small fry, Smith found himself seated with Bessie in a well-screened corner and in some miraculous manner he had taken possession of a little hand near his.

"Haven't we had a lovely time?" she sighed.

"Perfect," sighed Smith in acquiescence.

"It is so nice for a whole family to get together like this."

"Fine," said Smith.

"You've been just like one of the family to-day, George."

Smith blushed as he thought of his arrival.

## Our Part, Our Pride

"It is the proudest thing a man can say, I did my bit for my King and Country." These are the golden words of Hon. George Murray, Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, at a recruiting meeting at Halifax, last Summer. He did not go far enough! Three words more I ask. My revised version is, "It is the proudest thing a man, woman or child can say, I've done my bit for my King and Country." We are all equally called to the colours.

It is up to each one of us to find out our bit without delay and to do it. The call is imperative and immediate! My own small daughter went to a "Soldiers' Handkerchief Party" rejoicing in needle, thread, thimble and a heart full of expectancy. Did you hem a handkerchief, dear? I asked on her return. "My thimble would not fit my fingers mother, neither would it stay on my thumb, I pricked myself! I could not hem a handkerchief"—yet with undaunted pride she added but "I pulled the threads."

There is work for each one.

"When our cause is vindicated and there is peace on earth, let it be recorded as the proudest pages in our annals that not one home, not one workshop failed to take part in the common struggle and earned a share in a common principle" said Premier Asquith.

Yes all are called to serve.

All are called to pray,

All are called to sacrifice.

The glory of Sacrifice in a great cause, the liberty of the world, should be the pride of every man, woman and child in these heroic days of Canada.

Mrs. COLIN H. CAMPBELL,

Prov. President, I.O.D.E.

Winnipeg.

Dec. 1st, 1915.

On the fatal day, Smith presented himself at the shrine faultlessly arrayed as usual, to be warmly greeted by Bessie's mother, who before he suspected anything had saluted him with a thunderous attack of oscillatory artillery. Evidently Bessie's ma knew more than Smith. As he stood in the hall, he was entertained by the cross-talk, sotto-voice of two of the younger generation. "Who's that?" asked the one. "That's Cousin Bessie's beau," answered the other. "Steady?" "Yep." Sis says he's kinder bashful, but she thinks it's a go."

It is superfluous to say that Smith was not quite at ease as he entered the parlor, where Bessie introduced him to a host of brothers, uncles, cousins, aunts and such-like family impedimenta. He made himself as pleasant as possible, feeling all the while very unpleasant himself, and very bushful among so many strangers. Then came the signal for dinner and Smith found himself given the seat of honor at the right hand of Bessie's pa, whilst Bessie herself had a place beside him. A late arrival was introduced to him across the table and with the utmost grace possible under the circumstances, he shot his arm out, managing in the operation, however, to overturn a cream pitcher and dip his

"Christmas is such a glorious time," went on Bessie. I had a cousin that was married at Christmas. Aunt Kitty asked me to-day when I was going to be married. I said I didn't know, praps never. I guess it wouldn't be too bad to be an old maid. What do you think, George?" Smith didn't know what to think, or to say either.

"There was a feller once wanted to marry me, but I didn't care much about him. Somehow the fellers a girl likes never asks her. Did you ever think of getting married, George?"

"N-no—Yes, not quite, that is—I — answered George, wiping his face.

"You haven't never met the right girl, I know," went on Bessie. "It's a terrible responsibility, but I—I wouldn't mind trying it with the right man"—this with a tender squeeze of the hand.

And then it all came out just like gingerbeer that has had its energies pent up for months. He held her in his arms and poured the hoarded love story into her willing ears.

And as they stood together at the door, looking up at the bright Christmas stars, they fixed the wedding day. And the wise old moon went under a cloud and the stars twinkled and winked for they enjoyed the scene, though they had witnessed it hundreds of times before.



## Fritz and the Rabbit

Written especially for The Western Home Monthly and illustrated by  
Bonnycastle Dale

**"P**OTATOES they grow small in Kansas.

"Potatoes they grow small and they pluck them in the fall, and they eat them tops and all, for a very odd place is Kansas."

"Twas thus I heard the lad singing as he came down the main street of a Kansas town in boom time some years ago. We were walking right over the Court House, right on top of the palatial Grand Western Hotel and, to make matters worse, Fritz shot a rabbit right in the Grand Union Depot. We sat down upon the Opera House and examined the rabbit. Fritz said it was a "Jack" rabbit. He might properly have called it a Jack hare, as all the large animals in these families of rodents are hares and the smaller ones, with small ears, true rabbits.

"Say, let's kick the corn stack over there on the County Asylum, I saw three rabbits—Well! hares if you will be so correct—go right in under the corn."

snakes have teeth, but very tiny ones, and all have a nice long forked tongue to intimidate and semi-charm with, but only the fanged ones have any poison.

The fanged tooth of the three poisonous snakes lies back where our wisdom teeth lie. They lie flat along the jaw, one on each side of the upper jaw and are only brought into standing position when the snake is alarmed. At the root of these fangs lies the poison gland, a tiny channel in the tooth connects it and a severe pressure—like a bite—discharges the green fluid into the wound.

Now Fritz and I have wandered broadcast over the continent and we have not been killed many times by rattlesnakes, although we have slept in many a snaky looking spot, nor have we ever heard of a fatal case of snakebite with our own hearing apparatus. Oh! yes, we have read of hundreds—Fritz says millions, but he is young yet, of newspaper rattlesnakes killing people, but how



30,000 lbs. catch of Halibut, B.C. Coast

The lad jumped up and I followed him across this corn harvested field where, according to certain Kansas real estate boomers, a great Western city was in the very act of growing. All over the immense field the corn had been stacked in mighty green tent-like forms. Under one of these the hares had disappeared.

"You kick the stack and we'll get them as they run out," cried the lad. I did—luckily for your humble servant he was wearing knee boots for out darted three most unpleasant looking rattlers. Fritz dropped his "backload" of rabbits and started for the nearest county road and I followed him. You see I had not really lost any rattlesnakes and I did want to see if Fritz was all safe. He was, if somewhat breathless.

"Say, Boom City is certainly inhabited. I guess I'll leave those rabbits for the poor, or the asylum folks can have them, who cares?" laughed the happy lad. So we proceeded on our way rejoicing. If there had not been a foot of ground maze covering all the earth between the cornstacks, I would not have fled so incontinently, as we had never come across, on any of our medical friends' books in these central southern states any fatal case of snake bite. The rattler of some ten varieties, the Water Moccasin, the Copperhead are the only snakes in the U.S. or Canada that have long concealed poisonfangs. True, all

would the young and very innocent breed of reporters flourish if this appealing subject was taboo?

All this great flat dry plain of Kansas has borne a wonderful corn crop. Fritz paraded past a country school singing "The corn is full of snakes in Kansas" and he was promptly bombarded with the winter's stored firewood by the irate scholars, and what do you think this firewood was—corn. As I am a living man, all the country school sheds were filled with gleaming yellow ears of corn for the winter's school fires—it was selling at eight cents a bushel that year.

But it was rabbits we were after and the hedges were literally filled with "jacks" and "cottontails" and the lad and I were promptly invited to the first "rabbit-drive." The farmer who invited us pointed from his verandah, to his broad fields, all divided with Osage orange trees growing in long green lines.

"Guess every one who kin walk will be in the drive, if they don't may the pests get the rest of their crops." So behold us groping our way before daylight to our appointed place at a cross road, each armed with a club. All around the huge fifteen mile circle, at short distances apart, were sentrylike figures of men and restless whimpering hounds. At five o'clock sharp the cannon was fired and the great circle commenced to advance, each man beating every bush

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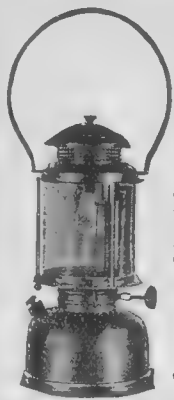
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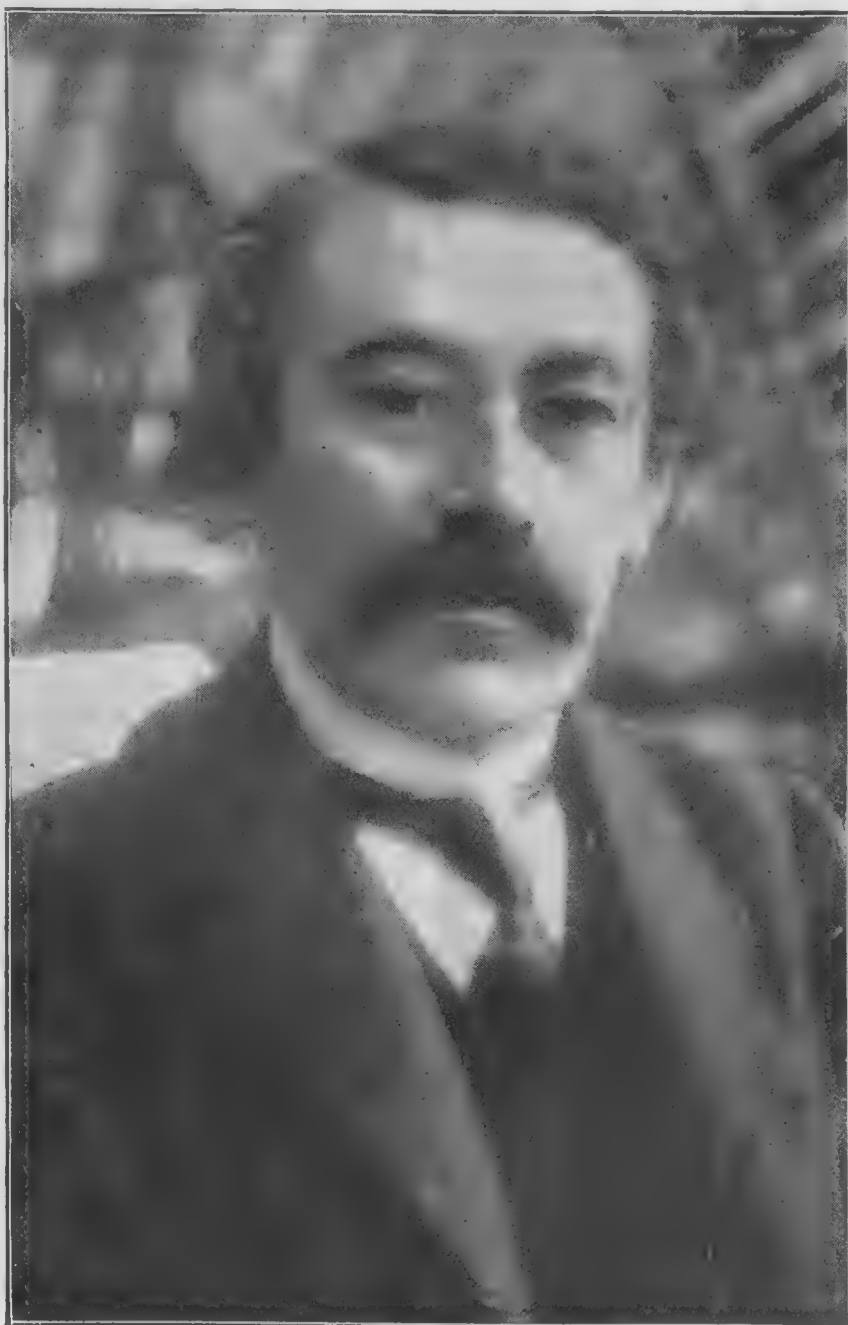


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and hedge and driving all the hares and rabbits ahead. The circling dogs were frantic as the ever-lessening circle drew in. At one spot, about six o'clock, the human circle was so far drawn in that men were visible all along it and a perfect army of bounding animals were leaping through the sand and sage ahead. Fritz, red and breathless, was beating every cover and gully we came across and one big rabbit hound continually followed him, crunching up the poor bunnies like so many crusts—a shake, a squeal, a throw and another dead rabbit lay outside the human hedge. By seven o'clock both right and left hand drivers were within a few yards; by eight o'clock my neighbors of the ring were within a few feet of me and the fields ahead were literally alive with leaping hares and rabbits. At nine

had to pass out, but, excepting for food, it is utterly wrong to take inoffensive life. I would as soon think of robbing Tiffany's wonderful show cases of their gleaming jewels as quench the spark of life in the meanest unoffending animal. What is this thing we do? We say "I've killed it." The exquisite organism and under a microscope the humblest is as wonderful as the human beings. is still, the motive power has passed. Where now is the thing we called life? All that is left will soon decay. Are you forever responsible for quenching that wondrous thing called life?

Kansas, with its sands and rodents, lies a thousand miles behind us and here we are in Ontario with its winters and its snows, and again Fritz would hunt the hare and rabbit but his soul is vexed with one great question:



**New French Premier who Succeeds Viviani**

Aristide Briand who has held several cabinet positions and was premier of France from January 21st to March 18th, 1913, has been asked by President Poincaré to head the new cabinet, following the resignation of Viviani. The latter succeeds Briand as Minister of Justice in the present cabinet. Briand is known as an exceptionally strong man.

o'clock we were all on our hands and knees, a veritable living fence about a small field where every green blade was hidden by crouching scurrying animals. The exhausted hounds were killing now as they lay upon the earth, too tired to stand erect, the men were beating back the frightened prey that came charging at the living circle. I estimated there were 5,000 penned up "vermin," as the farmers called them, within that fatal ring.

Now the men grasped their clubs tighter, shrill whistles rang along the line and the last act in ridding the county of the rabbit pest began. Fritz promptly turned away and walked towards our host's home and I silently followed him—over 18,000 rabbits and hares lay dead by 12 o'clock. Now this was an act of necessity, to save the human beings' crops these wild animals

"Shall I change my name?" he appealed to me, "the boys say I am a German because you have called me Fritz."

"Tell them the name Fritz belongs as well to Switzerland and poor tortured Belgium, and that a thousand Fritz's are now hurling bullets and shells towards the common enemy; and also that a whole lot of our Canadian boys must do their duty and enlist if they want to save their homes and mothers and sisters and sweethearts from the desperate Hun."

So, to provide food for the shanty, Fritz must needs pursue the harmless hare. He copied the native Indian and I have pictured him to show you their method. These gnawing animals, after a plentiful fall feeding on clovers and grasses and wild roots and berries, were forced now to gnaw the bark from the young forest bushes to sustain life.

They lived in burrows along the island's banks and you could always tell the varying hare, so called because it varies from white to grey to smoky brown from winter's snow to summer's dust, by its long legs and long ears, its great size and swift runs, from the true rabbit, the cottontail here, which is short-legged, short-eared and slow and small, just as both are on our own home prairie.

Fritz took the canoe on the sleigh over the weak young December ice, after he had carefully cut a hole with the ice chisel to see if it would bear, accompanied by a trapper friend, to buy the brass wire for the snare for the bunnies that by now were crossing to the mainland and girdling the orchards. The great lake ice was binding and roaring under the frosty stars as they returned; as the cold increased and the ice further contracted, great booming cracks would run miles long across the lake, striking the shore at the "landing place" with a noise like cannon's thunder. Early that night we plodded through the deep snow into the recesses of the island of the beaver to set the snares for the rabbits in true Ojibway style. Fritz selected young second growth maples and hickories, trees, say two inches through, and bent them down over the well beaten rabbits' trails and fastened them to two stakes driven into either side of the trail, each stake had a notch cut, one on the north side and one upon the south side. Under these notches, a stick, a little larger than a lead pencil, was laid; to this is fastened the cord that holds the tree down. To the stick the brass wire noose is fastened so that the loose slip knot projects over the rabbit trail. Poor, foolish bunny sticks his head in, the stick is dislodged, the supple tree released and the strangled rabbit flies high up into the air and hangs, dead, far above the reach of mink or martin, fox or weasel.

Early next morning, while the glitter of the winter sun made a fairy workshop of the gleaming, snowladen woods, we sought the snared runway and a strange fruit the naked trees bore. The night-feeding animals hung, stark and frozen, from the now erect saplings, mercifully killed by the tightly drawn noose. Some of these northern varying hares weigh up to five and six pounds and are fair eating, always a bit tasteless, but an onion or a nip of savory helps them out. Some of them are almost 20 inches long, with a white bit of a tail 2 inches behind that. These hares can keep the distance between them and a rabbit hound undiminished for the first few thousand yards but after that the supple long-legged dog soon catches them. The rabbit is readily caught by the hounds. The advance of man and the consequent killing off of the hare's and rabbit's natural enemies, the foxes, wolves, mink, weasel, as well as the owls, hawks and eagles, has given these animals a chance to grow in incredible numbers. So thickly do they inhabit the northern Canadian plains, in the "small stick" districts of the sub Arctic tribes, and all below that to the very farmed districts of the prairies, that they breed a parasite which every few years, usually spoken of as seven, kills them off so thoroughly that even the fur bearers leave the districts and the wandering tribes of trapping Indians have likewise to leave. But a few years later, as the hares and rabbits breed two and often three times per year, back comes the procession, rabbits, hares, furbearers and Indians—still numerous as they become, I do not think our young neighbors excuse, when caught by the game inspector for killing rabbits in September—"I wouldn't of killed it only it tried to bite me," was a good one, do you?

A year or so ago, Lord Anson, of London, is said to have paid a physician \$1500 for a recipe for a cure for rheumatism, for the sole purpose of making it public. It is as follows:

Sulphur, one ounce; cream of tartar, one ounce; rhubarb, one-half ounce; gum guaiacum, one dram; honey, sixteen ounces.

A tablespoon of this is taken night and morning in a tumblerful of white wine and water, or lemonade.



## Christmas Unusual

"HOW are you going to spend Christmas this year, Mother?" asked her married daughter of old Mrs. Tainton.

"I certainly cannot say, 'Christmas as usual' when my two boys are away in France," was the reply. "But after duly considering the matter, I have come to the conclusion that because my sons are nobly doing their duty fighting for me when I cannot go myself, I ought not to deprive you and Mabel, who are just as much my children of whatever pleasure may be near at hand. So I have decided to invite you and John, and one or two of Mabel's young friends who are unable to

go home for the holidays, together with a returned soldier or two, to come and spend Christmas day with me."

"Oh Mother," said her daughter, "John and I had intended that the whole family were to have had Christmas dinner at our house this year, but we thought that on account of the absence of the boys there would not have been any Christmas cheer, so we made no plans."

"That is because you and John both have young heads on your young shoulders, my dear Amelia, and you will learn sometime that the views of youth are very superficial. Why should not I rejoice over the blessings that we yet enjoy,

—health, home comforts, some of my loved ones still near me, and the ability to make others happy? You will come and help me to do this, I am sure."

So it came to pass that a merry party gathered at Mrs. Tainton's beautiful home to spend a war-time Christmas. Mabel Tainton had invited two friends, whose parents were in Europe with the militar (for people who are big soldiers in time of peace must forsake home and kindred when war breaks out) and who had been dolefully looking forward to the prospect of eating their Christmas dinner off the college table, but were most agreeably surprised by the receipt of an invitation to partake of a home and fireside meal, at the festive season. Three young soldiers who were, to use their own words, "laid up for repairs," also enjoyed Mrs.

Tainton's hospitality. Two of these young men were anxiously looking forward to the privilege of "doing a little bit more" as soon as their term at the Convalescent Home should be ended; but the third, alas, having lost a limb at St. Julien was compelled to remain in Canada, to learn the lesson of patience, to stand still when others are on the move, which is perhaps the hardest of all lessons to learn. All these with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, composed the party.

The flags of the allied nations were very conspicuous among the mural decorations. They added a bright bit of colour to the simple branches of spruce that served as the chief adornment; for Mrs. Tainton maintained that since farmers had brought the spruce into the city it was the duty of the citizens to enable them to make a sale

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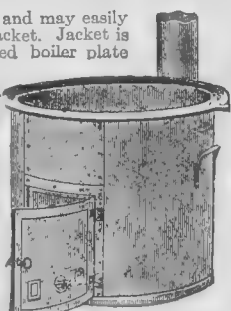
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of it. "We people in the city must see to it," she said, "that in our retrenchments for the sake of patriotism we do not cause others to suffer need. Our charity must begin at home, but it need not remain there."

As the day was intensely cold Mrs. Tainton's guests hastened home from the church, and gathered in front of the blazing fire that was burning so brightly in the open fire-place in the drawing-room. They were chatting merrily, and awaiting the call to dinner, when lo! out went the electric lights.

"Dear, dear," exclaimed the hostess, "how very tiresome. I sincerely hope that the light returns soon for I made up my mind some month's ago, when cutting down expenses, that candles were one thing that I could very well dispense with this Christmas, so there is not a single one in the house." But darkness continued to envelop the party, until finally a messenger was despatched to procure oil for some lamps.

"I know what we had better do while we are waiting," exclaimed Mabel clapping her hands gleefully. "Let us poke up the fire so as to make a good blaze and then we can tell stories. What do you say, Mother, dear?"

"That is indeed a happy thought," replied her mother, "only I would suggest that you tell a progressive story."

"What kind of a story is that?" asked Private Black, the Rector's son.

"A story that some person begins and then the others in turn continue," was the answer of more than one voice.

"All right," said Mrs. Tainton, "form a semi-circle in front of the fire, I shall sit at one end of it and commence the story. So here it goes: There was once a very charming young lady, who lived in a magnificent house in town, a house with a brown-stone front. This young lady had everything that luxury could invent, or money could provide." "Oh yes," interrupted Jane Agnew, whose father had written from Shorncliffe to her telling her that she must make last year's party dress do for this winter,—"and she had a dress for every event, and shoes to match every dress. She sat in the drawing-room—" "Wishing for something to wish for," continued Mrs. Stewart. "So she sat and thought and wished, and wished until a voice whispered in her heart, 'Get back to Nature, study the woods and the wild life.' Someone else

go ahead." "But I can't go without a chaperon," pouted Private Black in continuation, "So the young lady sent a message to her mother to the effect that she requested her company as soon as possible, and these being the days of obedient parents," said Lieutenant Rutherford, "the dignified old lady replied that she would come as soon as she had changed her décolleté costume for a walking dress."

"If she lived in these days she would not have needed to make a change," interrupted Mabel, "for all dresses are now cut low in the neck, or at least without a collar."

"Is that your contribution to the story, Miss Mabel," asked the lieutenant, "if so continue please."

"Oh! no, no," was the reply, "please go on yourself."

"How can I go on myself. I am not a coat," he retorted mischievously, "but, let me see, where was I when I left off? Oh, yes, I remember, waiting for the old lady to come down stairs. Well, it seems that when she went upstairs she discovered that the lady's maid had gone out for a constitutional, therefore as the old lady was so little accustomed to waiting on her-

self she had much difficulty in making her toilet. Consequently the young lady in the drawing-room having waiting and suffered the pangs of ennui for exactly two and three-quarter hours opened the door and quietly walked out. Now Miss Vera it is your turn."

"Well, she walked on and on," said Vera evidently trying to collect her thoughts, "she walked on and on until she feared that her mother would not overtake her, so she walked very slowly, and still slower, then at last instinctively she turned down a street that led straight to a wood. When she came to the wood she looked around her and gazed about meditatively and admiring the magnificent trees with their gnarled bark and silver shimmering—" "Oh! poplars," exclaimed two or three voices.

"Excuse me, they were elms, and magnificent oaks and stately birches," protested the narrator.

"But Tennyson said that they were poplars, 'all silver green with gnarled bark,' but go on," said her brother, who was the third soldier of the party.

"No, indeed, for it is your turn because you interrupted me, you naughty boy."

"Very well then, where was the young lady errant? Ah yes, I know, she was admiring the silvery gnarled bark of the majestic elms and looking up into the branches to see if there were any nightingales there when suddenly she bumped into the most exquisite young man with eyes of azure blue, and hair of golden hue. She bumped into him with such violence that her heart was badly bent. Someone else fire ahead."

Mr. Stewart came to the rescue just here and continued: "The young lady stammered out something about a lost way and tried to make an apology, then summoning up her courage she said 'Prythee can you help me?'"

"Alas!" said the gallant knight, "The way I also had when I entered this wood, but I too have lost it. However, as I wended my way thither I espied a small abode from which smoke escaped and around which chickens were pecking. Let us repair thither, fair lady, and seek advice ere the night fall for I perceive that darkness is lowering." (He also perceived though he did not admit it, that his heart also had been badly indented by the concussion.)

"Thee will I accompany," quoth the damsel.

"So they went forward till they came to a woodcutter's hut. They were just about to knock at the door, when the loud blast of a horn was heard."

"Oh! I know," exclaimed Vera, "It was her father coming in his automobile to look for her—"

This anachronism and incongruity set everybody laughing.

"What are you laughing at? Where is the joke?" exclaimed Vera.

In the midst of the renewed laughter the room was suddenly illuminated by the returning light, at which Mrs. Tainton said, "I must ask you all to leave the fortunes of Edwin and Angelina to be continued in our next, as dinner has been long waiting, and I feel assured that we are all ready to do justice to an ample meal after our long waiting."

"We can assure you," answered the lieutenant that, thanks to Miss Mabel's suggestion of the story telling we have not been suffering. But now that I have been reminded of it I verily believe that even I am hungry."

So the merry party repaired with alacrity to the dining-room. — Written by Margaret Johnson for the December Issue of The Western Home Monthly.

#### A Big Playfellow

It's lots of fun down in the grass,  
A-watching all the things that pass!  
You won't come, too? I wonder why!  
It's fun a-playing with the Sky!

I guess you are too tall to see;  
If you would come down here with me,  
And just ungrow a little, you  
Could see just what you wanted to.

Such big cloud-ships with sails spread out  
To catch the wind that's all about!  
And big gray birds with soft cloud-wings,  
And wolves and bears and tiger-things!

Just lying down here in the grass,  
I've seen about a million pass;  
They creep and run and sail and fly—  
It's fun a-playing with the Sky!

**I.X.L. VACUUM WASHER**

**Gift for Mother**

Make her burden lighter

**The I.X.L. Vacuum Washer**

will do this and be a source of happiness by relieving her of the drudgery of washday. Washes anything from the finest fabric to the coarsest blanket.

**ORDER TO-DAY—NOW**  
Dept. W.L.L.

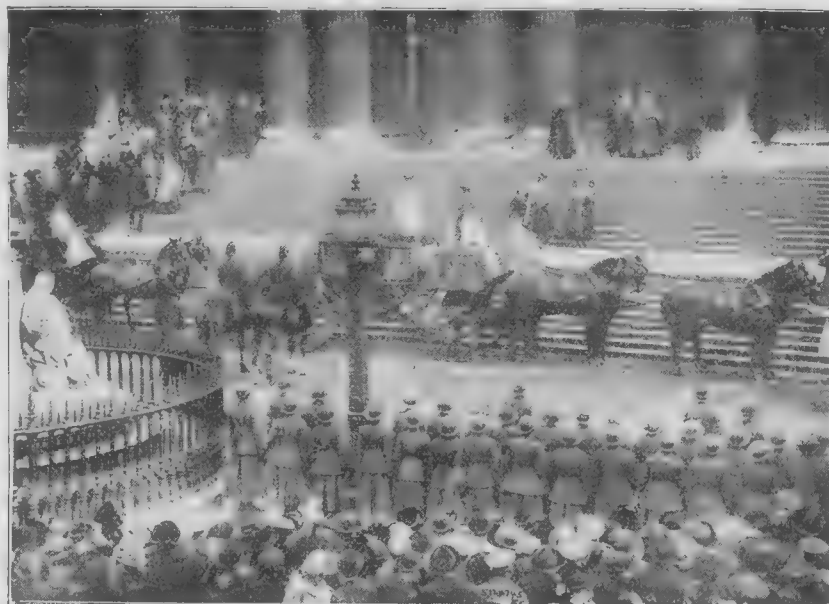
**UNITED MANUFACTURERS WINNIPEG**

**Big Entertainer** 100 Parlor Games, 310 Jokes and Riddles, 74 Trivia, 15 Card Tricks, 4 Comic Recitations, 3 Monologues, Checkers, Chess, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, 9 Men Morris. All 10 CENTS POST PAID.

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**FREE** Fine Camera and complete outfit for selling 20 Large Colored Art & Religious Pictures or 20 pkgs. Beautiful Post Cards at 10cents each. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money returned. Order your choice today.

**GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 341, CHICAGO**



Edith Cavell Memorial Services in St. Paul's Attended by Royalty.

A scene outside St. Paul's Cathedral, London, after the memorial services for the British nurse martyred in Belgium. Among those present who came to pay homage to the memory of Miss Edith Cavell, representatives of every station in life, from the coster to the King and Queen of Great Britain, were present. A group of British Red Cross nurses acted as a guard of honor at the services.



## THE LAST WORD

in  
**Mail Order Merchandising  
and Service**

Expresses quickly yet fully the aims and objects of the New Mail Order House to be opened in Winnipeg early in the new year.

### "NEWMAN"—Something New—Something Different

Brings the city store, with its large and varied stock, right to your home.

### "NEWMAN" means Quality — Service — Satisfaction

New in business but old in experience.

Our Complete Catalogue, containing the numerous articles in daily use in the home and on the farm, will be ready for mailing early in the New Year. Send us your name and address NOW so you will be sure to get your copy.

Everything we stock will be Fully Guaranteed

**THE F.S. NEWMAN CO. LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG CANADA





## Grain Growers' Grain Co. Annual Report

Shareholders of The Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd., gathered at Winnipeg, Nov. 11 and 12, to hear the report of the board of directors, to discuss the Company's business for the financial year ending Aug. 31, 1915, and to offer suggestions for the future. The usual dividend of ten per cent on paid up capital and the announcement of a handsome profit from the year's operations indicate sound and successful management of this big farmers' concern.

Resolutions were passed favoring free wheat and urging confederation of the farmers' organizations so that each will be a source of stability and strength to the other in the conduct of the farmers' business. The old board of directors was re-elected: T. A. Crerar, John Kennedy, R. McKenzie, Wm. Moffat, John Morrison, F. J. Collyer, F. M. Gates, J. F. Reid and E. J. Fream.

President Crerar in his annual address covering the ninth annual report of the directors to shareholders gave a comprehensive review of the various phases of the company's activities. Following is a digest of the address with some excerpts from parts of general interest to grain growers of Western Canada.

The year ending August 31, last was, he said, in almost all respects the most successful in the Company's history.

ing coal, flour, apples, lumber, builders' supplies, wire fencing, fence posts, oil, twine, potatoes, and different lines of farming implements including gas engines and vehicles. Reference was made to an agreement made with the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association last March whereby the supplying of commodities and machinery to farmers would be carried on jointly. While the machinery lines showed a loss, the department as a whole gave a substantial profit. The volume of business in general supplies increased from \$580,000 for the previous year to \$1,062,000 last year. For the 1915 crop the twine handled totalled 6,750,000 lbs. against 2,395,000 lbs. in 1914. Machinery sales amounted to \$86,734.93. While this volume was fairly satisfactory, it was pointed out that much more could be handled with the same overhead expense. Dealing with this phase of the company's business, President Crerar said:—

"There can be no doubt that our entering into the handling of machinery was the means to some extent of bringing about a general reduction in prices and in this way a benefit to farmers all over the West resulted. The gross percentage of profit is very slightly in excess of 10 per cent. The overhead expenses have been heavier than we expected. It can almost safely



Reaping the bountiful harvest on a farm near Gladstone, Man.

Considerable extension had taken place in some of the Departments of the business which had only been in operation a short time previous to the last annual meeting.

During the year, owing to the reduced crop yield, there was a reduction of several million bushels in the volume of grain handled through the Manitoba Government Elevators leased by the Company. This reduction had to be met as far as possible by a corresponding reduction in expenses. The profit for the year, in this Department was \$7,390.95 as against \$4,317.29 for the previous year. This was a better result financially than was expected because elevators in Manitoba are operated against a much keener competition than exists in the neighboring Provinces, particularly because of the Milling Companies, who in a season with a crop yield below the average such as we had last year are particularly keen buyers of grain. It was pointed out that the Company should continue to operate these elevators, because when combined with the other Farmers' Companies in Saskatchewan and Alberta it increased the amount of elevator storage controlled by the farmers and to that extent increased their power as a factor in the grain trade of the country. It was anticipated that in the next few months negotiations might take place between the Manitoba Government and the Company whereby the latter would secure permanent control of these houses either by purchase or by long-term lease. The handling of the Terminal Elevators also had been quite satisfactory. Economy in operation and increased revenue from storage showed a net profit.

In dealing with the Co-operative and Machinery Department, the president referred to the business done in supply-

be said that we could have handled three times the value, with comparatively very little additional expense, which would of course have made the total showing very much different from what it is. As a result of the experience gained, economies can probably be introduced that will considerably cut down the amount of expense. At the same time the margin of profit in selling may have to be increased.

"I would like here to refer to certain difficulties that have arisen in this Department and have in some cases led to dissatisfaction. The aim of the Company in entering into this enterprise of supplying such commodities as I have referred to, direct to our shareholders or others in carload or less than carload lots, was to reduce the cost of them, by introducing an element of competition that would tend to prevent the charging of exorbitant prices by the regular dealers, and as far as possible put the business of Western Canada on a cash basis."

Dealing with the necessity of placing complete orders some time in advance, he spoke as follows:—

"Taking twine as an illustration, we had this season orders coming in right up to the middle of August, and in practically every case orders that were placed earlier in the season were in the months of June and July increased very considerably beyond the quantity they originally covered. A moment's thought will convince any reasonable person that this made it extremely difficult for us to arrange our supplies. As it was, we found ourselves last summer, owing to the exceptional demand, in the position of having to very largely increase our orders to the manufacturers almost at the last moment, and while I am convinced that they did everything in their

ESTABLISHED 1904

## DONALD MORRISON & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION  
GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

We handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

References: Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank and Commercial Agencies.

## Grain Growers

Carlot shippers are making money this season. If you are not one of them write us for our memo "About shipping grain." It will be worth your while.

You can sell any time after your grain is loaded when shipping to us. No need to hold until inspected or unloaded. Your disposition instructions closely followed.

Grading carefully checked, quick returns with Government grade and weight, liberal advances on bills of lading.

Your shipments to us get the benefit of our long experience. Our financial standing assures you absolute safety.

Established 1857

## James Richardson & Sons, Limited

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

Grain Exchange, Calgary.

## FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

## THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

700 W GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

## McBEAN BROS. Offers More Valuable Market Information to Farmers of Western Canada

Our prediction to farmers in previous advertisements for \$1.00 per bus. for our wheat has already come true. We now go farther, and say that for the balance of this crop we might easily get \$1.25 per bus. or higher. The winter wheat crop in the United States is worse than first claimed, and we now figure over 250 million bus. rendered unfit for milling, while their spring wheat crop is showing a very low average grade. Oats here should advance 10c. per bus. and probably 20c. Don't sell your grain at either street or track prices. Ship in carlots to us and get the highest price going when sold.

Remember that we make big advances on carlots of grain, and also remember we only want a share of your business—give us a trial.

If your car is already loaded and you are on the C.P.R. or G.T.P., bill to Fort William, Ont., and if on the C.N.R., to Port Arthur, Ont., and be sure to mark on the shipping bill: "Notify McBean Bros., Winnipeg, Man." This enables us to check up grading and weighing without any chance of missing it.

**McBEAN BROS.**

November 15, 1915.

Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

GRAIN DEALERS TRACK BUYERS COMMISSION DEALERS  
**ACME GRAIN CO., LIMITED**  
804 UNION TRUST BUILDING, WINNIPEG  
**CAR LOTS**  
GET OUR PRICES BEFORE SELLING

Agents Wanted Where not Represented.

Telephone Main 3790

power to meet our wishes, it was simply impossible for them to get the stuff to the head of the Lakes at the time it was required and as a consequence a very considerable amount of dissatisfaction arose, vigorous kicks came in, and the Company was blamed where in no sense blame attached to it.

"If this Department of the business is to be carried on so that the lowest cost possible to the purchaser can be secured, it can only be done by farmers ordering early what they require and ordering enough of it. If, for instance, we could have in our hands by the 1st of March, orders for twine, wire and other commodities to the full amount of what the farmers require, it would be a very easy matter to make arrangements to have those orders filled, and it would unquestionably work out to still lower prices. There is no doubt that Implement Companies, Twine Dealers and other merchants engaging in this class of business have been compelled in the past to raise their prices in order to protect themselves against the possibility of having to carry large stocks over until another year and it is equally certain that we will have to do the same thing if we are going to remain in the business, and have it conducted in this way. The solution of this difficulty lies in having farmers order early and up to the full amount

The assets of the Company have increased from \$1,531,782 last year to \$1,619,342 in the present year, or an increase of about \$88,000. There has been also an increase in the capital stock of the Company. The total subscribed capital now stands at \$1,199,400. The increase in the paid-up capital has been \$96,015 the total now being \$876,422. The reserve a year ago stood at \$200,000 and \$15,000 in a special reserve, this year the general reserve is increased to \$340,000.

After referring to amendments made to the Company's charter by the Dominion Parliament last winter and announcing that shortly after the New Year opens, a Live Stock Commission Branch would be added to the activities of the Company, President Crerar dealt with the apathy that is apparent on the part of a great number of members of the different farmers' organizations.

"In this connection," he said, "it might be well to point out that the future of the Company is bound up very largely with the future of the other farmers' organizations in Western Canada. I think the conviction is steadily growing in the minds of those who might be termed the leaders of the various organizations that some step must be taken to draw them more closely together in such a way and by such means as will tend steadily with

## The Message of Christmas

By Bishop Wm. A. Quayle

TEXT: Ye shall find the babe lying in a manger.—LUKE ii, 12.

It is my purpose, by God's help, to take this cluster of purple grapes from the vineyard of God, and squeeze their juices in part into a cup for our hearts to drink this morning.

I have thought a good deal, first and last—being something of a lover of letters—of passages which dare not be omitted from the world's literature, because their loss would be so utter that heartbreak would ensue upon the loss. And my conviction holds now that this passage out of the Gospel of Luke—in which is rehearsed in simple, tender and delicious phrase the birth of a babe, with such simplicity and poetry, with such chasteness of reserve and daintiness of touch, that it seems as if it might have been

### Written With Ink Made Out of Tears,

or it might have been written with ink made out of the dawns of morning and the dews of night—is such a passage. I freely say there is no passage in human literature more utterly exquisite, more beautifully human, more graciously divine, more entirely earthly, more absolutely heavenly, than this beautiful story of the birth of Jesus Christ. And I would think it were the bounden duty of everybody that has a heart to read this story at Christmas. All persons who have no hearts are excused from doing large things; but all people who have hearts are in honor bound to their hearts, as the Christmas time comes on, to read everything in the Gospel story touching the Divine advent in the birth of Christ.

Sometimes I find men and women to whom this Virgin Birth seems superfluous; some to whom it seems incredible; some who do not care to think upon it; but so far as my poor faculties are concerned, it appears to me, that if anybody has the large perception or understanding, the infinite heart-hunger, the eyes that can look into eternity and not be afraid they can see that the Virgin Birth is so wholly apt in history, is so wholly worthy of God, is so right a method for the coming of the Christ of the times and the eternities, that we dare not hesitate to receive it and believe it.

And that night, while the shepherds were awake and watching over their sheep—humble men at humble task—an angel came and

### Took the Sky for a Pulpit

and preached his sermon; and he told it with such pungency and force, such directness and poetry, such heavenly-mindedness and such earthly speech that the shepherds did not forget and could not, but committed the whole sermon to heart; and when the sermon was ended, then all the sky was peopled with choiring angels; and the choir sang what the preacher had said. For the preacher had spoken in poetry and the choir of heaven had set it to music, and the sky was one voice, welcoming the King of Heaven to the Manger and the Cross. Now, that in brief is the story.

When Jesus came to Bethlehem, it was the people who were on the lookout that saw Him. It is not a question of how many wonderful things transpire; it is not a question of how many beauties are apparent.

### The Question Is, Who Watches?

All the glory that ever burned along the sky-line of the west is lost to people who don't look. Life is so filled with wonder that nobody can fall into a routine who watches. The street yesterday was very full of people. The crowd was crushing, the tumult of melody in people's hearts was strong and great, reverberant like the sea and psalm-singing like the angel's song. The crowding throng was very great and very glad, but every human life there presented and represented, if we were watching, was a poem. Blessed be all the people who turn Christmas faces to the Christmas places, and take up the tune of the holy, happy Christmas.

It is the watcher who shall see the poetry. It is the singer who shall catch the psalm. The shepherds were out watching. And Bethlehem's town knew

not that any King had come, and Bethlehem's village heard not the Babe's cry, and Jerusalem's throng heard not the advent of the chariot of Him whose glory fills eternity with light. They heard not, they saw not; only those saw who stayed awake to watch.

When the shepherds went to the angel's bidding, they saw a common thing. All they saw when they went away from the angel's singing, was a Babe in his mother's arms. And if those shepherds were simply folk who had the narrow and dried-out soul, then you know that amongst themselves they said, "What fools we are to have left the singing angels to have come here to hear the crying of a baby!" But men who sit erect and watch the thing through, and who have enough of the apocalypse of God in their hearts to let God say his larger things in their souls, we know about what they saw. They saw only this: that one new baby had been born among the homes of men. They saw that.

### Just One Baby,

and his name was Isaac Newton. Just one baby, and before he died he held gravitation in his hand and held it fast. Just one baby born in a cabin in Kentucky, and when he died the world fumbled at its task and ceased to read and only learned to weep, when Abraham Lincoln fell fast asleep with his uncompleted task in his bleeding hands. Just one baby, born at a preacher's house where there were too many children already, and Samuel Wesley and Susannah had one more to feed, one more baby to love. There are never too many babies at the house of such as have a heart to love. Just one baby at the Epworth town parsonage, and now he is dead a hundred years and past, men rise at the four corners of the earth and thank God that one more baby came to that crowded parsonage house, and John Wesley was born. One baby at a peasant's home, and the mother leaned over it and blessed it, and the father came and took the little red hand and stooped and kissed it, and Martin Luther had come to town; and nobody cared. And then one day Martin Luther went into the capital that we name heaven, and all the people thronging its streets gave him welcome and sang a song of Paradise.

One baby! Beloved, if we might learn one needed thing this morning, might it not be this, that

### Every Cradle is Holy,

that every baby, though laid in manger or in kingly cradle, has around it a glory like trailing clouds of sunrise? No one can guess against to-morrow. There are no slum babies born; there are no princely babies born; there are just God's babies born, and every cradle is an eternity come to town. I tell you that if once we watch the cradle at the manger of Bethlehem, the cradle of a mother's rocking arms, the singing of a mother's lullaby, the chanting of the angels, to stop no more for ever, the whisper of a mother's kiss upon a baby's cheek, the rapture of the singing songs, a mother saying only this, "My baby! My baby!"—if we look at that, it might put us in love with every baby's cradle and make us eager to kiss every baby's cheek, and want to help every baby into larger life. To be in love with the Babe of Bethlehem make us in love with every baby everywhere. I remember Margaret Sangster said, in a book I read of hers one time, a thing that I think worthy a thousand volumes—that there is not a rapture known to compare with any mother's rapture over any baby. And the black mother in her dusky arms holds her baby, and the Hottentot mother in her arms holds her baby, and the Korean mother in her arms holds her baby, and you, mother, in your arms hold your baby; and maybe you women know something, therefore, of how big God's heart is, and how lavish God's love is



Potato Field in British Columbia. G.T.P. Ry.

of their requirements. It is better for them to have a little of the goods left over, than to be short in the quantity required."

The export business showed a total profit of \$530,000 from the year's operations. Over 45,000,000 bushels of grain were handled, most of it American grain. Up to the close of navigation a year ago, The Grain Growers' Export Company confined its activities to exporting Canadian grain. Owing to the reduced yield and the fact that almost all the crop had been shipped out before the close of navigation, it was a certainty that very little business would be done in Canadian grain until another crop was marketed. Under these circumstances, the Managing Director suggested going to New York and opening an office temporarily there to carry on some business in the export of American grain. A very favorable line of credit was secured through a New York bank and business was opened early in January.

### Net Profits Reach Quarter Million

The financial statement covering the various activities of the Company were placed before the shareholders present for consideration. After deducting all expenses and charges the profits of the year are \$226,963.08 the best year's showing in the company's history. The president discussed it as follows:—

It was pointed out also that \$8,000 in grants had been given to farmers' organizations including \$1,500 each to the Manitoba and Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Associations and United Farmers of Alberta and \$500 to the United Farmers of Ontario.

the passing of time to weave into the very fibre of the organizations the elements that will lead to increased stability as their various enterprises and activities expand and develop.

"The question as to the best means by which this can be brought about," he concluded, "is unquestionably the most important as it is in many respects the most difficult one that has ever come up for our consideration. While the working out of it calls for a display of the biggest kind of statesmanship, it is not, if approached in the proper spirit, an impossible thing by any means. What a splendid thing it would be to have all our farmers' organizations drawn together in such a way that they would be a strength and support to each other, rather than, as they are at present, with their possibilities of developing strifes and rivalries and jealousies. I am convinced of this fact, that if an expression of opinion could be secured from the individual members of the organizations, no matter where they are, such an expression would be overwhelmingly in favor of such a plan."

### The Thankful Life

Our whole life should speak forth our thankfulness; every condition and place we are in should be a witness of our thankfulness. This will make the times and places we live in better for us. We should think it given to us to do something better than to live in. We live not to live: our life is not the end of itself, but the praise of the giver.—R. Libbes.

Use **PURITY FLOUR**  
More Bread and Better Bread.  
(See Back Cover)



# Join this Christmas Club —Get a Piano To-Day

Here's the way to get a really high grade Piano—a Standard Canadian Piano, made by Canadian workmen in factories owned by Canadians—at the price of a second-hand instrument, and on such terms as you never heard of before.

This Club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation.

It costs you nothing to join this Club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind.

This Club is to be organized at once. It opens Wednesday the 1st day of December, and will be limited to 200 members, of which 100 are being reserved for out of city customers. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is in the market for a Piano. By joining the Club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy you will obtain every Club advantage if you select your Piano on or before the 31st December, 1915.

But remember, while you may have till December 31st to make your selection, the Club will be closed immediately 200 members enroll. Join now is the safest way.

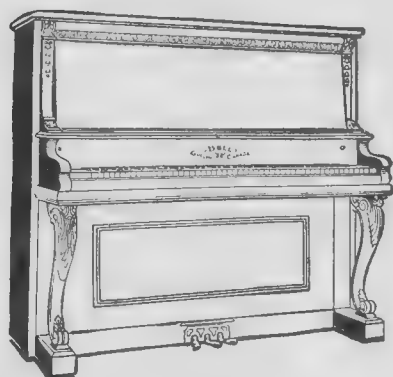
## Secret of the Club Offer

This Club is run in co-operation with the best and oldest-established firms in the world, such as the Mason & Hamlin, Gerhard Heintzman, Chickering, Goulay, Angelus, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Canada Piano Company, Haines Bros. and Winnipeg Piano Company.

Regular Pianos are featured at special prices and on special terms. You have forty styles of Pianos and Player Pianos to choose from in genuine Walnut, Mahogany and Mission Oak cases. Illustrated catalogues with Regular and Club prices and terms mailed free on application.

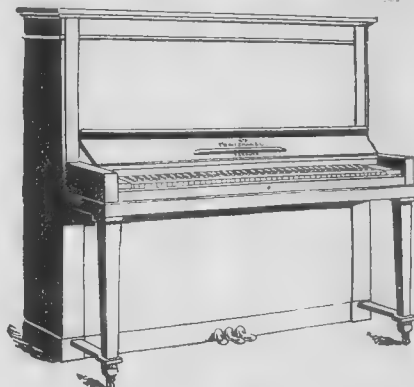
## Three Samples of What You Can Have

**Bell**



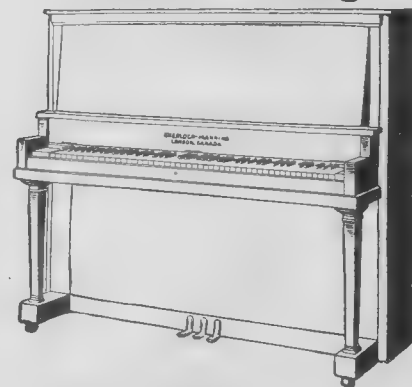
Regular \$425.  
Club price \$325.

**Gerhard Heintzman**



Regular \$450.  
Club price \$350.

**Sherlock-Manning**



Regular \$375.  
Club price \$285.

### This is the whole plan of the Winnipeg Piano Company's Christmas Club

1. Your choice of any make of Gerhard Heintzman, Goulay, Bell, Mason & Hamlin, Angelus, Sherlock-Manning, Haines, Chickering or Canada Piano Company's Pianos at Special Club prices until Friday, the 31st December, 1915.
2. The terms are \$15 to \$25 cash down, and 1, 2, or 3 years to pay the balance in either monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly payments.
3. A special discount of 10% for all cash, or on any amounts paid in excess of the initial payment of \$15 or \$25, as the case may be.
4. The Piano will be delivered when you join, or later, if you wish it.
5. The monthly, quarterly, or yearly payments to begin when the Piano is delivered.
6. Every Instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" or "ands" in the guarantee—just a straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.
7. If, after 30 days' trial, the Piano is not satisfactory, we will give you your money back on return of the Piano.
8. If the Piano is satisfactory after 30 days' use, the Club Member has **eleven more months** in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the Piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without **one penny's loss** for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in price (and we sell 40 of the best Pianos in the world.)
9. If a Club Member, not in arrears, dies during the life of his contract we will immediately send a **receipt in full** to his family for the instrument.
10. A beautiful Piano bench with music receptacle to match the Piano is included without extra cost.
11. Freight paid to any address in Western Canada.
12. Come into our store or **write** and select the style of case you prefer in Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak; this is all you have to do.

### Privilege of Exchange

Privilege is given the purchaser to exchange within one year for any New Piano sold by us of equal or greater list value at the time exchange is made. All payments made being placed to the credit of the price of instrument for which it is exchanged.

#### Winnipeg Piano Co.'s Christmas Club Coupon

Winnipeg Piano Company,

333 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

Please send me full information about the Christmas Club and a Membership blank.

Name .....

Address .....

Club opens Wednesday, 1st December, and closes Friday, the 31st December, 1915. There will be a big demand for memberships. Take no chances. Be on hand early or call or send in this coupon. Sign the annexed coupon, mail to us and when registered on our Books you become a member of the club.

**WINNIPEG PIANO CO**

333  
PORTAGE AVE..  
WINNIPEG.



## Climate Proof Pianos

Karn or Morris Pianos are especially built to stand our hard Western climate—built by experts who know how to preserve the tone value in spite of sultry July or chilly January. That is why we give an **Unlimited Guarantee** with each instrument.

Our Beautiful  
Style A. Piano **\$350.00**

OR

Player Piano **\$650.00**

On Terms. Liberal Discount for Cash.

You get the best of materials and workmanship, plus years of experience in piano making. Perfection of tone, design and finish is found in these master-instruments.

Call at our store, look over our stock and see how our direct-from-Factory-to-Home method of selling enables you to buy the highest quality Pianos and Player Pianos at very moderate prices.

If you cannot call write for our catalogue—we'll be more than pleased to send you a copy.

**KARN-MORRIS PIANO & ORGAN CO.**

282 Graham Avenue

E. J. MERRELL, Western Manager

Winnipeg

## The Land of Mighty Waterways

The Western Home Monthly takes pleasure in publishing in this issue the second of three illustrated articles on "The Land of Great Waterways"—a description of the Peace River country and beyond. This is by long odds the most interesting and authentic description of that district, its people and its wonders, that has yet appeared in print. The writer is Francis J. Dickie, of Edmonton.

### CHAPTER IV.

FROM Carcajou Point on, the river gradually broadens till at Fort Vermilion, a hundred miles distant, it is nearly a mile broad.

Fort Vermilion, three hundred miles from Peace River Crossing, is one of the most important posts upon the Peace, not only as a point to which much fur comes, but as the centre of a large and very fine agricultural district. Here, five hundred miles from civilization, wheat has been grown for over thirty years, yielding as high as eighty-six bushels to the acre. The Hudson's Bay Company operate an electrically run flour mill, which, in 1913, ground 40,000 bushels of wheat into flour for local consumption.

Sprawling along the south bank of the river, some sixty feet above water level, are the homes of a dozen whites—fur

Though, wheat and garden truck grow luxuriantly here and mature quickly in the long sunlight days of the short summer, one is beginning to get into the land of the midnight sun; a land where night breaks, but to recede again before



Reindeer at Fort Smith, part of government's experiment

the coming of a new day. Arriving here on June 20th, I sat outdoors at eleven o'clock at night and read with ease a month old newspaper; and the light, while not as bright as noonday, was softly clear, showing distinctly the print and all the surroundings as far as the horizon.



Interior of Indian home at Fort Vermilion. The fire place is of clay.

traders, mounted police, missionary priests and clergymen—and the shacks of the breed and Indian residents. Revillon Feres and the Hudson's Bay Company

Like all frontier places in this land, Vermilion is a quiet place. No gambling saloons flourish; here no dust wasting prospector in on a bust, is to be seen, for north of 53 no liquor is allowed to be sold.

To veterans of some of the American frontiers this feature will always be a noticeable one; and always, no matter where you go, it is the same.

There is no lawlessness in the Canadian northland, wide and vast as it is. Here, in this last west, no daring desperado bad men terrorize. Gun play is almost unknown; and the wide-hatted man-hunting sheriff, so common a figure in the early days of the territories of the United States, is here seen not at all. In his place, at long intervals, a lone mounted policeman patrols. And, considering the territory these men cover, the volume of crime is less than in any similar stretch of country in the world.

In addition to the mounted police, representing law and order, and for the hearing of such cases as may come up, are local justices of the peace. Generally some old-timer of good reputation and who has the confidence of the scattered population of his district, is appointed to fill the position. These requirements of office seldom go with a liberal education; often extremely to the contrary, and almost never is one of these appointees possessed of the least glimmering of law.

This results often in legal findings that are almost unbelievable in their ludicrous features. Two instances of cases which are actually on record are here



Beaver at work cutting down tree. The Chipewyan Indians believe their tribe to be sprung from that animal

have also trading posts that buy up the fur from the region hundreds of miles to the north and west. A high pressure census of the place would probably give a population of three hundred people

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given; also the course that a mounted policeman took in a predicament he found himself in:

On the top of a high sloping bank of the Peace river directly across from a small settlement, lived an old-timer named Jones. At a little pier at the bottom of the hill he kept a small row boat for making occasional crossings to the settlement. People coming from up country to the settlement constantly annoyed him by borrowing his boat. There was a ferry about half a mile farther up, but many preferred using the boat as a shorter method. However, those desirous of so doing, always were courteous enough to climb the hill to Jones' house and make request, which in a way allayed his annoyance.

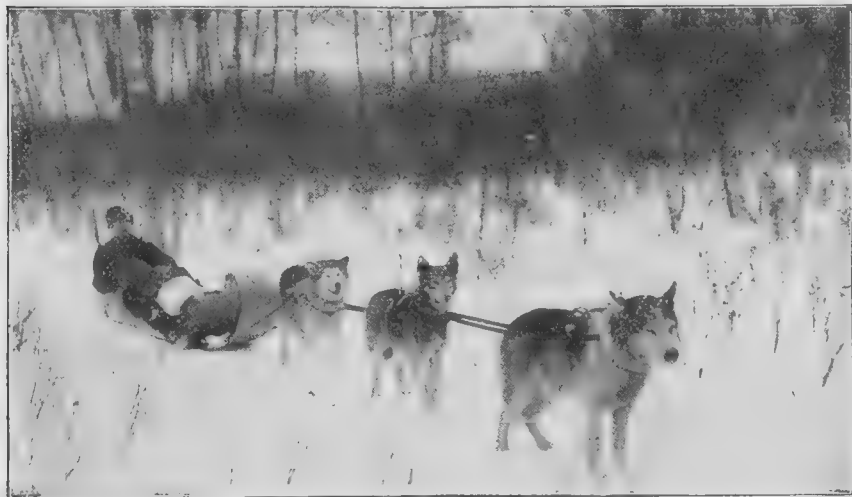
But one day, a man hurrying from up country to the settlement to file on a claim ahead of some other parties, did not wait for the necessary permission and took the boat. Just as it happened Jones, a few minutes later, found it necessary to make a trip across; but, just as he started out, he saw the boat half-way across the river. Saddling a horse, he rode rapidly the longer way around by the ferry and into the settlement. Here, before the local magistrate, one Mortimer Carlson, Jones swore out a "John Doe" warrant, which the magistrate signed. Taking this, Jones hurried to the mounted police office and placed it in the hands of the officer there, who accompanied him down to the landing where the confiscator of the boat had moored it.

a high sea designated as a body of water possessing a tide. Now the river, by a peculiar topographical formation, had an outlet a little farther down into a long, swampy slough which led into a lake. In high water on the river a small portion of its flow passed through this slough into the lake. When high water existed on the lake, or high winds blew across it toward the river, a portion of the lake flowed back through the slough and into the river.

Carlson weighed this fact carefully and decided that, in view of this fact (and according to the letter of the law), a charge of piracy on the high seas must be laid against Mackenzie.

Fortified by this knowledge as how to proceed, the magistrate read the charge to Mackenzie as it appeared in the book. In private life the prisoner was a very good friend of the magistrate's, and also knew that the man on the bench was aware that his hurry to get across the river was to cinch his claim to certain mineral lands that a big corporation of a distant city had been trying to lay claim to. With this in mind, he felt absolutely certain that Carlson would be lenient, and so pleaded guilty to the charge. This left the judge nothing to do but pass sentence.

Once more Carlson had recourse to his law books to look up the penalty. Looking it up, to his horror he found there was but one and that was—death! Vainly he read through and through; but there was no alternative sentence given.



J. P. Hughes and dog team who went from Fort Chipewyan to Chicago by trail last winter in sixty days to win a \$500 bet

Here Jones and the mounted policeman waited till the thief would return. Shortly he did in the person of one, Archie Mackenzie, another old-timer of the district. Much surprised and protesting, Mackenzie submitted to arrest and was led to the house of the magistrate for speedy trial.

Now, in the present case, the magistrate was a particularly good example of the type of men before mentioned. He knew absolutely nothing of law. However, to uphold his dignity and strengthen belief in his absolute fitness to hold office, he had long before imported a large set of ancient law books from the outside world. These he never read, but some of them were always on hand upon the parlor table. In the parlor were staged what few courts were held.

With the arrival of the prisoner, Carlson hastily convened court, to which had gathered, in the wake of the officer, most of the citizens of the little place.

Had the magistrate been conversant with even the most superficial rules of law, the natural thing for him to have done in this case would have been to turn up to that part of the criminal code dealing with petty theft. Instead he turned to the word boat in the index. This directed him to a certain page. Finding the page, he read it over carefully, becoming bewildered as he did so, for, according to the code, the heading dealt with piracy on the high seas.

Was the river a high sea? This question at once obtruded itself upon him. He read on carefully the much punctuated sentence that followed, and found

But he could not sentence his friend to death for such a trivial offence. Yet, again, there was his dignity to uphold, his standing in the community as a man who was versed in the law. Perturbed in mind, desperately embarrassed, he kept turning over page after page, seeming to be absorbed in reading, but really stalling for time to think. He must let his old friend go, but do it in such a manner that his own reputation for judicial acumen would not suffer.

As he turned the pages aimlessly over, he came, more by good fortune than anything else, to a passage of instructions contained in certain law books authorizing the magistrate that: Where a man has been found guilty of an offence, which, in the magistrate's judgment, seems worthy of dealing leniently with, the sentence may be suspended and the prisoner placed upon his good behaviour.

Like an oasis to a thirsty traveller in a desert did this passage loom up before the worried man. With his best judicial air he straightened up, eyeing the prisoner sternly. Then, in most solemn tones, addressed the prisoner at the bar:

"Archibald Mackenzie, you have pled guilty to the charge of piracy on the high seas, as laid against you by Cyrus Jones. Under the criminal code of the land you have committed a very serious offence—one of the gravest that the law is called upon to deal with. The sentence—and there is only one—is death." At these last words, his manner became exceedingly solemn. Even the prisoner looked glum. The crowded listeners behind held their breaths in anticipation of the denouement.

## CLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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# FREE for Farmers

and their Families



## SHORT COURSE SCHOOLS

Jan. 10 to Feb. 5th

**Agriculture and Home Economics**

to be conducted at

**Morden, Boissevain, Neepawa  
and Virden**

**Half-Fare Rates on all Railroads**

### For those who cannot attend the Agricultural College

Manitoba farmers, their wives, sons and daughters are cordially invited to take advantage of the new and systematic Short Course which is being arranged by the Extension Service of the Manitoba Agricultural College under direction of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture. Starting January 10th and continuing for four weeks, lectures and demonstrations will be given by highly qualified specialists in all branches of practical agriculture and home economics. Four schools will be conducted simultaneously—at Morden, Boissevain, Neepawa and Virden. Half-fare rates have been arranged with all railways and the Department hopes that every farmer and his family within reach will make an extra effort to take advantage of the distinct opportunity provided.

Accommodations for those attending are being arranged in each town. Outside of board and lodging, there will be no expense attached to the Short Course; a small registration deposit of \$2.00 will be required, but will be refunded to all those who attend two-thirds of the lectures.

A special effort will be made to make the trip worth while for farm women, special courses being provided at each place in dressmaking, cookery, millinery and home nursing. There will be opportunity for social intercourse and a very pleasant and profitable outing is assured.

Lantern illustrations and interesting demonstrations will be used in connection with many of the lectures. A glance at the following partial program will indicate the comprehensive range of the subjects which will be dealt with at these Short Course schools:

### Valuable Lectures in Many Practical Subjects

**FIELD HUSBANDRY**—Soil Classification; Management; Cultivation and Conservation; Crop Rotations; Seed Selection and Improvement of Varieties; Weed Identification, Control and Eradication; Forage and Fodder Crops.

**ANIMAL HUSBANDRY**—Breeds of Beef and Dairy Cattle, Sheep and Swine, Characteristics of each and their Suitability or Otherwise for Western Conditions; Care and Management, Feeding, Breeding and Grading Up; Cost of Production; Type of Stock suited to Different Conditions of Farming; Marketing.

**DAIRYING**—Care of Milk and Cream; Cow Testing; Milk and Cream for Creameries; Building up the Dairy Herd.

**HORTICULTURE AND FORESTRY**—Varieties, Planting and Care of Fruits and Trees for Shelter Belts; Shrubs; Laying out Farmsteads; Lawn Mixtures; Perennial and Annual Flowers; Vegetable Gardening; Practical Methods of Controlling Insects Affecting Our Trees.

**FARM MECHANICS**—Home Sanitation; Pneumatic Tank, Sewage System, Sewage Disposal; Heating, Ventilation; Farm Power, Electricity; Gas Engine Construction and Operation; Use of Concrete; Labor-Saving Devices, etc.

**POULTRY**—Breeds and Varieties, Their Characteristics and Adaptability; Winter Egg Production; Co-operative Marketing of Poultry and Poultry Products; Poultry Houses, Diseases.

**OTHER SUBJECTS**—Bee Keeping and other subjects will be announced later, together with the names of speakers and dates.

Under Direction of the Extension Service of the

**MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE**

and authorized by the

**MANITOBA DEPARTMENT of AGRICULTURE**

**SPECIAL**—A special week's course in FARM MECHANICS will be conducted at Killarney Dec. 27th to Dec. 31st, when particular attention will be given to Blacksmithing, Carpentry, Blueprint Reading and Drawing Plans for Farm Buildings.

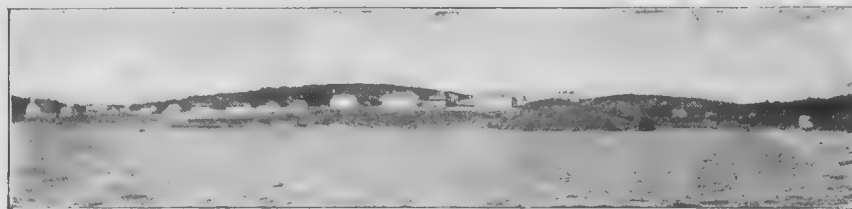
Then, in slightly lighter tone, but without relaxing in severity of manner, the magistrate proceeded: "However, in the present case, I hardly think the act warrants this extreme measure, and I am going to exercise one of the privileges which the law-makers of the nation, with great foresight, have seen fit to place in the hands of the justices appointed to deal with such matters throughout the land . . ."

There was a long pause, then: "I find you guilty of the charge, but this being your first offence, and as you have been long a peaceable and respected member of the community. I will suspend sentence. You may go."

to-morrow afternoon and I tell you; I must have time to consult de book," and here he tapped very gravely the ancient code.

But LaRose had come a long way to push the charge, and was anxious to return home, as were also a number of the witnesses he had brought with him. So they greeted the dictum of Leroux in no uncertain terms, and demanded that the case be settled there and then.

Anxious to retain standing among these men of the district, Leroux finally consented to give his verdict in a few minutes. In great perplexity he turned the pages of the book slowly one after another, poring over each a given



Fort McMurray

The second case has to do with a French-Canadian justice of the peace who, if anything, was even less qualified to hold office than the above mentioned Carlson. This man, Leroux, by name, could not even read, but, oddly enough, had a law book, an ancient criminal code, presented to him by a passing mounted police officer.

It was Leroux's custom that whenever a case was brought before him, he would listen gravely till all the evidence for and against the person accused was put in. Then, with an air of profoundest thought would bid the parties concerned to return upon the morrow, as he wished time to consider so weighty a matter.

The court ended, he would hurry surreptitiously to the home of the near-by Catholic priest, a very worthy man and of considerable learning and breadth of view.

To the worthy Father, Leroux would repeat the gist of the case heard that day, and upon hearing the priest's decision would return home. By such means he gained considerable repute for fair and wise decisions, and was held in a good deal of respect by the half-breeds and French-Canadians of the country about.

One day there came before him Batiste Lafleur charged by one, Alphonse

length of time, his brow the while furrowed with deep thought. Then suddenly out of nowhere the great idea struck him.

Rapping for order he once more called the court to order.

"Alphonse, whereabouts you say he keel your dog?" As he put the question, the magistrate waved his arm to the map that hung upon the wall beside him.

Taken aback and surprised at this unexpected question, Alphonse advanced to the map, and after considerable study pointed out about the place on the local map where the dog had met its end.

"Ah, I see," Leroux said, shaking his head after the manner of one who receives anticipated but hoped against news, "that is too bad." Turning to the accused he went on: "Batiste, you are dismissed; I think you guilty lak hell, but here, in dis book, I find there is no law for dog north of the fifty-third."

The verdict was certainly a most diplomatic one. By the chance-come thought he was able to save both his relative, and at the same time retain his friendly relations with the opposing faction.

The third tale has to do with the unusual manner in which a mounted policeman produced evidence in time for a trial.



Shooting rapids on Slave

LaRose, with the killing of his dog. Now, a dog is a very precious thing in the northland, and the killing of one here amounts to as heinous a crime as does the killing of a man's horse in prairie country. Lafleur was a relative by marriage of the justice, and Leroux was loth to punish him. He listened carefully to the evidence, which was very strong. There was absolutely no doubt that Lafleur was guilty, and that the killing of the animal had been nothing more than a bit of spite work upon his part. Desirous of stalling for time, and for the friendly guidance of the Holy Father, Leroux rendered his usual little speech: "You come back here

One winter, some few years back, a trapper in the Vermilion district was found dead in his shack. His head was badly battered in, pointing to murder. The finder summoned John Olsen, the mounted police constable stationed at the nearest point. Inquiries by the latter revealed the fact that the deceased had been trapping in company with another man.

As it was still cold weather, the mounted policeman locked up the shack, leaving the body within while he continued his search for the missing partner.

After a hunt covering several weeks the partner was taken into custody and



held at the nearest point for trial. About a week previous to the time set for it, the prosecuting attorney notified the police that the dead man's head would have to be produced in court to be subjected to expert medical examination, as upon their testimony much would depend.

Now, the place of trial and the point where the body lay were over a hundred miles apart, so haste was necessary, to prevent the trial from being delayed. Olsen was promptly despatched with an extra strong dog team to bring the body in.

But the winter was fast waning. Long stretches of bare prairie and snowless woodland delayed him on the trip in, and, by the time he reached the shack, the snow had almost entirely disappeared, making his dog team useless.

Three days still remained before the opening of the trial over a hundred miles away—and the snow was gone.

Olsen looked out over the thawing wilderness wondering what to do. It was impossible for him to carry the body alone. But the trial must proceed, and he had his orders to be back within a week with that body; and mounted police orders are given to be obeyed on the minute. And Olsen, above all things, was a stickler for duty; an automaton in the carrying out of instructions.

He dragged out the body which, too, had begun to yield to the balmy air, and

the no distant future, to be a great engineering work undertaken here to remove the Chutes and, in part, make clear sailing to the Arctic.

Below Vermilion, between two hundred and thirty and two hundred and fifty miles—accurate mileage on the winding Peace being an impossibility—the Peace is joined by the Rocher river flowing out of Lake Athabasca. From there on it moves as the Slave.

It is while travelling over this stretch, one comes fully to admit the Peace's claim to recognition as a great river. Flowing more than a mile wide and dotted with thousands of islands in every stage of development from the sand bar on, it ebbs slowly along in the basin of a wonderful stretch of country. Many men have gone down the Peace, some have told of it, but few, if any, have left its sloping banks and gone into the country that lies beyond. Endless miles of rolling prairie country lie to the northward, and long stretches of almost giant spruce; but I, like all the rest of the voyageurs, stuck closely to the sure and easy way of the water. Some other day I am going back and traverse all that vast stretch of land that there lies, for it is the land of tomorrow, the yet virgin land that pioneers and trail blazers since earliest time have moved forward too; and it, in its turn, like the middle west of Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri; and the last west of Texas, Oklahoma and Arizona and New Mexico, will some day

Beyond Fort Smith, a hundred odd miles or so, is Great Slave Lake. From the upper end of this, stretching in a northerly and easterly direction, are a long string of smaller bodies: Artillery Lake, Clinton-Colden, Aylmer, and half-a-dozen lesser ones.

From the shores of all these begins the territory of the greatest single herd of animals existent to-day upon the face of the earth: that of the Barren Land Caribou.

No statistics of their number have ever been gathered. The enormous area of the country covered by them and their numbers as seen by various men make it a difficult task to venture even a hazard. That there are millions of them is admitted. As yet I have not travelled to the Barrens, but upon the subject of the caribou have been deeply interested, and of them have gathered no little interesting data.

Alphonse Lamoreaux, who went over the trail of '98 from Edmonton to Dawson, and has spent seventeen years in travelling over a greater part of the wilderness territory between Edmonton and the Arctic, told me the following tale:

"I was camped at Fort Norman in the spring of 1911 when the caribou were passing." (Fort Norman is situated on the Mackenzie River 1,400 miles north of Edmonton.) "For two weeks I was camped there, and during all that time, night and day, the caribou were passing, by within a quarter of a mile of my tent. I have no idea how many there were. But no matter what hour of the day or night I looked out—and it was as bright then at two o'clock in the morning as the afternoon—they were passing by. They marched in a loose order, and were perhaps a quarter of a mile deep, and as far as you could look back they were coming on. I broke camp at the end of the second week. How long they kept passing after that I couldn't say." And, he went on, amused at my deep interest in a thing which to him seemed but trivial, "not being a writer or particularly interested, I didn't pay much attention to them, or



The Chutes of the Peace River.

viewed it thoughtfully. Then a happy thought struck him. Only the head of the man had been injured; upon it alone rested the proofs of death. The head, in fact, was what he had been ordered to bring in.

Olsen, though a mounted policeman, was not a deep reasoner; neither was he squeamish, so, acting upon his happy thought, he quickly and systematically cut off the head, wrapped it in a piece of gunny sack, and started on foot back to the settlement.

The things the O.C. said to Olsen on his arrival cannot here be recorded. Only a long and particularly honorable record saved him from severe punishment. The case against the trapper's partner, of course, fell through after the mutilation in this manner of the body.

Thus closed a case probably without parallel in the history of Western Canada. It listens like the romantic meanderings of a very bad dime novelist or the first attempt of someone trying to write a moving picture scenario with a plot that is out of the ordinary. Yet, strangely enough, like so many other odd happenings in the north country, it is true, as the crime reports of the period will show.

Sixty miles below Vermilion are the Chutes, over whose three-mile stretch the river has a drop of sixty feet. This is one of two short stretches which today obstruct an otherwise clear line of navigation over two thousand miles of waterway from Hudson's Hope, in north-western British Columbia, to the Arctic sea. With such a wonderful stretch capable of being travelled over by fairly large steamers there is likely, in

swarm with the sons and grandsons of the same stock that invaded those other territories; and mingling with them will be tired eyed, wan faced, almost penniless thousands from the battle-raped lands of Europe. And here will they fuse and work, and in the fusing and the working, build up a great country, a land of prosperity and plenty, a new garden spot upon the face of the world.

Saying goodbye to the Peace and still floating upon the same water, one moves down the Slave. For most of the seventy odd miles that lie between the conjunction of the rivers and Smith's Landing, rank on rank of standing trees line the shoreline, a seemingly endless medley of spruce and poplar and willow that slip on and on in orderly row into the dim distance.

At Smith's Landing begins the second obstruction to navigation that lies between the far away interior of British Columbia and the ice-bound shores of the Arctic. A cart trail leads around sixteen miles of rapids to Fort Smith, where navigation for fourteen hundred miles is open.

To the north and west of Fort Smith is the home of the last herd of wild buffalo upon the American continent. Here the tattered remnant of untold millions move and have their being and dodge the Indian and the hungry timber wolf. Their numbers are variously placed at from three to six hundred. The government has placed a close season on them for an indefinite time, and there is a possibility that they may increase, though the Indians, it is claimed, are not averse to taking a pot shot at bull or cow when chance avails.

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## The War

Is Reaching a Climax—Then What?

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### A CUBE TO A CUP

# OXO

## CUBES

perhaps I might have been able to tell you a whole lot more."

This is an attitude that an outsider finds constantly taken by men of the inside, by the old-timers. Here was a man who had seen a sight which, to a big game hunter from the outside world, a naturalist or a writer, would have been a priceless one. But, being of the north, he accepted such things calmly, without exceptional interest, as a happening of the trail. In fact, I would never have learned the story but for the accidental turning of the conversation toward the matter of the animals. Then, he casually mentioned the story just told.

And this great band that he had seen was not all of the herd. Five hundred miles to the east and south of where he was, a mounted policeman told me that in order to lay in a supply of meat for a long trip, he had killed sixteen within a quarter of a mile, and this in less than half an hour. The very killing of such a number in such a time and space speaks sufficiently of their numbers.

Colonel Jones, better known to the world as "Buffalo" Jones, who is an ardent lover of the north, and also an experienced traveller therein, reports viewing them from a hill near Lake Clinton-Colden. He had a clear view either way for ten miles, and over it all there was a moving mass of caribou. H. T. Munn, another distinguished traveller, who spent some time in the land,

watched a herd for several days, whose number he placed at over two million head, and like the herd seen by Lamoreaux at Fort Norman, this was only a wing or advance guard of a far greater number. Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalist, author, who spent nearly a year lately in the Arctic regions, in his report upon the herd given to the Canadian Commission of Conservation, places the total number of animals at thirty million head, or greater than were ever the buffalo of the plains.

Mention of Colonel "Buffalo" Jones recalls the story of his unfortunate though well-merited attempt to bring out to civilization a few of the musk-ox of the Barren Lands. Beyond Great Slave Lake he managed to lasso a few of these and barged them down a chain of rivers to Fort Rae. In this the Dog Rib Indians helped, receiving for their work a dollar and a half a day and grub. But Jones never got any farther with them. And the Indians had never intended that he should. They thought that if he got them out to civilization it would bring more white men in after the same thing, and they were jealous of their territory. However, an Indian is a diplomat; the deepest kind of one. So they calmly went to work for the white man and out of the trip a couple of dozen of the braves made a nice little stake. Arrived at Fort Rae, the animals were carefully corralled preparatory to moving them on. Then, in the dead of night, the

Indians slipped up and cut the animal's throats. It was the dirtiest kind of treachery, but typically Indian.

In connection with the caribou, the Chipewyan Indians have an interesting legend, and one that they are most sincere in their belief in.

According to them: If a caribou be hit or killed with anything not made of metal, they will desert the country for seven years.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Fort Smith is that near here the remaining remnant of the reindeer herd which the Canadian Government brought in as an experiment.

Reindeer have been found a very valuable animal in Lapland, Alaska and Labrador. Not only are they a docile and efficient beast of burden, but their meat, milk and hides are of greatest value to the natives of the country where they to-day exist. In Alaska, under the supervision of the American Government, the reindeer have become almost the main interest of the natives, and through the raising of the animals many natives, formerly living in a poverty stricken state, are getting on an independent standing. With prosperity comes better living and a desire for improvement, both in homes and the people themselves.

Dr. Grenfell, whose life of work in Labrador has done so much to better conditions of the people there, imported a large herd from Alaska, and they

Funsten Brothers & Co. are anxious for fur shipments, and since they are a thoroughly reliable concern—Uncle Sam's patronage proves that our readers would do well to write for their raw fur bulletin in which they quote current prices. Address your letter to Funsten Building, St. Louis, Mo.

After the great Turkish defeat at Sarikamysh a Russian officer met a party of 500 captured Turks being brought in by 15 smiling Cossacks. There was something obviously the matter with the prisoners; their hands were all mysteriously occupied, and they walked delicately.

The officer hailed the Cossack in charge and asked:

"Hello, have you got a dancing class there or what?"

The Cossack grinned yet more broadly and replied:

"Well, you see, Excellency, there's more than 500 of them and only 15 of us, so there was a chance they might be up to something if we weren't careful. So before we started we went round and cut off all their hooks, belts and trouser buttons. Now they've got their hands full, and it's no use their trying to bolt!"—New York Journal.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.



A small band of caribou in region Slave Lake.

thrived in Labrador. Following his example the Canadian Government had shipped to Mackenzie territory, in the vicinity of Fort Smith, fifty reindeer. Unfortunately, the long journey of over four thousand miles by steamer, train, and later scow boat and trail, was very hard on the animals. Many of them died. However, a few are still living, and with proper attention there is possibilities in the reindeer as an industry in this country. More of these animals will likely be shipped at some date in the near future when the ending of the war permits the attention to such things.

### CHANGE

#### Quit Tea and Coffee and Got Well.

A woman's tea and coffee experience is interesting: "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless

"From childhood up I had been a tea and coffee drinker and for the past 20 years I had been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been helped by leaving off tea and coffee and drinking Postum and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum.

"I made the change to Postum and there is such a difference in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good.

"As soon as I made the shift to Postum I got better, and now my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off tea and coffee and used Postum steadily." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

**Postum Cereal**—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

**Instant Postum**—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

### Will the Demand for Furs Ever Stop?

We have a letter from one of the biggest, if not the biggest fur house in the world, in which they tell us some startling facts about the fur industry.

We wonder if our readers, particularly those who do any trapping, realize the wide fluctuation in fur values. We knew in a general sort of way that finished furs changed somewhat in price according to the trend of fashion, and the time of year in which the garment was bought, and certainly this would have some influence upon the price paid for raw furs.

But the communication just received from Funsten Brothers & Co., of St. Louis, the central fur market of the United States, throws a new light on the subject. According to this letter the present demand for furs of all kinds is simply terrific! They state that in a recent auction sale of over a quarter of a million dollars worth of furs—the Government's Alaskan blue foxes being included—bids averaged something like 171 per cent higher for these skins than for skins of like quality two years ago.

Those who do any trapping at all should keep posted in regard to prices or else they are liable to be greatly underpaid for their skins. Do not be guided by last year's prices. They are out of date.



## Death of Sir Charles Tupper

The Last of the Fathers of Confederation

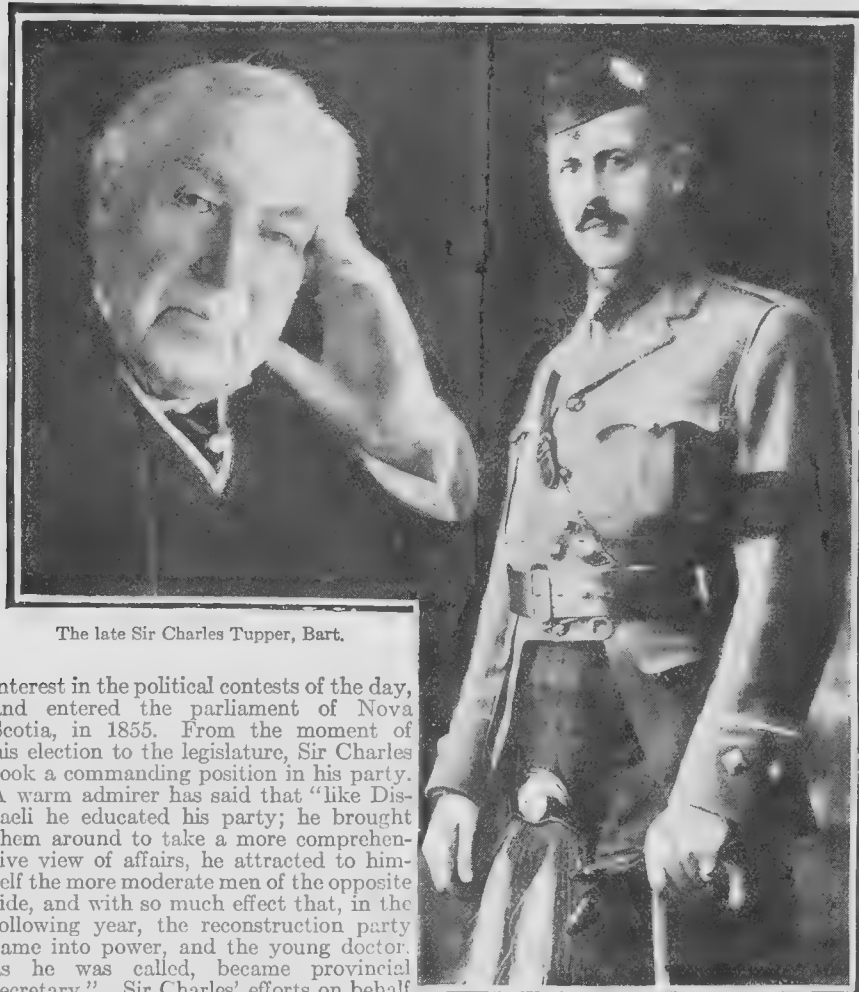
Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., G.C.M.G., C.B., P.C., M.D., was born at Amherst, N.S., on July 2, 1821. He was the son of Rev. Charles Tupper, D.D., a Baptist minister of Aylesford, N.S. He received his early education at Horton Academy and then crossed the sea to study medicine at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated in 1843. He returned to his native place and settled down to the practice of his profession. With all the energies and powers of a superior mind he soon achieved success in the profession. In 1846 he married Frances Amelia, daughter of Silas Hibert Morse, also of Amherst.

### Enters Political Life

As soon as Sir Charles (then Dr.) Tupper found himself well established in his profession, he began to take an active

who now becomes Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., succeeding to his grandfather's title, is a Barrister-at-Law and was born in London, England, Aug. 8, 1884, educated at Harrow, Upper Canada College and at McGill University, obtaining his degree at the latter institution. He read law with the firm of Tupper, Phippen and Tupper of this city from 1905 to 1908, and in the latter year was called to the Manitoba bar, forming present partnership of Tupper, Tupper, McTavish and Company, barristers, in the same year. In 1910 he married Margaret Peters Morse, daughter of Charles Morse K.C., Ottawa.

He is at present a lieutenant in the 79th Cameron Highlanders at Minto street barracks, Winnipeg, and it is likely that he will be among those selected at an early date for overseas service. He is the eldest son of the late J. Stewart Tupper.



The late Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

interest in the political contests of the day, and entered the parliament of Nova Scotia, in 1855. From the moment of his election to the legislature, Sir Charles took a commanding position in his party. A warm admirer has said that "like Disraeli he educated his party; he brought them around to take a more comprehensive view of affairs, he attracted to himself the more moderate men of the opposite side, and with so much effect that, in the following year, the reconstruction party came into power, and the young doctor, as he was called, became provincial secretary." Sir Charles' efforts on behalf of confederation in the 60's are too well known to need repetition here.

In 1870 he was transferred to the department of inland revenue, and in 1873 he succeeded Sir Leonard Tilley as minister of customs. When the MacDonald administration resigned in 1874, he, with his leader and his colleagues went into "opposition," where he did yeoman service for his party and his leader by becoming Sir John MacDonald's chief organizer and advisor, thereby contributing largely to the defeat of the Mackenzie administration in 1873. During these years he formulated and enunciated the National policy, which was put in force by the new administration, in which he was minister of public works. Eventually Sir Charles Tupper relinquished politics to become High Commissioner in London, but in 1896 he returned to Canada and was unanimously elected leader of the Conservative party, but was defeated at the election which immediately followed when the Liberal leader, Sir Wilfred Laurier came into power. He retired in 1900 and since that time has been living quietly at his beautiful home in Kent, England.

As a mark of appreciation of Sir Charles' great services to the Empire, the British Government placed a warship at the disposal of the family to convey his remains to his native land with honors such as a government only offers its most distinguished sons. The state funeral took place at Halifax.

Charles Stewart Tupper, Winnipeg,

Lieut. Sir Charles S. Tupper

### Lake Nakamun

Here 'neath the Northern sun  
Here lies Lake Nakamun;  
For such another one  
Vain would we search.  
Softly thy liquid store  
Ripples from shore to shore  
Where hangs the willow o'er  
Poplar and Birch.

Here too the brooklets run  
Through forest, shade and sun  
Into Lake Nakamun  
Fearless and free;  
From neighbouring slopes they slide  
From marsh and meadow glide,  
And on thy bosom bide  
In unity.

Round soars the hawk on high;  
O'er thee the loon doth fly  
Doling his mournful cry  
Weird and low.  
Softly the mallards swim;  
O'er them the swallows skim  
From dawn till twilight dim;  
In gloom and glow.

And in thy reeds among  
Where cat-tails brown are hung  
Dwellethe thy scaly throng  
Or lightly sail;  
While on thy wooded banks  
The hind with heaving flanks  
Scares by her wanton pranks  
The timid quail.

## FISH! Right from Under the Ice

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Add ten cents per hundred pounds to cover cost of sacks, as this is the way we will ship unless otherwise specified. If fish are required in boxes add forty cents per hundred pounds.

State whether shipment is to be made by freight or express. We fill orders from the nearest point of shipment. Cash must accompany the order.

We Guarantee Quality and Prompt Shipment

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P.O. Box 634

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

Thus with instinct so true  
Out on thy waters blue  
Launched he his light canoe  
The Indian Bold;  
Or on thy shores around  
Planted his hunting ground  
Where with uncanny sound  
His war songs rolled.

With bow and arrow dear;  
With tomahawk and spear;  
With traps and fishing gear  
Content was he  
Until the white man came  
Usurped the Indian's claim  
And gave their chieftain's name  
Fair lake to thee.

Now where their tribes did roam  
The settler rears his home  
Where in the days to come  
God grant that they  
May never be controlled  
By lust and greed of gold,  
But may the truth unfold  
The better way,  
And when life's race is o'er  
And hence their spirits soar  
May still thy placid shore  
Enwrap their clay.

—Lawrence A. Craig.

Nakamun, Alta.

### AGRICULTURAL SHORT COURSES

The first continuous four weeks' short course ever held in Manitoba is to be conducted, beginning January 10th next, under the auspices of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and the Extension Service of the Manitoba Agricultural College. It will be the newest and most systematic course ever offered the farmers of the province, their wives and the young people.

It is being planned to hold the four weeks' short course at four district centres—Morden, Boissevain, Neepawa and Virden. Accommodation for those attending will be arranged in the town and the only expense entailed will be for board and lodging, plus a small registration fee which will be refunded to those who attend two-thirds of the lectures. Arrangements have been made with the railways for half-fare rates.

The following is only a partial list of the subjects which are to be dealt with; but it will serve to indicate the very comprehensive and practical nature of the program:

**Field Husbandry**—Soil Classification; Management; Cultivation and Conservation; Crop Rotations; Seed Selection and Improvement of Varieties; Weed Identification, Control and Eradication; Forage and Fodder Crops.

**Animal Husbandry**—Breeds of Beef and Dairy Cattle, Sheep and Swine,

### Ladies

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We can make your combs up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce. Send us your combs—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair. Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

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Characteristics of each and their Suitability or Otherwise for Western Conditions; Care and Management, Feeding, Breeding and Grading Up; Cost of Production; Type of Stock suited to Different Conditions of Farming; Marketing.

**Dairying**—Care of Milk and Cream; Cow Testing; Milk and Cream for Creameries; Building up the Dairy Herd.

**Horticulture and Forestry**—Varieties, planting and Care of Fruits and Trees for Shelter Belts; Shrubs; Laying out Farmsteads; Lawn Mixtures; Perennial and Annual Flowers; Vegetable Gardening; Practical Methods of Controlling Insects affecting our Trees.

**Farm Mechanics**—Home Sanitation; Pneumatic Tank, Sewage System, Sewage Disposal; Heating, Ventilation; Farm Power, Electricity; Gas Engine Construction and Operation; Use of Concrete; Labor-Saving Devices, etc.

**Poultry**—Breeds and Varieties, Their Characteristics and Adaptability; Winter Egg Production; Co-operative Marketing of Poultry and Poultry Products; Poultry Houses; Diseases.

**Other Subjects** — Bee-Keeping and other subjects will be announced later, together with the names of speakers and dates.

In addition to the subjects partially set forth above, there will be much to interest the farm women. It is intended to hold at each place a week's course in Dressmaking, a week's course in Cookery, a week's course in Millinery and probably a week's course in Home Nursing.

Also, between Christmas and New Year's, a week's course in Agricultural Mechanics will be held at Killarney.

# The Philosopher

## WAS HEROD A GERMAN?

The latest exponent of Kultur, Herr Ernest Betha, Ph.D., has proved to his own satisfaction that Moses was not a Jew, but a German. This is quite in line with the grotesque claims put forward by the other German writers who have devoted ponderous books to arguing solemnly that the world owes everything worth while to the Germans, and that every great man, ancient or modern, really belonged to the German race. None of these glorifiers have yet claimed Herod as a German, though he unquestionably had several of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern, notably as a babykiller and as a stealthy organizer, with willing and disciplined tools to execute his ruthless commands.

## A TURNING-POINT FOR HUMANITY

Nearly a century and a half ago, one of the greatest of British statesmen saw that the world was then drawing close to one of the momentous turning-points in its history, and in the words of the Gospel he said, "It is good for us to be here." At this time these words may once more be echoed. We are face to face with a world catastrophe of unprecedented magnitude, but we also are facing towards the dawn of a new day. Midnight and devastating storm must give way to sunlight of that new dawning, which we know must come. A greater power than moving armies and more invincible than fleets is at work. The greatness of the present is not in its appalling tragedy, but in the hope for the future of humanity.

## A WORLD IN STORM

Results are measured by the greatness of their causes, and it seems that so vast and terrible an upheaval as this which the world is now suffering is fitted to bring about a complete readjustment of men's conceptions of their mutual relations. During all the centuries since organized nations had their beginning, there has prevailed the belief that the real, or fancied grievances of those in authority, or that strange and undefinable thing known as national pride, makes war necessary. Against this the teaching of Christ has protested for nearly a score of centuries, but without availing to make the Germany of to-day an impossibility. What if, in the crash of the greatest storm of history, the clouds were to be scattered, and the light of Truth at last to shine clear?

## THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE AND THE WAR

The approach of the second Christmas since the beginning of the upheaval that is still convulsing humanity, may well make every thinking person ponder anew the significance of the fact that war's destructions still rage furiously in the world, in this twentieth century since the angels announcing the birth of Jesus sang to the shepherds watching their flocks by night the message of "Peace on earth." No matter in what way we approach the consideration of the terrible fact of world-struggle now in progress, we must recognize that there is writ large across the face of it the lesson that the war is due to a people being not of good will, but of evil will. For, in all truth and clarity—and surely, in the Christmas season the prompting to clear our minds of all that is in conflict with truth and charity is strongest—it must stand written in the record for all the generations of humanity to come, that this war has been caused by the German people willing evil, under the poisonous influence of Prussianism. The national minds of the different peoples have of late aroused the interest of those investigators who call themselves psychologists, and they have written books about national psychology. But usually they study national psychology from the outside, as if they were studying the habits of ants or bees. But we could all, if we would study ourselves, know something about it, and something more intimate than any psychologist could tell us. Just as the honest, law-abiding person, if he has the power of looking into himself penetratingly, can understand how he might have let his lower nature overpower his higher nature and so have become a criminal, so the peoples who are fighting now for human freedom and for the welfare of humanity in the time to come see that what they are at life-and-death grips with in their opponents is the madness that has grown out of willing evil instead of willing good.

## AS TO THE QUESTION "DO WOMEN WANT THE VOTE?"

With the equal suffrage movement holding, as it does, so conspicuous and important a place throughout Western Canada, it is only natural that we Westerners should have taken an interest in the news of the campaign made in the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts by the advocates of that reform—a campaign which resulted

in all four States in defeat for the equal suffrage cause, coupled with which in New York it is interesting to note was a triumph for Tammany in the other voting. Certainly an extraordinarily vigorous fight was made by the women's organizations campaigning for votes for women. In New York City they held a parade a couple of days before the voting, in which 40,000 women marched. They had most of the important and influential journals actively on their side, and immense numbers of both men and women prominently identified with education, with work for the bettering of the conditions of life, and with progressive activities generally were no less energetic in their support of the equal suffrage cause. The interests which do not want women to have votes were so powerful at the polls, however, as to swamp out the supporters of that proposed reform. One interesting fact brought out with great clearness in the campaigning in the four States named is that the opponents of equal suffrage have to admit, and do admit, that there is not a single sound logical argument against women having votes. They entrench themselves, however, in the declaration that the majority of the women do not want the vote. This was vigorously denied by the equal suffrage women, in New York especially. Neither side could prove its assertion, of course. In reading over the reiterations by each side of its own belief—the opponents of equal suffrage declaring themselves profoundly convinced that the majority of women did not want votes, and its upholders declaring no less positively that they were sure that a majority of the women did want votes—the question came into the mind of the Philosopher, Why not have the women put themselves on record? Why not have a referendum in which only women could vote, and in which all women would have votes, the question on the ballot paper being "Do you want the suffrage on an equality with votes?" and each woman marking her cross opposite "Yes" or "No," according as she was minded? Or, another suggestion which this brings into mind is that an Act should be passed giving women votes on an equality with men, and making provision at the same time that the first voting to be done after the passing of the Act should be on a referendum on the question, "Should woman suffrage be abolished?" It seems safe to say that the opponents of votes for women would oppose either one of these suggestions.

## CANADA'S NEW STATUS IN THE WORLD

One of the things which the war has made unmistakably plain to all the world, including some people in the United States who used to entertain a different idea, is that the Canadian people have not the slightest intention that their country shall ever cease to be a self-governing nation of the British Empire. They would be as likely to determine to begin walking on their heads as they are to give an instant's consideration to the idea of any other future for Canada than that. The Canadian people have never for an instant considered any other future for Canada. But there have been a good many people and quite a few newspapers in the United States who were unable to realize that fact. They believed that Canada was ready to drop out of the Empire, and that a very great proportion of the Canadian people, if not actually the overwhelming majority of us, were yearning secretly for annexation to the United States. There is not one newspaper, or one person, in the United States who is laboring any longer under that delusion. Allied with that delusion was another, namely, that if Great Britain were to become involved in a serious war, the Canadian people would look to the United States to protect them. That delusion, too, has been blown to pieces by the war. The heroism of which the flower of Canada's manhood has given such superb proof in the struggle of human freedom has lifted Canada to a new and proud status among the nations of the world. Canada has taken her place in the front rank of nationhood. She has given the world proof that there is no name which any man or woman can claim with juster pride than that which every son and daughter of hers announces in saying, "I am a Canadian."

## "SCHRECKLICHKEIT"

All the newspapers in Germany recently published an article designed to excuse the policy of Zeppelin raids on Great Britain. The publication of that article, which was, of course, prepared by the government and published by government order, shows that official Germany realizes that there is need of some attempt at justifying, both at home in Germany and in the neutral nations, the policy of bombarding undefended cities from the air and murdering non-combatants, including women and children. The article begins by saying that Great Britain's attempt to starve Germany is sufficient justification for the Zeppelin raids, which, says the article, have been resorted to solely by way of "reprisal." But what of the repeated and vehement

German official assurances that there is no real shortage of food in Germany? Altogether apart from that, however, the talk of Zeppelin raids as being by way of "reprisal" is on a par with the pretence that Great Britain began the war, and that the war was wholly unexpected by Germany. As a matter of fact, the manufacture of Zeppelins was part of the German preparation for the war. They were intended for attack. They were to be the great agents of "Schrecklichkeit," or terrorization, which was a main part of the German plan of campaign deliberately planned beforehand. Like the senselessly outrageous destruction in Belgium, the submarine outrages which had their climax in the torpedoing of the Lusitania, the murder of Nurse Cavell and the innumerable other manifestations of "Schrecklichkeit," the Zeppelin raids were counted upon to spread a numbing terror of German might that would reduce the nations on which Germany was making war to paralyzed helplessness. On the contrary, the effect is to arouse them to greater determination. The policy of "Schrecklichkeit" will stand in the records of history as having been, in effect, against Germany itself, as well as against civilization.

## SELF-REVELATION BY PROTEST

When Zeppelins dropped bombs on unprotected French and British cities, killing women and children, great was the glee of the Germans. But when a squadron of French aeroplanes battered Karlsruhe by way of reprisal, Germany broke out in wild indignation. In like manner the atrocities committed by the German submarines delighted Germany hugely and were proclaimed by German journals to be magnificent triumphs of legitimate warfare at sea. When a U-boat sank a merchant ship, it was only doing what was perfectly right and proper, according to the Germans. But when the merchant ship rammed the U-boat, it caused a howl of protest from Germany. So it has gone all along since the war began. To cite one more instance, the use of gas by the Allies, by way of reply to the deadly chlorine is denounced by Germans as outrageous. In a word, the German view is that things which it is wrong for the Allies to do, it is perfectly right for Germans to do. This distinction, which is constantly drawn by the Germans, is in reality a confession of moral inequality. The German indignation is inconsistent, it is grotesque, but it is sincere, in the queer German way. The war has made the world see that German minds do not work as other minds do. The German indignation in question is, in truth, a confession of moral inequality, a revelation that the Germans consider the Allies bound by certain moral standards which do not bind Germans. Beyond question, the Germans started out with the belief that this meant that they were superior to the Allies. It is a German self-disclosure, which is contributing to make the world realize the true meaning of the German belief that human destinies could be controlled by the brute force of Kaiser-controlled military might.

## HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

In considering the question of the probable duration of the war, the London Times remarked recently that "more than twelve months ago Lord Kitchener ventured to express in the House of Lords his conviction that the war would be long, and subsequent events have tended to establish his reputation as a military prophet." But just what did Lord Kitchener mean when he said "long"? The question "When will the war end?" is one which the whole world is asking. The longest war there has been since the time of Napoleon was the Civil War in the United States, which lasted for four years. If the present war lasts until the fall of next year, it will have been longer than any war in Europe since the battle of Waterloo was fought. And when we remember that at the beginning of this year the British term of enlistment was made three years, or longer, it would appear to be a not unwarrantable conclusion that Lord Kitchener's idea when he said that it would be a long war was that it would last three or four years. Most certainly that was not the idea of the War Lord at Berlin and of the whole German military organization. Short wars and quick returns has been the Prussian idea ever since the time of Frederick. The war which Prussia waged against Austria in 1866 was a matter of days, rather than weeks; and the war against France was practically decided in the month between Saarbruck, on August 2, 1870, and Sedan, on September 2, though Paris held out until the end of January. Civil wars have usually been long, and this, as Lord Morley has said, may be called Europe's civil war. But there is this great fact, on the other hand, to make for a speedier ending of it, namely, that while the faith for which the Allies are fighting is the strongest and best thing in the world, our enemies have only the belief in force, which is a feeble creed, if a creed at all. It evokes no real loyalty and crumbles to dust when events go against it.



# Great Recruiting Campaign

Every Town and Village in Western Canada to share in  
Great Rally

## SOLDIERS TO BE BILLETED IN HOME TOWNS



In order to stimulate recruiting and at the same time make the new men as comfortable as possible during the winter months the military authorities have decided on the plan of billeting men in their own home towns, as explained by the instructions from Colonel Ruttan reprinted below.

This plan should form a splendid inducement to all men who are physically fit and not irrevocably bound by family ties. It means all the comforts of home life can be enjoyed at the same time with enough drill and exercise to ensure healthy conditions during the winter months, when employment is scarce. The pay

is sufficient, and indeed is more than many working men can rely upon earning steadily. Pay and Field Allowance is issued at the usual rate of \$1.10 a day, in addition to the Subsistence Allowance of 50c. a day for single men, making a daily total of \$1.60. Married men and unmarried men who are the sole support of a widowed mother receive 75c. a day Subsistence Allowance, making a total of \$1.85.

Such an opportunity for "doing their bit" for the Empire in com-

parative comfort has never been offered. It is the earnest wish of the publishers that readers of The Western Home Monthly will do all in their power to forward the movement and encourage their men folk to join the colors. Do not let the Dominions in other seas claim to outrun the Maple Leaf in rallying to the flag.

It is expected that the northern portion of Manitoba will raise one of the finest battalions in the country. This section of the province breeds a hardy race of men who can face any climatic rigors with impunity, and their outdoor life naturally makes them hardy and fearless.



It has been decided that each centre in Canada will be allowed to retain within its own borders for the winter or until the needs of the cause require their removal, all troops who pass the Medical Examinations, are of good character and are otherwise acceptable, raised after this date.

The troops so to be enlisted at any one point must be at least twenty-five in number and no expense will be charged to the public until at least twenty-five men have been accepted, and should the number drop below twenty-five, the remaining men will be removed to the point of mobilization. Examinations will be made by Medical Officers appointed by the District Officer Commanding for the purpose.

When the minimum number of men has been enlisted, the District Officer Commanding will be notified, and on receipt of such notification the men will be placed on the pay list and an Officer appointed to take charge of them. No men will be allowed to be boarded or billeted on any premises where liquor is sold. Buildings used for quartering men shall be clean, warm and sanitary and overcrowding will not be permitted. The Recruits will be issued complete uniforms including Great Coat, but no blankets will be issued to those on subsistence allowance.

It is notified for the benefit of all concerned that, beginning Nov. 1st, and continuing thereafter, the following rates of Subsistence Allowance in lieu of Rations and quarters will be paid recruits, Canadian Expeditionary Force, who may be quartered throughout the District and until such time as they are drafted into one of the C. E. F. Units.

Unmarried men ..... 50c. a day  
Married men ..... 75c. a day  
Unmarried men, if only support of widowed Mothers 75c. a day  
Pay and Field Allowance will be issued at usual rates.

## RECRUITS WANTED — FOR — ACTIVE SERVICE

All applicants must be able to pass a strict medical examination

### MEN WILL BE BILLETED IN THEIR HOME TOWNS WHERE TWENTY-FIVE OR MORE RECRUITS ARE RAISED

Regular Pay and Field allowance amounting to \$1.10 per day will be issued and in addition Subsistence will be allowed unmarried men at the rate of 50c per day and for married men or if unmarried and only support of widowed mother 75c per day.

For further information apply to—

**Lt.-Col. R. A. GILLESPIE,**

O.C. Area B.

Provisional Headquarters, Dauphin

Comprising:—

Dominion Electoral Divisions Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Marquette and Brandon.

Military District No. 10 will be divided into four parts for the ensuing winter months in order to simplify recruiting and billeting, each administered by a Recruiting Battalion, the Officer Commanding having full jurisdiction over all recruiting matters in his area. The four areas coincide with the following Dominion Electoral Districts, and the Commanding Officers are provisionally appointed with the provisional rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to take effect from the 15th inst.

(A) Officer Commanding, Lt.-Colonel J. Lightfoot, 106th Regiment W.L.I., D.E.D. Selkirk, Provencher, Lisgar, Macdonald, Souris. Provisional Headquarters, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

(B) Officer Commanding, Lt.-Colonel R. A. Gillespie, 106th Regiment, W.L.I. D.E.D. Dauphin, Portage la Prairie, Marquette and Brandon. Provisional Headquarters, Dauphin, Manitoba.

(C) Officer Commanding, Lt.-Colonel J. A. Aikin, 29th Light Horse D.E.D. Prince Albert, Battleford, Saskatoon, Humboldt, Mackenzie. Provisional Headquarters, Prince Albert, Sask.

(D) Officer Commanding, Lt.-Colonel H. D. Pickett, 60th Rifles of Canada, D.E.D. Moose Jaw, Regina, Saltcoats, Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia. Provisional Headquarters, Moose Jaw, Sask.

# YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU!

# World's Greatest Man Hunt

Now Nearing to its End. Written by Francis J. Dickie, Edmonton

Far up in the grim, ice bound regions of the lonely Canadian Arctic around Baker Lake the world's probably most famous man hunt is now drawing to a close. Inspector Beyts, Sergeant Major Cochan, Corporal Conway, and two constables are about to break camp at a point two hundred miles from Baker Lake to go inland to take, dead or alive, the murderers of Radford and Street, the two American explorers killed near Bathurst Inlet in June 1912.

nearly fifty years throughout the world for deeds of daring in bringing criminals to justice, and two hundred primitive Eskimos. The former are armed with the most up-to-date rifles and automatic revolvers; the latter mostly with spears and bows and arrows.

If the police succeed and return to civilization, where the murderers will be given the fairest of trials, it will be one of the most spectacular and noteworthy police feats in the history of justice upon the American continent.



A Kulack (right) the guide who took in Radford and Street. (Left) his wife whom he bought from the tribe

Radford and Street went in from Chesterfield Inlet in the summer guided by an Eskimo, Akulack. The three joined a tribe of Eskimos far inland. Akulack bought a wife from the tribe for a rifle and went on farther hunting. Radford and Street later engaged two of the Eskimos, supposed to be Hull-la-lark and Am-me-ker-nic, to guide them to a whaler stationed some sixty miles off point Barrow. The preparations for the journey were all completed and a start was about to be made when the wife of one of these Eskimos took sick and he refused to go. Not understanding Eskimo, Radford took a wrong meaning from his words and struck him with his dog whip. Radford was instantly speared and fell. Street made a run for the dog sleigh, but was speared before he could get the dogs started.

The following summer Akulack came out from the interior to Chesterfield Inlet and told the story to H. H. Hall, Hudson's Bay man in charge at this point. The factor sent the story on to the police at Fort Nelson where it was wirelessed to the world.

Shortly after a mounted police patrol under Inspector Beyts started out to bring in the murderers. The patrol was provisioned and equipped for three years.

So this grim little body of men, representative of a force whose name has become world famous for their sticking "till they get their man," started out on a three thousand mile journey from Regina, Saskatchewan, the mounted police headquarters, to the lonely Arctic regions of Bathurst Inlet.

Now after long months of travelling they have at last drawn in upon the little tribe among whom are the suspected murderers, Hull-la-lark and Am-me-ker-nic. The little band are camped near Baker Lake and through more peaceable natives of the Chesterfield Inlet division, the police have learned that the band will make a fight. They are thought to be about two hundred in number. They are, however, in a very primitive state, using bows and arrows as their forefathers did and having little knowledge of white men's weapons. So the battle, if such there be, will be between five determined white men, with back of them the record of their illustrious body, famous for

## The Smile that Won't Come Off

The above heading is just typical of the average farmer's face to-day, as he reflects on the bumper crops of unexpected yield of the past season. The prosperous year's work ensures a contented mind, but the happy results have not been attained without more or less strain on the system. With that big fat balance in the bank—now is the time to recuperate the lost strength. Just think how the "better half" would welcome the announcement that you are going to take her for a holiday—a holiday she so richly deserves after her strenuous exertions in attendance on yourself and the others engaged in the harvesting operations. Give her a surprise and tell her you are going to take her on a visit to her friends and yours.

The Canadian Northern Railway gives you an opportunity to do this at small expense. They have placed on sale very low fare excursion tickets to Eastern Canada, the United States and Europe, and you have only to call on, or write to, the nearest Canadian Northern Agent, to get an excursion pamphlet, which tells you all about these cheap excursions. This will be an opportunity to travel by the New Canadian Route, the Canadian Northern, Canada's second transcontinental, either to the East, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal, or the West, Vancouver, Victoria and California points. Brand new through electric lighted trains, with the most modern up-to-date equipment have been provided.

## A Parable of Perfection

There was a learned man who, eight years long desired that God would show him a man who would teach him the truth. And once when he felt a very great longing a voice from God came to him and said, "Go to the church and there shalt thou find a man who shalt show thee the way to blessedness." And he went thence, and found a poor man whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt; and all his clothes were hardly worth three farthings. And he greeted him, saying:—

"God give you good day!"

He answered: "I have never had a bad day."

"God give you good luck."

"I have never had ill luck."

"May you be happy, but why do you answer me thus?"

"I have never been unhappy."

"Pray explain this to me, for I cannot understand it."

The poor man answered, "Willingly. You wished me good day. I never had a bad day; for if I am hungry I praise God; if it freezes, hails, snows, rains, if the weather is fair or foul, still I praise God; am I wretched and despised, I praise God, and so I have never had an evil day. You wished that God would send me luck. But I never had ill luck, for I know how to live with God, and I know that what he does is best, and what God gives me or ordains for me, be it good or ill, I take it cheerfully from God as the best that can be, and so I have never had ill luck. You wished that God would make me happy. I was never unhappy; for my only desire is to live in God's will, and I have so entirely yielded my will to God's, that what God wills, I will."

Then the Master understood that true abandonment with utter humility is the nearest way to God.

The Master asked further: "Whence are you come?"

"From God."

"Where did you find God?"

"When I forsook all creatures?"

"Where have you left God?"

"In pure hearts, and in men of good will."

The Master asked: "What sort of man are you?"

"I am a king."

"Where is your kingdom?"

"My soul is my kingdom, for I can so rule my senses inward and outward that all the desires and powers of my soul are in subjection, and this kingdom is greater than a kingdom on earth."

"What brought you to this perfection?"

"My silence, my high thoughts, and my union with God. For I could not rest in anything that was less than God. Now I have found God; and in God have eternal rest and peace."—Meister Eckhart.

This year has been an important one for the manufacturer of Absorbine. It marks the quarter century milestone in the career of this popular liniment and the first year of growing on his large farms of some of the herds used in its manufacture. By growing the herbs and distilling the oils, Mr. Young is assured of having the highest quality ingredients at all times for his preparation.

The fact that he has always maintained the high standard of his product and never in the slightest degree cheap-



Mounted Police Patrol interviewing peaceful natives at Chesterfield Inlet, 1913

ened it, is one of the reasons and probably the principal reason why Absorbine has grown from a very humble beginning to a product known throughout the world.

It does everything usually expected of a high grade liniment and in addition is a positive antiseptic and germicide which accounts for its value in healing cuts, boot chafes, bruises and sores.

If you are one of the very few horsemen not familiar with Absorbine, write to the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q., and ask for his free booklet, "How to Remove Blemishes." You will find it well worth having.

## WISE WORDS

### A Physician on Food.

A western physician has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying, that, in my own experience and also from personal observation, I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream; and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is voluntary on my part without any request for it."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

One day, says a correspondent, an old umbrella mender brought his skeleton frames and tinkering tools into the alley at the back of my office. As he sat on a box in the sun mending the broken and torn umbrellas, I noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth, carefully measuring and strongly sewing the covers. Being always interested in anyone who does a piece of work well, I went out to talk with him a few minutes.

"You seem extra careful," I remarked.

"Yes," he said, working without looking up, "I try to do good work."

"Your customers would not know the difference until you are gone?" I suggested.

"No, I suppose not."

"Do you ever expect to come back?"

"No."

"Then why are you so particular?"

"So that it will be easier for the next fellow who comes along," he answered simply. "If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work, they will find it out in a few weeks, and the next mender that comes along will get the cold shoulder or the bulldog—see?"



## "Billie"

By E. A. Sykes, Franklin, Man.

NURSE McLeod walked slowly through the public ward of a hospital in a western city, until she came up to bed Eight. There she stopped, and any one who might have been watching the eager expression on her face, could have seen that her thoughts were busy with some mental problem. She looked up and down the long rows of white beds, most of them now filled with human derelicts, and apparently not seeing what she was looking for, she stepped up beside the bed and said to its occupant, "Has the doctor told you yet when you may leave the hospital, Black?" "Yes," the man answered, "I am leaving to-day." A relieved expression at once spread over the nurse's face and she said more to herself than to Black, "I am glad, for that will fix things up alright." To Black she said, "We are wanting a bed for a boy who is coming in this afternoon, and we are so crowded, I did not know where to put him." When the nurse had left the ward, a growl came from Number Nine, and when Black asked his neighbor who was a rather sullen looking and unusually silent individual by the name of Burk, what his trouble was, he answered, "I hope they are not going to put any whining kid into that bed to keep a fellow awake all night."

The new patient had been in Number Eight for several days, the doctor and nurses had been almost constantly in attendance, but outside of a few muffled groans, caused no doubt by extreme pain when he was being treated, Burk had not heard any of the whining which he had so much dreaded. When several more days and nights had passed without a minute's sleep being lost, or being disturbed in any way, Burk began to get interested in his little neighbor. He wondered if the little sufferer had been quiet through exhaustion or from pure manly resistance. He remembered his own boyhood sickness, when a fever had overtaken him soon after he had run away from home, laying him low in a distant hospital, where he would have given almost anything for some one to have laid a cool hand on his burning brow, and speak a kind word to him. But those were lacking, and no one seemed to care whether he lived or died. This, along with the abuse and hardships he had passed through during the next few years, had made him hard and morose, caring for nobody but himself, and seeming to take a delight in passing on such knocks as he had received when a boy. Thinking of his past now, made him a little more sympathetic towards his companion in suffering, but even then, if bed Eight had held anybody but a small and extremely sick boy, no amount of suffering would have thawed him out. When the small form in the next bed turned towards him the sixth morning, and lay looking at him with his large fever burnt eyes, Burk met him with a smile, and for the first time in twenty years he was willing, yes even anxious to extend some sympathy towards a fellow-being, yet he did not know just how to show his sympathy in a way that would be most comforting to the boy. Thus it was with almost a guilty feeling that he said bluntly, "Feeling better this morning?" The boy continued staring at him for a few seconds longer, then the moisture gathered in his eyes until it formed into two large drops, which as he turned away, rolled unrestrained down his hard little cheeks, a visible sign of the hidden grief which he had tried so manfully to conceal. Then for the first time in his life, the boy was seen to give way to tears, caused by other than physical pain. And who will say that age alone teaches wisdom, for here was a mere child weeping bitterly because he had read something in a man's eyes which was comforting to him. This was all the more strange because that man hitherto had shown mercy to no one. When the boy awoke after the sleep which naturally followed his deep emotion, he apparently had lost some of the nervous shyness which had been his since coming to the hospital, for he was now willing to talk, and in doing so, he told Burk much about his past life,—how he had been taken from a city to the country, there he had a good home with a man and his wife, until the woman died. After that the man would often leave him at home alone, while he went to town,

often coming home at night in such a state of intoxication that no matter what the weather was like, he would drive the boy out with kicks and cuffs to put away the horses. At such times he often suffered from the cold or wet, yet he dare not refuse.

Here the boy stopped, and Burk took the opportunity to ask him his guardian's name. The boy was visibly affected by this direct question, and for a time did not answer. Then he said evasively, "Why the man I live with." "Yes, of course," said his questioner, "but what was his name." Again the boy was agitated and a flush spread over his pale cheeks, then they went colorless again, as fear and pain combined, racked his little body. "They just call him Joe," the boy finally stammered. Burk thought by the boy's actions, that he had been warned not to tell the name of his guardian, so he did not question him further, but confined himself to asking him what his own name was. "Billy," he quickly answered, apparently relieved to think that he did not have to answer the other question. "Well, Billy, how did you get hurt," was Burk's next query, for he had learned that the boy was suffering from wounds as well as fever, and was determined if possible to find out to

what extent his inhuman guardian had gone. "Oh, Dick did that," the boy answered, touching his shoulder carefully. "And who is Dick?" the man asked, wondering if there had been more than one who had ill-treated the boy. "Dick is our horse," said the boy. Then he followed up his information by saying, "You see Pop had been to town, and when coming home, he had run and whipped Dick awfully hard, so I expect that made him crosser than usual. Then when I was putting him in the stable, he bit me." "What did you do then," Burk asked. "I just stayed there," said the boy. "Why did you not go to the house?" "Because I was afraid to unharness Dick, and if I had gone in without, I would have got a licking too, so I stayed in the stable all night, and the next morning I was sick."

Two weeks passed rapidly, their mutual interest growing the meanwhile, and Billie and his new friend, were discharged from the hospital on the same day. As his heartless guardian had not returned to look after him, Burk, who felt that he could not desert the lad now, although he did not know what he would do with him, paid his bill and took him away with him. On a street corner not far from the hospital, they stood for some time, the man apparently in deep thought. An expression sterner than usual crept into his features, and a low muttered expression escaped from his lips as though he were earnestly puzzling out some difficult problem. Finally, as if he had reached a

decision, he turned and with a quick confident step, led the boy in a direction opposite to that which his eyes had just been turned. Billie never knew that his presence had caused a strong man to forsake his old haunts, for Burk was now anxious to avoid his old associates, knowing that their mode of living was not such as he would care to have the boy witness. Billie and his new friend, or rather the only friend he had ever had, spent the greater part of the next few weeks sitting on the verandah of their boarding house, or it might be more truly said that Burk sat there while Billie played around on the large green lawn in front of the house, for Burk had selected a part for their convalescence that was well out on the edge of the city. Here the child would play or sleep at intervals while Burk smoked, read, or idly thought away the time.

One day their landlady appeared on the verandah carrying a year-old child. She walked over to where Billie was standing, talking to his friend about a picture show they had attended the evening before, and asked him how he would like to have a baby like hers. Billie dropped his head and shuffled off sideways until he got to the opposite end of the verandah. No doubt he had learned through past experiences, there was safety in distance. He also had learned since coming there, to like his kind and motherly landlady, also her cookies and jams, for when she asked him the second time if he would like to have her baby, he spoke up quite bravely

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It is advisable to BUY YOUR FURS NOW, even if you had intended to wait a year before purchasing, as you will probably never again be able to purchase manufactured furs so cheaply. Prices on raw furs have already taken a big jump, so we strongly advise you to BUY YOUR FURS NOW.

We are the largest cash buyers of Raw Furs in Canada, purchasing direct from the trapper.

You will easily realize that this gives us an unexcelled opportunity for selecting the finest skins and making them into beautiful Fur Sets and Fur Garments at prices that cannot be equalled, as it cuts out the middlemen's profits by our system of selling FROM TRAPPER TO YOU.

The following list will give you but a faint idea of the many desirable Furs shown in our Fur Style Book and the remarkably low prices:

### LADIES COATS

|              |                      |
|--------------|----------------------|
| Persian Lamb | \$175.00 to \$245.00 |
| Hudson Seal  | 79.00 to 125.00      |
| Muskrat      | 34.50 to 44.00       |
| Fur Trimmed  | 12.50 and 15.00      |
| Fur Lined    | 34.50 to 62.50       |

### MEN'S COATS

|             |                     |
|-------------|---------------------|
| Fur Trimmed | \$ 6.50 to \$ 13.95 |
| Fur Lined   | 13.95 to 67.50      |
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### MUFFS AND STOLES

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| Mink Set            | \$ 55.00 to \$140.00 |
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| Black Fox Sets      | 46.00 to 90.00       |
| Red Fox Sets        | 15.00 to 80.00       |
| Gray Wolf Sets      | 13.50 to 40.00       |
| Black Wolf Sets     | 8.45 to 35.00        |
| Mink Marmot Sets    | 9.20 to 21.90        |
| Ermine Sets         | 54.00 to 80.00       |
| Misses' Fur Sets    | 8.00 to 22.50        |
| Children's Fur Sets | 3.75 to 11.50        |

We also have in stock beautiful sets of Lynx, Hudson, Seal, Civet, Beaver and other popular furs in various styles and prices. All prices quoted in our FUR STYLE BOOK are for the Furs delivered to you.

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Every Fur Garment or Set you purchase from us is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money returned. Our thirty years' experience and paid up capital of \$400,000.00 stands behind every sale, so that you know absolutely that we can make good. You are to be the sole judge of the styles and value—they must be satisfactory or you don't need to keep them.

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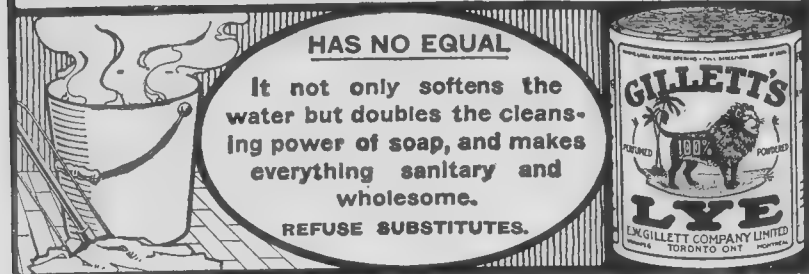
Hallam's Fur Style Book containing thirty-four pages of illustrations of beautiful furs for men, women and children, will be mailed free for the asking.



# John Hallam Limited

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**TORONTO**

# GILLETT'S LYE



now and said, "I would rather have a mother like you." "Did you ever have a mother, Billie?" Burk asked, after the woman had withdrawn. "No, did you?" "Yes, I had one once," Burk answered slowly. "Have you got her yet?" Billie asked eagerly. Burk stared at the boy's enquiring face for several seconds, as

train pulled in to a village in Eastern Canada, a large and muscular looking man, accompanied by a small and rather delicate looking boy, stepped from it onto the platform. Except to see about some baggage, they left the station without speaking to any one. Following the Main Street, they walked hastily along until

The man on the steps replied rather indefinitely that he would like to have a look at the orchard, at that moment a smart but elderly looking woman stepped into the hall. She adjusted her spectacles, looked first at the man, then beyond him to the boy, and back to the man again. "Have I not seen you before?" she asked sweetly. "I think may be you have," he answered rather musingly. "I thought I had," was the reply, "but I cannot recall where or when it was. Won't you tell us your name, please?" "Yes, mother," he answered, "My name is Allan Burk."

Several weeks have now passed since the wanderer's return. Allan has once more taken a son's place in the family, and in doing so, he has removed many of the burdens which were beginning to rest heavily on his aged parents. In his new home, Billie has grown strong and healthy, for he has fairly revelled in the fruit which he had seen the day he first came to Grandma's, as he now calls Allan's mother. He is constantly thanking Mr. and Mrs. Burk, both in word and deed, for their kindness to him, and after learning something of the part he had played in restoring their son to them, they in turn thank God for Billie.

## The Sower

I sow my seed in every clime,  
Nor stop to reap in harvest-time;  
I sow my seed and on I go,  
Sowing and sowing to and fro.

I mind not rain nor heat nor cold,  
As many planter do, I'm told;  
The spring, the fall, the summer's sun,  
And winter snows to me are one.

No tools I need. I plow the ground  
By restless whirling round and round.  
The seed I plant I cover o'er  
With blinding dust I keep in store.

The willow by the river's side,  
The big trees where the song-birds hide,  
Wild flowers all blooming in the dell,  
Were planted by my magic spell.

I buy no seed. Oh, no, not I!  
Why should the Wind e'er stop to buy?  
I steal my seed without much harm,  
And take them off in my strong arm.

I sow for other, not myself;  
There's nothing hid upon my shelf.  
I sow for all and on I go,  
Sowing and sowing to and fro.



though the subject were foreign to him, then without answering he slowly turned away, staring into space, seeing nothing. The honk of a passing automobile scared a humming-bird from where it had been feeding near the fence, to some flowers at his feet, then by the law that "Might is Right," it in turn, put to flight some butterflies which had settled on the blossoms for a sip at their tempting nectar, but Burk saw none of these. Memory had carried him back nearly a score of years to the morning when he had left home in a passion, which he could now plainly see, was the fruit of his self-sacrificing parents giving him too much of his own way. When Burk came out of his reverie, he saw that Billie's eyes were still asking the question. Slowly Burk repeated Billie's words, as if he were now asking himself, "Have I got her yet?" Then with an expression on his face of guilt and shame which he was afraid even the child's wisdom would penetrate, he was forced to admit, he did not know.

One day when the Transcontinental

they reached the opposite side of the village. Here they halted several times to look about, and the man was heard to mutter something about the growth of the town. Finally a passer-by pointed out to them the house they were looking for. By way of an excuse which the man seemed to think was necessary for him, as not knowing where to go, he said to the boy, "They have made some changes since I was here last." The boy walked on without saying a word, but his eager eyes were busy taking in every little detail. He saw the beautiful flowers on either side of the house, and back of that was the orchard, and even in the distance, he could see the ripening fruit, such as he had hungered for all his life, hanging in red and yellow bunches beautiful beyond his fairest dreams. The place at once had a magnetic effect on him, so that he wished he could live in such a place all his life. The elderly man who answered their knock at the door, noticed the stranger was somewhat backward in stating his business. So he asked him what he could do for him.

## Canada and the "Panhandle"

By Max McD.

WHEN a geography class is taught that Canada is bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, the dominion is given 1,000 miles of coast line to which no claim can be made. Beginning at the Strait of Belle Isle and running northwest for 600 miles is Labrador—British territory to be sure—but yet shutting Canada out from that extent of natural shore line. Crossing the continent in the same latitude we find a projection of Alaska extending down some 500 miles and keeping Yukon territory, the northern half of British Columbia, and the entire Mackenzie Basin—nearly one-third of Western Canada—from free access to the Pacific. This territory belongs to the United States and is known as the "Panhandle."

When the Hudson's Bay Company began trading in furs on the Northern Pacific Coast, there was great rivalry between its men and the fur traders of Alaska. So intense did the feeling become that, in 1825, a treaty was made between Great Britain and Russia, to whom Alaska belonged, fixing definitely the line dividing the territories of the two powers. In it Russia was confirmed in the possession of a strip along the Pacific Coast reaching down as far south as 54 deg. 40 min.

In 1867, the year of the confederation of the provinces of Canada, United States paid Russia \$7,200,000 for Alaska. When gold was discovered in Yukon in 1895 it was found that the territory was inaccessible from the sea except through this strip given to Russia in 1825. This now belonged to the United States, and trouble threatened. No attempt had been made to delimit the frontier between this coast strip and the Yukon; so after considerable negotiation, the matter was submitted to the arbitration of three American and three British jurists.

The commission met in London in September of 1903, and the result of its deliberations was the Alaska Boundary Settlement. Portland Channel was so defined as to give the United States two islands, Sitklan and Kannaghunnutt, which were generally regarded as belonging to Canada, all the islands of the Alexander Archipelago, and a strip of coast on the mainland running south eastward as far as the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min. The strip is some 536 miles long and from 8 to 35 miles wide, the boundary on the mainland being measured from the heads of the larger bays.

The Canadian commissioners, Sir Louis Jette and Sir Allen Aylesworth, refused to sign the award, thereby protesting against the judgment of Lord Alverstone, the Chief Justice of England, and the

third British commissioner, who voted with the United States representatives. It has been thought by many Canadians who are not familiar with the facts, that but for the action of Lord Alverstone, Canada would have owned the whole of the "Panhandle."

Interest in this strip of territory has been aroused of late by a resolution introduced at the last United States Congress by Honorable Frank O. Smith, of Maryland, in which it is proposed that the President of the United States be requested to offer to Great Britain and Canada to negotiate for the transfer of the "Panhandle" to Canada by sale or exchange or both. Innumerable letters we are told, have been written by prominent Americans in both public and private life endorsing the idea. Many are in favor of a direct gift; some advocate sale, some "swap"; but all agree that the transfer should be made. It would certainly be a movement in the direction of universal peace. One ingenious scheme was that British Honduras might be given in exchange for the "Panhandle," and that in turn swapped to Mexico for territorial extensions on the mainland of America. But a large percentage of opinions favor the direct cession of the Alaska coast strip to Canada without a string or a reservation. This would indeed be heaping coals of fire on the head of Canada just three years after that dominion had refused an offer of reciprocity from the United States.

The importance of the "Panhandle" to Canada is shown in a statement of Mr. Smith that 600,000 square miles of inhabitable Canadian country, rich in timber, agricultural, and mining lands, is deprived of its natural sea board—a stretch of land three times the area of Germany and ten times that of England and Wales together. This innocently imprisoned territory has the same climate as Europe in the same latitude. In Europe, north of the parallel of 54 deg. 40 min., on an area corresponding to the country behind this "Panhandle," you find a slice of Ireland, a slice of England, all Scotland, all Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, all Finland, a slice of Germany, and the richest part of Russia; great cities like St. Petersburg (Petrograd), with 1,700,000 inhabitants; Glasgow, with 900,000; Copenhagen, with 500,000. An equal area in Europe in the same latitude contains 25,000,000 inhabitants. The entire Pacific slope of this country is drenched with rain and possesses tremendous water power. The factories to be driven by that power will necessarily be on tidewater in American territory. But the reservoirs furnishing the power will be on Canadian ground. The 25,000,000 captive Canadians who will eventually live behind this "Panhandle"



will constantly be forced to contribute to the enrichment of half a dozen American cities, while these cities will not contribute a cent toward Canadian taxes. What a constant and growing source of vexation and irritation!

"Reverse the situation," says Mr. Smith, "and see how we should like it. Imagine that our northeastern states were similarly incarcerated, cut off from the Atlantic by a Canadian 'Panhandle' 20 miles wide, 565 miles long, running from eastern Maine down nearly to Philadelphia; that all the great cities

United States troops across her territory. He further intimated that Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, had publicly stated that Canada would be willing to form a Canadian-American alliance for the defence of Alaska. This is a new version of the Monroe doctrine applied to Alaska.

This proposal is the first instance on record of a great nation deliberately coming forward with gifts to another nation in the shape of territory. The resolution may not come to anything; and if it did, the United States might

Victoria, November 11, 1915.

*I hardly know what to say in these strenuous times to the readers of The Western Home Monthly. British Columbia's chief care is in the prosecution of the war, toward which, in common with the rest of Canada, she is contributing largely of her men, her material and her money. As time goes on the great necessity of engaging the enemy to our utmost strength becomes the more apparent and we are endeavouring at this end to do our whole duty, and are confidently looking for victory to ultimately rest with the Empire and its Allies.*

Now, as to our industrial conditions. Mining, one of our largest industries, though now most prosperous, was very much disorganized after the outbreak of hostilities. The lumber industry, for which there are now large opportunities and a wide range of markets, has been handicapped by lack of ocean-going vessels and the almost prohibitive rates of freight. The bountiful crop of the prairies will, however, offset this to some considerable extent. The distance of British Columbia from the east has made it difficult to obtain contracts for war munitions in competition with eastern manufacturers. This situation of late has greatly improved. Until the fortunes of war are decidedly favourable British Columbia is suffering financially, in common with the rest of the world, but on the whole the situation is vastly better than might be expected in the circumstances of a war so terrible in its extent and consequences. Mining, the fisheries, agriculture and horticulture have been unexceptionally prosperous during the present year and the outlook for the future in respect of the development of all our natural resources never were so good. The harbour facilities of the Province have been greatly improved and our means of communication very greatly increased in railways and highways, so that when the time does come for legitimate expansion business will go ahead with the proverbial "leaps and bounds." Our future depends so much on transcontinental and ocean trade that such facilities are the factors of greatest importance, next to actual production itself.

Notwithstanding the war and notwithstanding the great drain on our people occasioned thereby, I have never, with a long and intimate knowledge, known them to be more hopeful, and confident optimism has always been the spirit of the West. It has carried the people through many ups and downs in the last sixty years and it will carry them successfully through this the greatest crisis of all history.

I wish the staff of The Western Home Monthly and its readers plenty of Christmas cheer and a prosperous New Year.

Yours faithfully,

*Richard McBride*

Premier of British Columbia.

on that seaboard—Boston, Providence, Newport, New York, Jersey City—were Canadian cities, deriving their wealth from the American colony behind them, yet contributing not a cent toward American taxes; that not a pound of freight could be sent from Pittsburg or Buffalo to New York or Boston for export except in bond. We should long ago have found the situation unendurable.

"The only gentlemanly course, the only manly course, open to us is to say to the Canadians: 'We will let you have this 'Panhandle.' What will you give us for it?'"

Speaking at another time, this U. S. congressman quoted an editorial from a Vancouver daily to the effect that Canada cannot tolerate the occupation of Alaska by a foreign power, and would be compelled by self-interest, in case of necessity, to permit the transportation of

prove to be so hard a bargainer that it would be impossible for Canada to accept the terms proposed. The significant thing about the resolution is that the mover bases it, not upon the prospect of gain for the United States, but upon the fact that the present arrangement is a disadvantage and an increasing source of irritation to Canadians. Mr. Smith's proposal will be regarded by some as too quixotic for practical statesmanship, but the day is coming when, between man and man, and class and class, and nation and nation, it will be seen that the most practical of all principles is the Golden Rule.

#### Neuralgia

Will often yield to a good dose of castor oil, which thoroughly cleanses the system, after local applications fail.



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**CUT OUT AND MAIL**

#### Borrowed Sermons

A story has been revived in the *Daily News* to the effect that the late Canon Fleming once preached one of Dr. Talmage's sermons under the impression that it was his own.

"Sermons," says a correspondent of the same paper, "are more liable to be appropriated than any other class of literary production. It is not often, however, that Nonconformist sermons are heard from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. Yet this fate once befell a sermon of Dr. Clifford's.

"Dr. Alexander, the ex-Primate of Ireland, had been invited to preach at the Abbey, and it was noticed that the sermon bore something more than a casual resemblance to one by Dr. Clifford.

"The Archbishop subsequently wrote to Dr. Clifford expressing his regret at the circumstance. He said: 'My mind was so saturated with your rich and nobly expressed thoughts that I really somehow forgot that they were not my own until I had preached. We differ upon a good many details of theology, and upon the whole line of politics, but I thoroughly respect and admire your thought, and remain your debtor.'"

## Their Anniversary

By Hugh S. Eayrs.

WHEN the hands of the clock in the office of the Amalgamated Cotton Industries Limited, pointed to six o'clock John Long straightened his desk, put on his hat and coat, and saying "Good-night" to his fellow clerks, left the office. He bought an evening paper, boarded a street car, paid his fare and settled himself to read. At the corner of Jackson and Richmond Streets he folded his paper, got up and left the car. A walk of five minutes and the insertion of a latch key in a Yale lock brought him into the parlor of his little home.

Such was his procedure on the night of November 30th, 1914. So far as he could remember, if he ever bothered himself to think about it, this had been his procedure for the past ten years. For John Long was a methodical man. He lived his life according to a definite plan, and it had to be something very unusual and extraordinary that was allowed to interfere with his well-ordered, regular mode of living. Some people would call this method. But later on, very often, it spells Fatalism.

He wasn't a young man; nor was he an old man. But he was a prematurely aged man. Ten years ago, a young fellow of twenty-four, he had courted and married the daughter of a wealthy banker. If either he or Elsie had been able to see a little way into the future they would have waited a few months rather than directly oppose the wishes of Richard Shaw, Elsie's hard and harsh father. But then neither John nor Elsie could see into the future, so in a burst of impulsive recklessness, which derived its impetus from what they both believed to be a perfectly overwhelming love, they dispensed with the consent of Papa to their marriage—and eloped.

Next day, Richard Shaw cut his daughter out of his will in the approved fashion. Four months later he died. His huge fortune, willed to charities, was duly handed over to them, and daughter Elsie got nothing. Which was undeniably hard for Elsie—and emphasises the fact that it was a pity she could not have seen into the future.

But her husband did not seem to mind. Of course his father-in-law's money would have been useful, but it was not absolutely indispensable. He was earning twenty dollars a week, and, with care, they might manage on that.

A year later, a wee bundle of frail humanity lay nestling next its mother, and there were no prouder people in the whole of New York City than John and Elsie Long. Year after year came, and passed. There had been three more little ones, but except for them and the consequent scheming necessary, and also the fact that every two weeks a pay envelope for sixty dollars, instead of the one time forty, was handed to John, nothing very much had happened.

True, he was getting to look older. Here and there thin streaks of grey showed in his dark brown hair. His face seemed to grow a little more tired-looking, and his shoulders developed a little more pronounced bend. But he was still plain John Long; even, quiet, methodical John Long.

With his wife there was still less change. She was only thirty, and still retained her wealth of beautiful auburn hair, and her erect, almost stately, carriage.

And to-night, to-night was the eve of the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

After dinner, while the children were playing at the back of the house, Elsie came and sat upon the arm of her husband's chair.

"Do you know what to-morrow is, dear?" she said. "Ten years ago you and I ran away and were married. Ten years ago. It hardly seems that long, does it, John?"

"No, Elsie, indeed it doesn't. Ten years ago, eh? Well, well! And how many times during those ten years have you regretted the step you took, dear. Don't bother to answer; I know you don't regret for a minute. You're the best little wife in the world, Elsie, and we've got on fine together you and I. And then the children—how happy they have made us, haven't they? But sometimes I feel that, after all, it was hardly

fair to you to take you from the comfort and luxury of a Fifth Avenue home, and bring you to a little house in a narrow street in a suburb, far from the glitter and the lights of beautiful mansions, and the round of society life that must be dear to the heart of one of society's fairest belles. It seems like plucking the rose which

bloomed in a sheltered bower, and transplanting it to a garden where there were none of its kind, but only a mass of weeds. And yet"—and here his voice seemed to caress the words as he uttered them, as if they were very precious to him—"and yet, we have been happy, darling, haven't we?"

He paused, and for a moment there was no response.

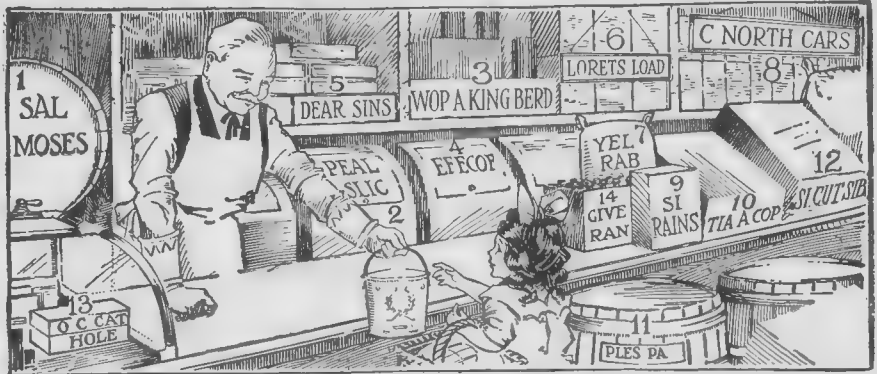
Then, "Of course we have, dear. You are all I want, and so what does the rest matter?"

And again there was quietness

"John," Elsie was saying, "I am wondering if you will do something for me. It's just ten years ago to-morrow since you and I were married. I feel I would like somehow to make to-morrow a red letter day. Couldn't we do something to commemorate the fact that you and I have been together for ten whole years? In all this time I haven't been to a theatre; have never seen the people 'way up.' No, no, I'm not complaining," she went on, "I have never wanted badly to go, but I don't know why, I would like to make to-morrow stand out as a great day."

# What Did Little Mary Buy?

**1916 Ford Touring Car**  
**FIRST PRIZE**  
**For the Best Reply**  
**\$1000.00**  
**In other Fine Prizes**  
**Also Given**



JOHN BROWN owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and wrote the name of each article on the outside. Only he mixed up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the words Raisins until they read "SI RAINS." Then he

rubbed the word apples off the apple barrel, and jumbled the letters in that name until they read "Ples Pa," as you see on barrel 11.

Fourteen lines of goods in Mr. Brown's store were displayed this way, and a prize was given to any customer who could place an order for all fourteen and tell the number of the box each was in. Little Mary went to Brown's store to make her purchases, guessed all the names correctly and won the prize. Can you do as well?

Two of the names are already given to you to start you right. What are the other twelve?



FIRST PRIZE

1916 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car. Value \$530.00

Clever Readers of The Western Home Monthly sending the best correct or nearest correct sets of answers can share in the distribution of

**Thousands of Dollars Worth of MAGNIFICENT PRIZES**

Including this 1916 Ford Touring Car, \$450.00 Upright Piano, \$75.00 Columbia Grafonola, \$50.00 Clare Bros. High Oven Range, 1916 Cleveland Bicycle, Genuine Singer Sewing Machine, \$35.00 Kitchen Cabinet, Genuine Waltham Men's and Ladies' Watches, English Dinner and Tea Sets, Roger's Silverware, and a host of other grand prizes too numerous to mention here. Big Illustrated Prize List will be mailed to you direct.

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

If your answers gain 120 points you will win First Prize

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers, are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given,—just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more out of a name.

The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance, 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten points given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle out your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 80,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced they will want it every month.

If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write your answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name (stating Mr. Mrs. or Miss) and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and address, must be on a separate sheet.

2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage. Do not forget to war tax stamp.

3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co., Limited, and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, also their relations and friends are not allowed to compete.

4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.

5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.

6. Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded in any one family or household.

7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry; 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be

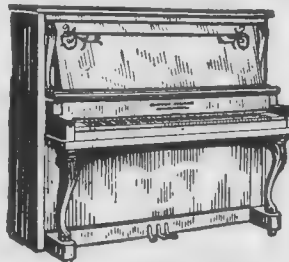
awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, handwriting, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.

8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which will be sent without charge, to three or four friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service the company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win.

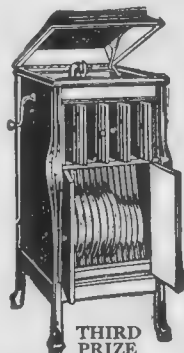
9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Address your replies to the CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

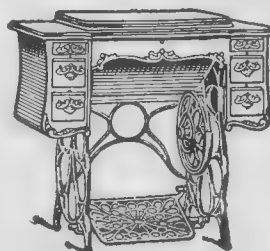
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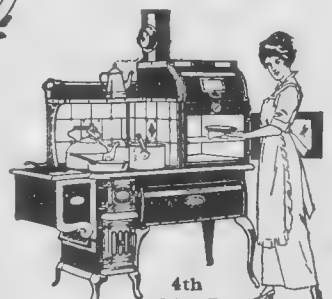
SECOND PRIZE  
Handsome Upright Piano  
Value \$450.00



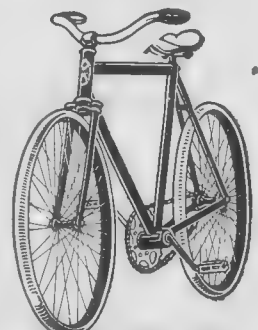
THIRD PRIZE  
Columbia Cabinet  
Grafonola



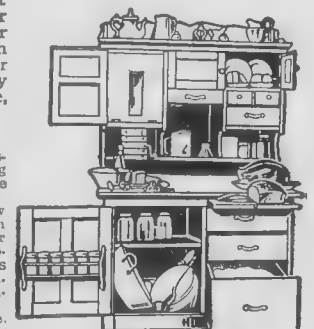
FIFTH PRIZE  
Famous Singer Sewing  
Machine



4th PRIZE  
Clare Bros. Famous  
High Oven Range



SIXTH PRIZE  
1916 Model Cleveland  
Bicycle



SEVENTH PRIZE  
Magnificent Ideal Kitchen  
Cabinet



She stopped, and looked at her husband. "Well, John," she said, "why don't you answer? Is it because we can't afford it, or don't you want to please me, or what?"

"It's not that, dear," he returned, "it's not that. I would like to please you, but, listen. For ten years the world 'way up' has seen nothing of you. It has gone rolling on while you and I, in that, at any rate, have stood still. There will be fresh faces. Won't you feel just a little bit out of it? I'd hate to have you come home to regret, instead of to exult over our anniversary."

She saw what he meant, and was prepared.

"Out of it, John?" she said. "Why, I don't want to be in it. I only want to be with you. I shan't look for those that I used to know. They are nothing to me, now. Come, John,—let's celebrate. Just for one night, dear. You can get out your dress suit, and you know how well you always looked in it. And I have my white satin; I can soon alter that a little, and make it as good as anything that Lucille or Pacquin has turned out this season."—she was almost childishly enthusiastic now. "Come John, say you'll take me."

And, of course, she got her way.

occupants of Box C as the people around them. Especially was this true of John. What would he not give to be one of them? He would have a house in Fifth Avenue, and an auto—the best that money could buy—and Elsie should have diamonds galore, and—he stopped. What infernal coincidence was it that made his hand touch the remainder of his thirty dollars, laid out for the week, in his pocket?

After the show they went to the Savoy. The saloon was magnificently lit, and splendidly appointed. The best band in New York played delirious music, in one corner. The plate and cut glass seemed to be resplendent with a blaze of light, and scintillated like a thousand gems. The perfume of the flowers on the tables, and the maddening intoxication of the whole scene seemed to fire the brain of John Long.

But how out of it he felt! His dress suit, fashionable ten years ago, seemed oddly out of date. He fancied other men were noticing it, and scoring him for it. Oh, why couldn't he be like the other men in the room?

But someone was talking.

"Why, Miss Shaw, fancy seeing you here! And yet I knew I couldn't be mis-

## Practical Temperance Work

In the year 1880, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, then an obscure physician practising in Dwight, Illinois, being impressed with the belief that drunkenness was a disease with a great many people, discovered what he believed to be a scientific remedy and treatment for this disease. When he made this claim it met with ridicule and opposition from scientific and medical men throughout the country. Articles were written in the prominent papers, based on the theory that this treatment was simply a fake, and claiming that drunkenness was a vice and could only be cured by the exercise of willpower. One of the papers in which these criticisms appeared was the Chicago Tribune, operated and owned by the Hon. Joseph Medill. Dr. Keeley went to Chicago to make the proposal to Mr. Medill that if he would send a certain number of what he considered to be incurable cases, they would be treated free of charge, if Mr. Medill would bona fide investigate the treatment and watch the results. These men were sent to Dwight, and there treated by Dr. Keeley. The result was so startling, and the cures were so radical and permanent, that Mr. Medill, being a man of his word, made a thorough and honest investigation and published the results as a matter of news in his paper, which had a wide-world circulation. The results were immediate and amazing. In a short time the capacity of the Dwight Institute was over-taxed, new buildings had to be erected to accommodate patients, and the Town of Dwight became famous. Branch institutes were started throughout the world, one of the first being in London, England, where a committee, consisting of a prominent dignitary of the Church of England, a member of the House of Lords, and a prominent financier were prevailed upon to make an investigation of the treatment, and were so impressed with its merit that they gave the same their official endorsement, and have since acted as a honorary yearly committee. Thousands of men in different stations in life in Great Britain have been successfully treated since that time.

There are branch institutes successfully operated in practically every state in the union, in addition to one in Mexico and two in Canada.

Nineteen years ago, George A. Griffith opened the Keeley institute in Winnipeg in the house built by the late A. W. Ross, and there successfully treated a great number of patients. The institute has been continued since that time, and is now operated by the Keeley institute of Winnipeg, who now have a handsome building of their own at the corner of Jessie and Hugo Streets in the city of Winnipeg.

This work has ever since been carried on in a modest and unostentatious way. The very nature of the treatment requires its work to be performed in a confidential and private manner. This institute has treated nearly 2,500 patients, and recently prominent citizens of Winnipeg have made as thorough an investigation as circumstances permit of the results achieved, and from carefully kept records they are convinced that at least 75 per cent of the cures performed in this institute have been permanent and effectual. Naturally, in-

dividual cases cannot be made public, but it is a well-known fact that hundreds of confirmed drunkards in all conditions and stations of life have been transformed into useful members of society. In addition to the disease of drunkenness the institute has successfully treated cases of well-known victims of various drug habits, as well as nerve troubles caused by various excesses, including the excessive use of tobacco.

In addition to the treatment which is administered at the institute numbers of persons who are unable to leave their businesses and attend the institute (which latter course is always recommended) have been treated successfully in their own homes, or in hospitals selected by them, and attended by their own physicians. Many prominent physicians have made a searching investigation into the methods and have recommended this treatment for their patients. Although the work of the Keeley institute has not been performed wholly from the standpoint of philanthropy, but is upon business principles, it has really been of greater service to humanity than any other temperance agency that is known. The Keeley institute do not claim to perform miracles. There must be hearty co-operation by the patients themselves. There must be a desire to live and lead a decent moral life, and they must also still retain some physical foundation upon which to build. If lungs, heart, liver and brain have not been permanently injured, recovery is safe and sure. Nor do the doctors in charge of the Keeley Institute claim that patients when cured are not able to acquire again a taste and craving for intoxicants. All that is claimed for the Keeley cure is that by scientific methods employed by them, constitutions impaired are restored as nearly as possible to normal conditions, and the patient is enabled to become an absolute teetotaler, is he so desires.

The Keeley remedies are nothing more than nerve tonics. They do not, as is supposed by some people, produce any injurious nausea or sicknesses. In all cases patients improve in appetite and health from the beginning, and continue to do so throughout the whole course of the treatment.

The Keeley Institute is well equipped with all modern appliances for treating all forms of liquor and drug addictions, and functional nerve troubles caused from same, or from overwork and other causes.

Special provision is made for treating both sexes and absolute privacy is maintained.

The Keeley Institute has performed a most creditable work, and is one of the permanent institutions of the city of Winnipeg, endorsed and conducted by prominent business men, under the supervision of competent physicians.

The annual reports of the London committee can be had on application to the institute's secretary. The committee for 1915 was Lord Montague of Beaulieu, chairman; Lord Bishop of Southampton, Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P.; Mr. Burbage (of Harrods, Limited).

The late Canon Fleming was chairman for over 15 years and took a keen interest in the work and investigations of the cure.

She stopped and looked at her husband. John Long said nothing for a time. Then "Let's go home, dear. We're through, aren't we? Come on, then."

So John and Elsie Long, of the Six Roomed House, left the world of glitter, where a man is judged by the style of his coat.

The next evening, John Long, pursuing his regular systematic methods, arrived home in the same way, at the same time, as for the last ten years.

And late that night his wife came to him and said, "John, dear, I know how you felt over last night. And I'm so sorry. But I want to tell you that to me the face and form of John Long with hair growing grey, and shoulders becoming bent as the

years go by, are infinitely more precious than the recognition and conversation of one who does nothing for himself or for others. For you, John, have loved me. We have been together all these years. I have borne your children and am helping to train them. And there is no one in the whole wide world that I can admire so much, love so deeply, as my dear, dear husband. And—"

But her husband's arms had closed about her, and it was sunny day, with the sun riding high in the heavens.

### TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

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"For what we are about to receive"

The next day John Long came home just as methodically as he had done for the last ten years. But to-night there was a flush on his cheek, and the light of interest and expectation in his eyes.

An hour later his wife came down the stairs.

"Why, Elsie, what a picture you look, darling. You don't seem a day older than when we ran over to the Falls, and were married. Do you remember?"

His face shone with a pride that was genuine. But it flashed across his mind again that he had not done right to take her away from the world of lights, and joy, and pleasure to which she belonged.

A taxi drove up to the door.

"Oh, John. This is good of you, dear. A taxi to take us down. Well, we are entitled to one big night, after ten years, aren't we, John?"

Arrived at the theatre John handed his wife out, inquired the fare, and gave the driver a quarter for himself. He had caught the spirit which had prompted Elsie's request, and felt ridiculously like a schoolboy who had just had a hamper from home, and wanted everybody to share its good things.

The play—which they saw from a box, which they had to themselves—was good. But it was hardly as interesting to the

taken. We have all wondered for ten years where you had got—Ah, pardon!" he stopped, and followed the direction of her eyes till they rested upon John. "Your husband?" There was a note of wellbred surprise in his voice. And then, "How are you, Mr. Long. Glad to know you."

But the man addressed wasn't glad. He was sullen. The stranger—evidently one of the set to which Elsie had originally belonged—was politely ignoring him. Gradually his anger rose. Why the devil had he not counted upon this? What a fool he had been. He ought to have known that he could not bring back the rose into its native garden without someone eagerly seizing the opportunity to try and make it bloom again.

"Goodbye, Mr. Devine," she said, "so glad to have met you again. It has seemed like old times to talk with you." And turning to her husband, she went on, "John, Mr. Devine is going now."

The two men bowed, and Percy Devine, heir to a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, left them.

When he was gone, and husband and wife were left alone, there was silence.

Elsie spoke. "That was one of the boys I used to know, John. Isn't he nice? Such a gentleman, too. So perfectly—"

## The Rainbow

By Charles Dorian.

THE Captain of the coal boat, "Prince" swore lustily at the Italian foreman of the dock because the coal handlers in the hold balked at doing fifteen hours' work in ten to prevent his laying over Sunday.

"You could 'a had me out this afternoon if you'd made the devils work. I wouldn't kick for a few hours, Louie, but when you tie me up here over Sunday when I should be half way to Sandusky I got good cause to complain. It's a sufferin' shame, Louie, that's what it is."

"That's all right, Cap—better luck next time. Men can't be flogged all the time. They're same 's you and me, after all—just men. About the end of the week they lose steam," answered Louie, properly called Louie or Luigi. The "Luigi" was outcast when the ultimate letter of his surname, "Nardoni" was dropped. That was when he became a master of spoken English, so that now the Italian, Luigi Nardoni was familiarly known as Louie Nardon.

The bigger the Italian the more boyish they are, it seems, and sobriquets running to diminutives are common among them. Louie's compatriots still called him Luigi and chattered to him in rich Piedmontese in preference to broken Anglais—and Louie humored them.

"Give us a cigar, Cap," he begged, cheerfully. "You're one of the kind that can give and take. I don't feel sore when you're mad. When you come in next trip we'll do good work on you, Cap—you'll see! The gang looks ahead, you know. If there was another boat waitin' they'd have got you out. They like workin' the 'Prince' when she's dug down. Coal shovels best on skin, you know. They'll show you when there's a fleet o' boats out there waitin' to be unloaded what they can do. You can't blame them for lookin' out for the next day's work, now can you? O' course you can't."

The Captain gave Louie a cigar. Louie's black eyes flashed joyfully while he listened to the lecture which accompanied it.

"You're a fraud, Louie," the Captain concluded.

"Oh, say, Cap! Any danger them yawls capsizin' with the sail in 'em?" asked Louie, irrelevantly.

Louie pointed to a craft breasting the "Prince's" hull at a tottering angle while one unsteady deckhand steered with a galley oar and the other loosened the halyards.

"Can't upset a yawl with a sheet that size—might if ye'd rig her up like a brig, as I've seen 'em do," shortly answered the Captain.

"How's chances to take her out to-morrow?" asked Louie.

"Swim?"

"Sure," lied Louie.

"Friends swim?"

"Oh, I got the right kind," evaded Louie.

"All right," assented the Captain. "Take her out if you want, but remember, this boat's to be unloaded Monday mornin' and no Italian wakes instead!"

"Cap!" whispered Louie. "Here comes the timekeeper. (Louie's language invariably tripped whenever he talked of or to the timekeeper). "He's got the little white catboat you see up the creek—no bigger'n this yawl. I want to race him, see? Talk it up! Hello, Willie!"

Willie nodded. Louie slapped him on the back and guffawed. "Give 'm a cigar, Cap," he invited in his suavest manner.

"I'm going across to Majuba Island to-morrow," announced Willie Fitzgibbon, the timekeeper. "There'll be room for you and the Captain along with us—my wife and me—if you care to come."

"Count me out," said the Captain. "I'm goin' up to violate your hidebound

Canadian fishery laws on the little back lake with your respected customs officer, if no inspectors land off the express this evenin' Thanks, all same."

"And me," cut in Louie. Guiseppe Falvo and me's goin' out in the yawl and we'll maybe land up on the same Island. Ain't the missus afraid of the little boat?"

"Sailing is great fun," answered Willie, "and the little girl likes it as well as I do. We'll keep an eye out for the yawl. Maybe we'll cook supper together. Sorry, Captain, we can't have you."

The Captain looked darkly into the vessel's hold, gave Louie another cigar and disappeared through a doorway on the bridge and did not reappear until next morning when Louie halloed to him

people these Nardoni's were anyway, back there in the shadows of the Tyrolean Alps before they heard of Canada.

"Come closer," called Willie from the "Ibis," which his boat was called.

"Best can do," answered Louie. "You got the start o' me. I'll beat you back. Say, ain't the missus afraid o' water?"

Willie's wife at the tiller turned and smiled reassuredly at Louie while Willie shouted back:

"Not what you'd notice."

They reached a sandy cove on the extreme left of the Island by one short tack in which the yawl nearly went adrift. They drew up together on the beach.

"We've struck gold," was Louie's first ejaculation as he dropped onto the sand. He clutched a handful of sand and focusing his jet eyes on the flecks of dazzling mica which lined the bed of the bay and the lagoon, he raced up

"You've reasoned it all out wrong, Louie," said Willie. "But have it your own way. There's no fun tacking in a sea like that without a centreboard and ballast."

"Take things as they come," rejoined Louie, jumping to his painter and pushing off, sail up.

Willie sculled out of shelter and threw up his sail just at the mouth of the bay where the waves rushed madly by. He brought his craft gracefully round and rubbed against the yawl struggling to cut into line, and then strained forward like a race horse getting its head.

There was no longer any race for Louie was going south by east faster than Willie went west by north.

"The big, simple boy will drift out to Manitoulin before he realizes that he cannot tack in the teeth of that breeze," remarked Willie to his wife.

They were cutting ahead industriously, smashing now and then into a heavy swell.

"Poor fellow," she sympathized. "His assurance may carry him through on land but he's no seaman—why, we'll be lucky to get in ourselves without a ducking, and look at him, drifting out all the time."

"Think we'd better go and tow him in," suggested Willie.

"We might try it," assented his wife. "But he'd make better headway if he'd row."

"The other fellow might row but Louie would never think of doing anything so contrary to usage," laughed Willie.

The "Ibis" split the wind, her sail walloped a little and she came round on the crest of a wave while Willie slackened sail.

They were upon the yawl in a short time and what they beheld brought tears of laughter to their eyes.

Louie sat in the stern, both hands clutching tightly the oar with which he steered, Falvo sat athwart the vessel, his boots hooked into the larboard gunwale, his back to windward—and both had life belts strapped about their waists. It would have looked tragic but for the comic attitude of the crew and the grin on their faces.

"Throw us your line and come home," yelled Willie.

"We're all right," called back Louie, lazily. "Save yourselves!" The grin left the face of Falvo as he looked imploringly at Louie.

It did not take much persuading to get Louie to throw out his line. Catching it Willie lost hold of the sail rope and the boom shot out to bowsprit position and the sail wrapped itself around the mast.

"Haw! Haw!" laughed Louie. "Better cut loose, Willie, we're all right."

"Drop your sail, confound you," commanded Willie, sternly. Louie obeyed without a word and his mate settled into the bottom of the boat resignedly.

They had drifted a hundred yards while Willie unfurled the sail. And the hundred yards were never regained with the yawl in tow. It was more than the slender craft could do with such a wide bowl of a boat in tow blocking all the wind needed for tacking.

"There's only one thing left, Louie. We can't make it this way—you'll just have to row for it. We have each one oar—I'll give you mine," offered Willie.

"Aw, what's the use—we're all right," argued Louie.

He grabbed at the oar when it was handed him: he grinned weakly and took up a position which looked like business.

The "Ibis" was a mile away on the homeward stretch when Willie exclaimed:

"Well, the fool yap—if he hasn't got the sail up again! Bet he's got Guiseppe rowing with one oar and running the ropes himself."

And it was ten o'clock that night when the choleric Captain of the "Prince" sent his mate and five oars in another yawl to bring in the derelict. The wind had dropped and halcyon calmness rested upon the waters. They pulled vigorously, doing eight knots an hour. They rested when they saw the gleam of a trailing blaze coming from a cove on the



And the angels sang "Peace on earth"

as he dropped down the ladder into the yawl, followed by a timid Neapolitan whose presence was easily won by nothing but the enthusiasm of his prefect, whose description of sailing in a rough-and-tumble yawl took on the efflorescence of gondoliering on a gilded bay.

The Captain watched the sail flop a few times and the craft describe a few ungraceful circles and went in for his tackle, mumbling, "One born every minute—Italian tryin' to run a boat on a race track."

Just as he banged the door shut the little white catboat shot past the dock and headed for the easterly point of Majuba Island. Louie shouted recognition and tried to arrange his ropes the same as Willie's. He caught the knack in a few minutes and trailed along in the wake of the white boat, running fair wind.

It was glorious, scooting along without effort, carried out to a friendly Island by an accommodating breeze. Louie lolled back in the stern leaning on the galley oar which he used as a rudder, lolled in heavenly abandon, his boatmate grinning with delight at the mastery of his pilot, thinking what great

and down with boyish delight, exclaiming at the treasure he had discovered. Enthusiasm died out but hope only faded as Willie explained to him what it was he thought to be gold.

A fire was made but was no sooner made than it had to be extinguished for fear of burning down all the timber on the Island. A wind was rising which gave cause for eating their meal dry and in haste. Louie talked of the race back with every mouthful. His companion spoke only once and that to say: "Me no can swim."

"You don't have to," scolded Louie. "He's been talkin' like that all the way across. Some fellas don't get the spirit o' sailin' same as others. I wisht I'd brought the woman along. Say, them's great sandwiches, Mrs. Fitzgibbons. Don't you think we'd better get ready for that race? I saw you racin' Burpee's boat last Sunday and you walked away from it. This'll be different, though. You've got too much ballast in your boat. See, I ain't got any. I got a bigger sail, too. We'll just get started even and—phew, look at them white-caps comin'!"





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east side of Majuba Island. They pulled in there and ahoyed to the astonished Louie and Guiseppe who had their coats off and were working industriously—that is, Guiseppe was—shovelling sand into the yawl, now one-third full. Louie sat on a log and injected enthusiasm into the job by creating possible extravagances when they got the "gold" home and washed. Now and then he would poke the fire and put on any wood within reach.

"Hello, mate!" he called briskly as the other boat approached. "Get uneasy about us? We're all right—boat needed a little ballast, that's all."

"It did, did it?" rasped the mate, threateningly. He was not peacable at best and he irked under supplementary duties. "Here, you, Joe—drop that oar! Oars ain't made fer diggin'. Come on—git into this boat. And you, you big onion, you'll unload that sand yourself or row it home alone yourself, whichever you like, because row it home you will. You wouldn't stay alone on this island fer forty cargoes o' gold wid the ghost of that fellow that wuz murdered here forty years ago, I reckon."

At that, Louie's gusto vanished and he spoke with restraint:

"Aw, say, mate—ye ain't in earnest—here, oh! aw, I say, mate, that's raw sport. Come on back. Aw, mate—!"

Words failed him. They had already started off with his Italian friend. Louie glimpsed a picture of a night alone on that island, ghost or no ghost. He decided instantly what he would do. He called to Guiseppe something in Italian.

The effect on Guiseppe was magical. He sprang upon the sailor with the oar like a chimpanzee and wrung the oar away from him. In a moment Louie had it.

The sailor swung on Guiseppe and forced him violently into the cockpit. Guiseppe flamed up and ejected the much rehearsed Black Hand threat:

"You pay for treat me lak dot. Italian mans watch for you. Look out!"

Louie called out to them: "Let Guiseppe off and I'll give you the oar." He threw it back to them. They capitulated and landed Guiseppe.

"Now," said Louie in his most foremanly manner. "Go home. We stay till mornin'. We got a job here that ain't quite done."

"But the Cap wants his boat," countered the sailor.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll see the Cap to-morrow," said Louie, unconcernedly.

"What d'ye think you've got there?" quizzed the sailor.

"Oh, sand—maybe a little gold in it, not much." Louie was quite master of the situation and held it.

"Here," offered the sailor. "Get in here and we'll tow you home."

"Oh, all right," yawned Louie. "Better wait a few minutes. She'll hold a little more. Come, Guiseppe, throw in a little more. Watch out for that tin can—I'll take charge of that."

They were off in a few minutes. The sailor and his companions were full of curiosity now. The spokesman asked:

"Say, is that stuff genuine?"

"Genuwine?" exclaimed Louie. "I've had me eye on this for a long time. Genuwine! Well, maybe."

Louie was evidently trying to conceal its real value. This piqued the sailor's curiosity.

"How'd you like let us take a sample to Cleveland with us and prove it up?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't mind," offered Louie. "Take half if you like." Guiseppe frowned. "There's enough for everybody alive on that island, I guess."

Louie settled down comfortably and warded off further questioning with curt replies.

The sailors took turns paddling at the stern and then settled down to straight rowing. Guiseppe choked down a snore.

"Better put the stuff in bags," proposed Louie as they landed at the wharf. "Stow it away so's the others won't git wind of it. The man at Cleveland will say it's all right, you'll see. I'll get Willie Fitzgerald to organize the company to-morrow. I'll give you first chance on the shares."

Louie tucked the tin can he guarded so jealously under his arm and he and Guiseppe dragged themselves homeward.

On the way Louie took a handful of the contents of the can and bestowed them upon Guiseppe.

## Lost and Won---The Woman who did Care

By Wilfred G. Astle

JIM Barker walked out of his office with a dazed look in his eyes, and his hands groped vaguely as do those of a man not long blind, piloting himself along a busy street.

For the past week he had entered his office with doubt and distrust in his mind, and now that the crash had come and he was leaving it a ruined man, he wondered at the simple and trusting way that he had allowed his partner Moore to run the business. "Good God!" he muttered, "Moore must have thought him an unsophisticated infant to deal with," and he gave such a writhe of anguish at the thought that an impish newsboy called out jeeringly: "Git on to de swell—he's nutty." And old Judge Miller whom he

"They'll get the flakes. We've got the lumps. All's not gold that glitters—Willie told me. These must be what they call the nuggets. Funny how they got there. Must a been a rainbow dipped in there once. Buon giorno, Guiseppe."

his old-fashioned parents would have chosen for their boy.

He had often wondered if it was a very wise engagement. He was domestic and cared little for society as weighed against a home of his own and all the charms with which his imagination pictured it. The possibility of a cozy table, with Rheta's black eyes shining at him over the coffee-urn, thrilled him with unspeakable happiness, but would Rheta's eyes shine at such a vision of home-life—she, whose life had been regulated entirely by the ceremony attending unending entertaining and being entertained. Many a time he had heard her express her contempt for women who marry only to drudge their lives away with large families and small salaries.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

"What means this glory round our feet,  
The Magi mused; 'more bright than morn?'  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,  
'That brightens through the rocky glen?'  
And angels answering overhead,  
Sang 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more  
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;  
We wait for Him like them of yore;  
Alas! He seems so slow to come

But it was said in words of gold;  
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,  
That little children might be bold,  
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw,  
In we our willing hearts incline  
To that sweet life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,  
Sing, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

For they who to their childhood cling,  
And keep their natures fresh as morn,  
Once more shall hear the angels sing,  
'To-day the Prince of Peace is Born.'

—James Russell Lowell

passed without recognition, turned to look after him, remarking to his companion, "Tut, tut, I never knew young Barker drank."

Barker finally reached the handsome suite of rooms that he called "home," and flung himself into his favorite chair—one of the kind that holds out its arms and wraps you up in them. There he sat for hours, going over and over in his mind the wreckage of the firm of Moore and Barker.

How he had relied upon Moore, the smooth-tongued rascal, and now the villain had not only ruined him but with the genius of a magician had vanished from Toronto and left him to bear the brunt of indignation and curiosity of the public. He felt that Fate had been playing with him in a most cruel manner, since that time ten years ago, when he had left his country home and came to the city with the five thousand dollars his uncle had left him, to work up a fortune in Toronto. Many had been his ups and downs, but he was now able to sign his checks for six figures, or at least he could yesterday.

He had intended to take a few weeks vacation the next month to visit his old father and mother who still lived in the little village where he was born. Their letters constantly begged him to come, and then, too, he wanted to tell them about Rheta. Rheta was not a girl that one could satisfactorily write about, and he felt afraid that she was not the wife that

Rheta was queenly, aristocratic, scornful—sometimes he used to wonder if she fully returned his love, for she was so careful of showing any affection for him. Barker had held old-fashioned ideas of a woman giving up things for the man she loves, of tender secrets between them, of sweet, foolish little notes exchanged. Here he pulled out one that he had received that day from Rheta, and re-read it. "Dear Jim,—Many thanks for the violets which came to-day, but I prefer roses myself—they seem so much better bred. I was sorry to miss you last night, but the Denton's insisted on my going to see 'L'Aiglon' with them—you know Evelyn is quite mad over Coquelin, and I was really very bored by her rhapsodies. To-day I go to Hamilton to Cousin Pearl's wedding, returning to-morrow night, so I am afraid I cannot see you until Thursday night at the Princess. Till then believe me,  
Affectionately yours,  
Rheta Woodbridge."

It was typical of the girl, distant, self-contained, and still it exhaled the same elusive fragrance that he so loved about her.

Well it was all over now, all his dreams of a superb creature like Rheta for his wife. She was not one who could face life with a man who had just a few dollars left in the world, for capital, even if she loved him dearly, and sometimes he

doubted whether she had ever cared any more for him than as a good comrade, who allowed her to go her own way.

His head sunk down on his chest and a mighty sigh came from his drawn lips. A knock sounded at his door, but he was unconscious of it, and finally came the sound of a muttered curse and departing footsteps. The telephone rang and he wondered in a vague way who was at the other end.

The next morning he went down to the entrance of the building and bought the morning papers. It was all there, of course, and he was not spared in any way. Selecting the one with the most glaring headlines, he mailed it to "Miss Rheta Woodbridge, Avenue Road Hill," with a hasty pencilled note saying that he would call that afternoon at four thirty. About twenty minutes after four he rang the bell of the imposing residence of the Woodbridge's and was shown into the reception room, while the butler took his card. If only Rheta would refuse to see him at all it would be so much easier, for even wounded feelings would not be so painful as an interview which must only result in one way. The butler returned with the announcement that Miss Woodbridge was engaged, but that she would see Mr. Barker for a few moments. Barker walked up to the fireplace, and stood there absorbing every detail of the handsome mantel, so that always after the sight of great slabs of onyx gave him a sense of being wretched.

He heard Rheta's firm step come down the hall and pause, probably to ascertain in the paneled mirror if her hair was just right. Then he heard her in the doorway and turned to meet her, only to stop and brush his hands over his eyes like a man who cannot grasp the actuality of what he sees. There stood Rheta literally swallowed up in a huge apron, her cherished hair in unwonted disorder, her sleeves rolled up with a handkerchief bound around one white wrist, and a great dab of flour on her aristocratic nose.

Barker went up to her wondering, stupidly, asking with his eyes what it all meant, whereupon Miss Woodbridge, the haughty high-bred, unapproachable Miss Woodbridge, threw her arms around his neck with a delicious blush and said, "You dear old silly, can't you see, I am learning to cook."

### Washing Pink Garments

When washing pink garments that have become faded, pour boiling water over a piece of red cheesecloth. Let it stand a few minutes until the color is all out of the cheesecloth, then pour the dye into a bucket of cold water. After washing and rinsing the garment put it into the dye water and allow it to remain an hour. This method gives a perfect, even coloring.

### If You Smile

The man who will smile,  
In the midst of trial  
Will never suffer defeat;  
He may fall many time,  
As upward he climbs,  
But he'll always fall on his feet.

The man who will smile  
When he meets denial,  
Will win in some other way;  
He will press his suit  
By some other route  
Till he turns the "nay" to "yea."

The man who will smile  
Will reconcile  
Himself and his friend to fate;  
If to-day he fail,  
He does not quail,  
He can smile and work and wait.

H. O. Spelman.

# The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

It is hardly possible that we are coming to a second Christmas and the world still at war. Last Christmas it seemed that all this horror could not possibly last; now it seems as if we had had it always with us.

## Christmas Time

The editor asks for something appropriate for Christmas, but how can we think or feel like Christmas under the circumstances? The only possible way in which Christmas can be kept is by lightening as much as may be in our power the burdens bound upon those less fortunate than ourselves. In every strait there is left to us the consolation of work for others. I would suggest however that, while Christmas must be kept very simply this year, it be regarded as a duty to relax a little at this time.

There has been considerable comment on the various small frictions that have arisen in the big societies of women working for the soldiers. These frictions, I am sure, are purely nerves from the long strain of work and anxiety; and while the weeks prior to Christmas must be filled with endless toil and endeavour we should try to keep the week from Christmas to New Year's free from extra labors.

It is useless to say: "Keep away from the thought of war." That is not possible, but take a holiday in the sense of not discussing it for a week. No good can come of wearing nerves to breaking-point. Moreover it is not fair to the younger children in the homes. Their lives, in the years to come will be shadowed sufficiently by the results of this awful war, and the burden of it should not be laid upon them a moment earlier than is necessary. I am saying these things because, from letters received and from my own experience among women who are working, I find that there is a tendency to feel it a sort of crime to enjoy any relaxation while the war is on. Certainly Canadians should not give themselves to frivolity, to needless extravagance or to squandering of time or money, but there is a wide difference between that and relieving the tension so that in the weeks and months to come we may be able to bear the strain that will come upon us. My heartfelt wish and hope is that Christmas, 1916, may find the world at peace.

The title of Nellie L. McClung's new book is appealing and appropriate. I saw her for a few moments on her return from Eastern Canada, where she had been lecturing almost continuously for seven weeks, and once again was filled with un-

## In Times Like These

bounded admiration at her virility and poise. All the adulation and applause poured upon her in the East had left her just the same sweet, strong, sympathetic woman she has always been. Her book is one that it will do every woman and every man in the West good to read. It grips you, in fact, in the vernacular of the street, "it gets you where you live." Twelve chapters, each one of them packed with truth. Like the writer, it is virile and strong and I am going to quote just a few passages and then I hope every woman will buy a copy and read it for herself.

"Disturbers are never popular—nobody ever really loved an alarm clock in action—no matter how grateful they may have been afterwards for its kind services!"

"It was the people who did not like to be disturbed who crucified Christ—the worst fault they had to find with Him was that He annoyed them—He rebuked the carnal mind—He aroused the cat-spirit, and so they crucified Him—and went back to sleep. Even yet new ideas blow across some souls like a cold draught, and they naturally get up and shut the door! They have even been known to slam it."

"We pray to the God of Battles, never by any chance to the God of Workshops!"

"The average child does well for his parents, and teaches them many things. Bless his little soft hands—he broadens our outlook, quickens our sympathies, and leads us, if we will but let him, into all truth. A child pays well for his board and keep."

"From plague, pestilence and famine,  
From battle, murder, sudden death,  
And all forms of cowl-like contentment,  
Good Lord deliver us."

"In spite of the testimony of many reputable women that they have been able to vote and get dinner on one and the same day there still exists a strong belief that the whole household machinery goes out of order when a woman goes to vote."

"The woman movement, which has been scoffed and jeered at and misunderstood most of all by the people whom it is destined to help, is a spiritual revival of the best instinct of womanhood—the instinct to serve and save the race."

"The time will come, we hope, when women will be economically free, and mentally and spiritually independent enough to refuse to have their food paid for by men; when women will receive equal pay for equal work, and have all avenues of activity open to them and will be free to choose their own mates without shame or indelicacy, when men will not be afraid to marry because of the financial burden, but free men and free women will marry for love and together work for the sustenance of their families. It is not too ideal a thought. It is coming, and the new

movement among women who are crying out for a larger humanity."

There are a score of other passages which I have marked and long to quote but space will not permit. To those who have heard Nellie L. McClung speak, the passages quoted will seem like her living presence, and to those who have not enjoyed that privilege they will stimulate a desire to read the book and to meet its author at the earliest possible moment

Just a word about the war loan that Canada will be asked to subscribe for before Christmas. Every man, woman and child who can rake or scrap \$50 or \$100 should put it into that loan. Not because it is a great financial investment

## The War Loan

because it is not, it will only pay five per cent. It is a safe investment and it is a patriotic duty. Think of Canada having to borrow all the time from the mother country when all over Canada there are hundreds of thousands of dollars in savings banks. I think that those who have means, might well curtail the giving of presents among themselves and put the money into the war loan instead. I do not mean to cut off gifts to those who need them, but the gifts among friends that are really a luxury. It is infinitely better for our feeling as a nation that this loan be subscribed by the whole nation than that a few make big subscriptions to it.

## Extracts from Ogilvie's Cook Book

### Walnut Cake

1/2 cup butter  
1 1/2 cup sugar  
3/4 cup milk  
2 cups Ogilvie's Royal Household  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1 cup walnuts (chopped)  
4 eggs (whites)

Preparation—Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly and add the milk gradually. Sift the flour, cream of tartar, and soda together twice, and add to the above, mixing well. Add the chopped walnuts, and lastly the stiffly beaten whites, folding them in lightly.

### Chocolate Cake

1 1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup butter  
3 eggs  
3/4 cup milk  
2 cups Ogilvie's Royal Household  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1 ounce unsweetened chocolate

Preparation—Cream the butter and sugar, and add the well beaten eggs (saving out the white of one), then the milk. Sift the flour, cream of tartar and soda together twice, and mix thoroughly with the above; warm the chocolate over teakettle and stir into the batter, bake about thirty-five minutes, in a moderate oven. Cover with icing.



Down

Two Photos Taken at the Same Sitting.

Up



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TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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are OUR  
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CANADA'S  
BEST FLOUR**

**Do YOU use it?  
A trial will  
convince you**



## Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

**1508.—A Suspender Dress for the Doll.**—This charming little model will at once appeal to the doll mother. It is easy to make and good for silk, cloth, serge, lawn, gingham, chambray, or percale. The guimpe or waist is made with a front closing, a short sleeve and round cuff. The skirt is straight and plaited. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes for dolls: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**For Mother's Baby—Doll's Set of Baby Clothes, Santa Claus may bring to Mother's Girl.**—Just the thing to please little mothers. There are dolls and dolls, but no doll so dear to the heart of a doll's mother as one dressed in baby clothes. The designs here shown will be found easy to make, as they are cut on simple one-piece lines. The dress may be made of nainsook, lawn or batiste and trimmed with bands of lace or embroidery. The coat will develop nicely in cashmere, silk, henrietta or Bedford cord. The sacque and kimono will look well made of flannel or flannelette, and the cape of silk or flannel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes for dolls: 16, 18 and 20 inches in length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

**1506.—For Dolly's Wardrobe. Set of Short Clothes.**—Comprising drawers, underskirt, and a dress that may be finished in bishop or French style. This set of patterns will develop charmingly and please the little doll mother. The drawers and underskirt may be of nainsook or lawn, the dress of gingham, percale, lawn, batiste, silk or crepe. It may be finished with feather stitching or lace, or the free edges could be embroidered in scallops, with eyelets at neck edge and sleeves, for ribbon insertions. The underskirt pattern is also nice for flannel, but the waist portion should be of cambric, nainsook or lawn. The pattern for this attractive combination is cut in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard for the drawers,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard for the petticoat, and 1 yard for the dress of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps. This pattern also comes in child's sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Price 10c.

**1140.—A Pleasing Group of Things to Make for the Holidays.**—This combination includes a work basket, a utility case, and a pin box and spool holder combined. The latter could also be developed as a button box. The work basket is good for cretonne, silk, linen or denim. The utility case may also be made of cretonne, linen, denim or crash, but is best rubber-lined or made of rubberized materials. The spool holder may be of silk, canvas, denim, cretonne or crash. A good suggestion for the work basket would be found in tan linen, embroidered in red, and lining of red satin or sateen. Cretonne in lovely pink and green tones would also make this a serviceable article. The basket sections could also be woven of raffia over a card board foundation and lined with silk. For the pin box the same materials would serve that could be used for the work box. For the utility case there are lovely rubberized silks and cretonnes that will be very good for this article. It requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 36-inch material for No. 1,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27-inch material for No. 2, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 24-inch material for No. 3. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1460.—Patterns for Animal Set.**—This group of designs comprises a dog, a pig and a sheep. All are attractive toys for little tots, and may readily be developed by the home dressmaker. Bath towel, canton flannel, eiderdown, plush or fur faced cloths are suitable. The sheep will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material, the dog  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard, and the pig  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard. The pattern is cut in one size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1142.—A Useful, Practical Combination.**—Ladies' Sewing Apron and Bag Combined.—This illustrates a very clever idea that will lend itself to development in

any of the pretty apron materials now in vogue. As here shown white lawn embroidered in self color was used. "Val" lace forms a suitable finish. The apron portion above the pocket is slipped into the pocket when not worn, and the fullness

is drawn up to form a bag. In organdie, dimity, figured or striped silk, linen, cretonne or crepe this design is very effective. The pattern is cut in one size: medium. It requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1459.—Patterns for Set of Monkey, Elephant and Rabbit.**—These toys are always acceptable for small children.



## Was Not Much of a Believer in Patent Medicines

But Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Are All Right.

Mrs. Wm. McElwain, Temperance Vale, N.B., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right. Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would waken up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He gave me a box, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years. The testimony of the users should be enough to convince you that what we claim for them is true. H. and N. Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all druggists or dealers, mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1915-1916 Large Fall & Winter Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest embroidery designs, also a concise and comprehensive article on dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly  
Winnipeg

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## GLADDEN THE HEARTS OF THE WHOLE FAMILY

Make this THE XMAS to be long remembered.

This Handsome Fumed Oak Dining Room Suite will add much Comfort and Happiness to Your Home

Consists of handsome buffet, extension table and six chairs, as illustrated; in fumed oak. All pieces harmonize beautifully and make a perfect set of furniture. **BUFFET** is made of genuine solid oak, fumed finish. The base top measures 22x48 inches; it stands 54 inches high, and has a French bevel plate mirror measuring 10x40 inches. Has one drawer, one lined for silver, two compartments on either side and full length linen drawers.

**EXTENSION TABLE** has a round 42-inch top, and can be extended to six feet. Has a heavy square pedestal as illustrated, and is made of selected oak throughout. Is fitted with easy running slides and a set of extension leaves. Fumed finish.

**SET OF SIX DINING CHAIRS**, as illustrated. They have shaped seats, quartered oak tops and banisters. Balance are of solid oak, and have impervious seats stout back posts and legs. A very serviceable diner at low cost.

No. 402—Price of Set Complete ..... \$49.85

No. 403—Price of Buffet ..... \$26.75

No. 404—Price of Extension Table ..... \$14.45

No. 405—Price of Six Dining Chairs ..... \$12.50

Remember this is only one of many Dining Room Suites Shown in our Fall and Winter Catalog. If you have not received your copy ASK FOR IT TO-DAY

THE WINGOLD LTD., 181 Market Street, WINNIPEG, Man.

## His Face Was Covered With Pimples.

Pimples are not a serious trouble, but they are very unsightly.

Pimples are caused wholly by bad blood, and to get rid of them it is necessary to purify the blood of all its impurities.

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Mr. Lennox D. Cooke, Indian Path, N.S., writes: "I am writing you a few lines to tell you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Last winter my face was covered with pimples. I tried different kinds of medicine, and all seemed to fail. I was one day to a friend's house, and there they advised me to use B.B.B., so I purchased two bottles, and before I had them taken I found I was getting better. I got two more, and when they were finished I was completely cured. I find it is a great blood purifier, and I recommend it to all."

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### Music Lessons In Your Own Home

**NEW WAY—LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE**—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Harp, Cello, or to sing. Thousands now learning by free weekly lessons, paying only for music and postage—that is small. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Everything illustrated, plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years' success. Start at once. Send your name and get free booklet by return mail. Address U. S. School of Music, Box 368, 225 6th Ave., N. Y. City.



They are soft, and indestructible and easy to make. Canton flannel, eiderdown, felt, silk or satin, plush or fur faced cloth are suitable for these models. The pattern includes all designs illustrated. It is cut in one size. It requires one yard of canton flannel for the monkey, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of flannel for his jacket, trousers and cap. For the rabbit it will require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of canton flannel or eiderdown. The elephant will require one yard of canton flannel. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1515.—A Popular and Becoming Style.—Girl's Middy Dress with Skirt Attached to an Underwaist, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.**—Blue serge with facings of white pique is shown in this illustration. This model would be good for shepherd check in black and white with trimming of black satin. It is also nice for galatea, gingham, poplin, repp, linen, velvet or corduroy. The sleeve is good in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is plaited and joined to an underwaist, which is overlaid in front to form a shield. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1533.—A New Phase of the One-Piece Frock.—Ladies' Costume.**—A new style feature of this design is the full length panel in back, which is stitched with tab ends over the belt. The waist fronts open in revers fashion, and are finished with a smart vest. The sleeve is long and close fitting, and shaped at the wrist. The skirt has graceful fullness and a plait in slot effect at the centre front. In serge, poplin, broadcloth, gabardine, or velvet this model will be very effective. It could be made of grey wool poplin, with a vest of satin in a matching shade and a neat finish of braid. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure. It requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1529.—A Popular and Becoming Model.—Costume for Misses and Small Women With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.**—This attractive design is splendid for serge, gabardine, taffeta, corduroy or velvet. The waist is full under the belt, and is finished with a broad collar. The sleeve is dart fitted and has a neat cuff at wrist length. In short length it is finished with a cuff cut in points. The skirt is a 7-gore model with box plaits. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 7 yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1518.—A Charming and Dainty Negligee.—Ladies' Kimono or Lounging Robe.**—Figured China silk and shadow lace are here combined. The model is also nice for cotton, or silk, crepe, challie, cashmere, batiste, lawn or percale. For warmth one could choose eiderdown or flannelette. The fronts are lapped at the closing. The sleeve is short and finished with a neat cuff. The neck edge is trimmed with a lovely deep collar. Blue faille or silk poplin, with trimmings of white satin, would develop this model very effectively. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1522.—A Simple but Attractive Style for Home or Business Wear.—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.**—As here shown striped gingham, in blue and white was used, with white linene for trimming. The waist and skirt are cut on simple lines, with front closing; deep pockets trim the skirt, and a broad collar finishes the waist. The sleeve is dart fitted in wrist length, and is finished with a neat cuff. In short length a turn back cuff forms a suitable trimming. This style is good for all wash fabrics, also for taffeta, poplin, serge, corduroy, voile and velvet. In blue serge with facings of blue or black satin, it would make a splendid business dress. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust

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## The Canadians at Langemarck Recapturing the Lost Guns

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*This picture, which is lithographed in rich sepia, depicts the critical first period of the Battle of Langemarck. After the line had been partially suffocated by poisonous gases, the Canadians broke all traditions by reforming and launching a counter-attack on the Germans, forming a square and fighting them from all sides in such an effective manner that the Germans were thrown back and the Canadians were complimented by the Germans, who said had it not been for the "Canadian Rats" they would have broken through to Calais. Incidentally they recaptured guns taken from the French.*

The size of this picture is 15x23 and it is very suitable for framing.

There are only a limited number of these pictures so do not delay, but send in \$1.00 for your subscription to-day and secure this magnificent premium.

## Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg



measure. It requires  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

**1501.—A New and Up-to-Date Design.—Ladies' Shirt Waist with Convertible Collar.**—Figured silk in brown tones was used for this style, with collar and cuffs of organdie. The fronts are full and gathered to square yoke portions. The closing is in coat style. The sleeve is in regular shirt waist style and finished with a neat cuff. This model is also good for velvet, flannel, madras, lawn, chambray, voile, batiste or corduroy. The collar may be rolled open at the throat or closed high. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

### The Open Window

It was Miss Theophila's first batch of letters since, for the only time in many years, she had left home under orders to seek rest and change. She opened the uppermost eagerly:

"Dear Theophila. I hope everything is beautiful and everybody nice, and you are having a good rest. Johnny has chicken-pox, and Billy has sprained his thumb, and the currants won't wait, so I've got to begin preserving to-morrow; but I felt I must just send a line about the trunk-room window in your attic. It's open. I don't know who you left your keys with, so I couldn't tell her, and it's worrying me. In haste with love, Mary Harding."

"If that isn't Mary all over, the blessed old caretaker!" exclaimed Miss Theophila aloud. She explained the remark to Felicia Grant, in the other hammock, who had looked up inquiringly; and then she opened her second letter. A moment later she laughed, and read this paragraph aloud:

"Surely you didn't mean to leave the trunk-room window open? The first heavy shower that pelts in is likely to soak through the floor and spoil the ceiling below. I suppose it's Selina Chase's affair, as she has your keys; but she hasn't shut it, so I felt it my duty to write."

Felicia glanced to the sky. "If the storm we're going to have reaches Dulverton, too, I'm afraid that warning comes too late," she said.

"It won't do a mite of harm," Miss Theophila assured her. "The way the caves slope, it never does rain in that window. I left it open on purpose, so the attic wouldn't get too hot and warp the extra chairs of Grandma Parson's mahogany set that I keep stored up there." She ripped open the third letter. "Well! Selina herself this time! She says she knows perfectly well I told her that window was meant to be open, but everybody who went by Sunday stopped her after church to tell her she ought to go over and shut it; and she's had two telephone calls and a note, and Mrs. Simpson sent her little boy to inquire—and they've got her so nervous she's raced across after every sprinkle to investigate. Now she wants written instructions, so they'll leave her in peace."

"Umph! Rather too much of a good thing," suggested Felicia. "With the neighbors observant as all that, life in Dulverton must be like living under a microscope."

"Oh, no!" cried Miss Theophila, with a sudden wave of homesick loyalty. "They do notice things, dear people! but it's most always to sympathize, and ever so often to help. That's the beauty of a little town; everybody cares."

Felicia remembered her dusty, dreary flat; the constantly changing tenants below; the languorous lady with a French poodle above; the sulky, shirking janitor; the thousand houses full of strangers between it and her nearest friend.

"You're right," she admitted. "It's funny, maybe, but there's something fine, too, in having neighbors who are neighborly even to your empty house."

### Children and Pain

The mother should always keep in mind that she is rearing men and women into whose future lives some degree of

suffering must inevitably come, and that she is not doing them a kindness by making them weak and whining about every trivial form of pain. She should remember that the very foundations of fortitude under both bodily pain and adverse conditions are to be laid early in life, and that a good deal of this work must be done by her. A very little child can be taught to regard pain with a certain lightness of view. It can be taught to bear without complaint, and that to give way to whining overmuch is a species of cowardice.

A calm and even way of looking at pain can be impressed on a very immature mind. This is an important factor in establishing the habit of self-control. While she treats the sufferings of her

children with the most tender sympathy, making them feel sure that in the mother's ear and heart there are always ready attention and help, yet it is her duty to insist on a certain hardihood toward pain. Lessons of endurance should be taught them, impressing them that it is a necessity of life and therefore to be submitted to. Also that to bear pain well is an act of both bravery and heroism. She can teach that to endure cheerfully is to conquer it, is a victory of the spirit over the flesh. It should be made clear to the child also that some form of suffering is universal, that no one escapes. He should know that every present pain well borne strengthens him to bear future inflictions.

The idea of the brevity of most pains,

that they soon pass away and are forgotten, should be kept before the mind of a child. A hopeful attitude of mind should be maintained to that end.

The mother is wise who banishes from conversation the sufferings of a child except when recognition is absolutely necessary. Constant conversation on a subject only emphasizes it, and encourages in the child a spirit of self-pity. This works against all healthy development. While not, of course, neglecting any necessary alleviations of pain, nor releasing the mother from the ready sympathy which is the child's natural due, the general attitude toward the pain should be to encourage endurance without murmurings, to be hopeful of a speedy recovery, and to inculcate a spirit of heroism.



# Health in Old Age

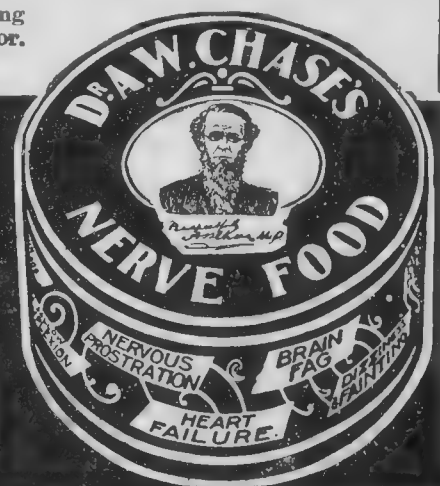
Old age and low vitality go hand-in-hand. The blood gets thin and watery; the nerves, failing to get proper nourishment, become exhausted. Since nerve force is the power which runs the machinery of the body, when this is lacking the bodily organs lag, and the result is pain, weakness and suffering.

Build up the reserve force of nervous energy, and you put new vigor into mind and body. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will help you to do this as nothing else can. It is a source of unbounded blessing to people of advanced years. With the nerve cells revitalized the vital organs resume their natural functions—digestion is improved—the liver, kidneys and bowels are more active in eliminating the poisons from the system—the blood-stream is enriched, and the health is benefited in every way. Just try a half-dozen boxes of this great Food Cure, and you will understand why so many people are enthusiastic about it.

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Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

## THE PRAYER OF THE SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART

O Thou Who has inspired the British heart with love for Justice and Honor, help him who has offered his life for the Nation's cause. May the memory of my influence thrill him with respect for the purity of womanhood. May he feel that I am worthy of the protection he is willing to fight for. Create in me the spirit of lofty aim and triumphant determination that knows no defeat—and the personality that will inspire him with nobility of manhood. Fill my mind so full of the knowledge of good that petty little thoughts may find no room. As he has offered his life for service so may I be enlisted in the war against avarice, hate and petty bartering for selfish gains. Concentrate all the powers of my nature towards the accomplishment of a Nation's ideal woman. Give me knowledge of womanly work. Inspire me with a vision of my destiny so clear that I shall not sacrifice duty nor principle. If the consciousness of purity of action gives one music at midnight—may the sweetest of Christmas carols cheer my soldier sweetheart on this Christmas Eve. May I feel such a nearness of Thy Presence that my life will be dominated by a sacred regard for honesty, sincerity and truth. May the spiritual wire that binds my soul to his be so charged with the current of womanly love at this Xmas season that he—my soldier sweetheart—shall be strengthened and inspired. Create in me the soul of a true woman. Amen.

## IMPOSSIBLE PAINTINGS OF THE MADONNA FACE

The human hand has never been able to produce on canvas a spiritual face. An expensive painting of Christ as a Shepherd was on exhibition in Winnipeg three years ago. When I saw it a cold shudder chilled me for I missed the expression of the soul. Artists since the beginning of time have tried without success to paint the face of Jesus.

The Madonna by Raffaele Sanzio in Florence has marvelous color effects, perfect form and is the execution of a genius but the soul is not there.

Bellini's Madonna is noted for perfection in technical qualities and breadth of light and shade—but the spiritual expression is absent.

In the Academy of Venice one of the noblest products of Religious Art is on exhibition. In addition to the mother and Child, angels on the steps add a heavenly touch to the picture but the heavenly expression is lacking.

The Sistine Madonna by Raphael in the Dresden Gallery is one of the chief treasures of art in the world but the artist could not paint the soul.

Go through the art galleries of Europe and you will find in all the paintings of the human face that no artist has been able to produce the spiritual expression. It cannot be executed by human hand. Only the hand of He Who sent the Christ Child to us can create the Spiritual face. We see it every day. In the North end of Winnipeg is The Madonna of the Immigrant with her child pressed close to her bosom. She looks straight at me and I see deep depths of spirituality in her clear honest eyes. Ah—there is the production of the Master Artist—and a copy of the Christmas Child.

Out on yonder prairie a mother sings her child to sleep and again I see a masterpiece Madonna by the Great Artist—the spiritual face—the expression is there. A woman without spirituality has no real facial expression. Look into the mirror—my dear girl—have you allowed the Master Touch of the Great Artist? Is there spirituality in the lines and curves?

"A face with gladness overspread! Sweet looks by human kindness bred: And seemliness complete that sways Thy courtesies; about thee plays With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English Speech."

## UP TO THE CHRISTMAS STAR

If you are honest with yourself do not worry about gossip—for gossip is created by envy and malice. Sour brains curdle the soul. The inevitable accompaniment of personal progress is mud-slinging. If one is determined to rise, she must first learn to disregard non-essentials and she cannot afford to fritter her valuable energy worrying about the opinions of people who do not count. Employ your time and your thoughts for more vital things. Be an individual. Some one asked me why I did not cut the coat of my new suit square because every one is wearing that style now. Well I have my own ideas about what I can wear. It is the same with ideas. Some one cuts out an idea and a hundred thousand people adopt that idea for their own



The Bairnies preparing to cuddle doon

that they may be spared the energy of creating one. Individuality is lacking. The artist creates new ideas. Nature never repeats herself. She never produces two things alike. She puts a dab of individuality in everything she creates. A girl feels she must have a certain style of coat because all the other girls are wearing that style—or a certain form of pleasure is right because the other girls say so. We sway with the crowd. It is the individual that stands out from the rabble who accomplishes things. Merit alone wins. The best things are hard to reach. The best apples are on the tree—there is usually a worm in the wind fall. Only the sound fruit can withstand the gale. A first-class girl cannot be found on Life's bargain counter. Do not cheapen yourself by mixing with easy companions—if you do the choice ones will pass you by.

Utilize—do not brutalize your time. If you are a stenographer of "notes" develop into a woman of note. There are no limits to ambition if it be clean and wholesome. The less effort a girl gives the less she gets—the higher she aims the higher she rises. "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." Look up to the Xmas star.

## THE XMAS CHARACTER

The highest eulogy that can be paid to any girl is to say she is noble. It comprises all the virtues and all the graces. It is a feeling—the appeal which is made to a noble girl is answered almost before it is presented because her consciousness of the needs of others is so acute that the meaning is comprehended intuitively. Nobility is the expression of the soul. It is expressed in the face—for the benevolence that controls a noble girl speaks through a clear kind eye and a beautiful mouth. Nobility of feeling involves sympathy with all that is true and good. A noble girl is conscious of entire harmony with that which is elevating and pure. The choice characters of the world have been animated by this sympathy. The noble girl finds herself so intrenched in desires for the welfare of all that temptations in the opposite direction have no effect on her, because her whole personality becomes ennobled. A life that is noble is al-

During her girlhood she lived for a purpose and developed a strength of character that molded the minds of men and women. The following wish was found in her Bible—her wish for the best that can be bestowed on a girl:

"What shall we ask the kindly fates to give  
To crown your life and make it ever strong?  
Not splendor great nor gold wherewith to live  
In arrogance and pride your whole life long.  
God make you fair and comely to the sight  
Give you more heart than brain, more love than pride.  
May you be tender, thoughtful, cheerful, bright  
The weaker ones to help and guide.  
Strive not for greatness for great souls must stand  
Alone and lonely on their dizzy heights  
Just do your humble part as best you can.  
These are the wishes of your friends to-night."

## LIVES THAT LIFT

The human hand cannot produce a personality. There is something about the personality that eludes the photographer, which the painter cannot copy, which the sculptor cannot chisel and no hand can record in biography. The magnetic personality has an elevating influence wherever she goes. Every life she touches responds with joy. It is the emphasis of the power of the Christ Child in the heart of woman.

"For letting down the golden chain from high,  
She drew her associates upward to the sky.  
She bore her great communion in her look,  
She sweetly tempered awe; and softened all she spoke."

## THE MOBILIZATION OF HOPE.

In The London Daily News Sir James Yoxall, member of the British Parliament, makes some hopeful statements for Christmas reflection:

"Quick success is usually deceptive. Every great cause fails at first. We can mobilize hope. Earnest hoping is a powerful way of asking, and a part of the faith that foresees.

Clough, in his singing robes of vision, gave us a hymn of hoping, which offers the refreshment sinking spirits need.

He criticizes pessimists who have little faith in British strength, and says they are false prophets.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain!  
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;

It may be in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field."

Sir James says that pessimists are panic patriots who commit mental treason—they are true pro-Germans and should be interned for they delay our victory. Napoleon said: "In war all is mental." He defined the virtues of a leader as not to worry, to keep a clear mind always, to show no change of countenance, to exhort the timid, to augment the brave, to rally the wavering. None of these things do our panic patriots achieve. Bergson says, "Germany's force is material not moral," which means that she is living upon material reserves alone. "On the German side there is force spread out upon the surface; but on our side there is also deep force, resident in the depths. Deep answers unto deep. Their strength is limited to itself because they have put themselves out of tune with the great slow forces, and into antagonism with the eternal laws, that is why they were in such a hurry, knowing the great slow force of time to be against them. Therefore in the end they must fail and fall, as a dozen tyrant empires have done." Be an optimistic patriot—mobilize Hope.

## HER WISH

A beautiful young life passed into the Home of the Christ Child recently—Helen Buchanan-Davison—the daughter of W. W. Buchanan—who was Canada's Temperance Reformer. Helen spent her life in bringing light and joy into the hearts of girls who needed a friend. After her marriage she opened her home on Sunday afternoons to friends of her husband—commercial travellers who had no homes. There she and her husband entertained them in an atmosphere of sacred home environment and they were inspired with admiration for the good and pure in Christian character. After dinner they all attended evening service. Can the influence of this kind of hospitality ever be measured?



THE TURQUOISE  
IS THE —DECEMBER  
BIRTH-MONTH STONE

# The Dingwall Jewellery Catalogue

Makes the Choosing of Christmas Gifts an Easy and a Pleasant Task

One month from to-day and Christmas Eve will find you giving the last little touches to your preparation for the joyous holiday to follow. But, in the meantime, gifts have to be chosen, and the pleasantest and most satisfactory way for you to do at least part of your gift-buying will be through the use of the finely illustrated Dingwall Jewellery and Silverware Catalogue. It shows gifts for every member of the family, grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, sister, brother, big and little, old and young.

You can order from this page as you would from a page in Our Catalogue

Each article of usefulness and lasting value—at prices varying from 25 cents to \$500.00. A diamond ring, a piece of gold jewellery, a watch, a clock, a bit of sterling silver, silver plate, cut glass, brass or leather goods—all are shown in our book in great variety. You can have a copy post paid and free of charge if you will send us your name and address.

We illustrate a number of articles, inexpensive but of good quality, that are splendid Christmas gift suggestions.



H.M.125—Gold-filled Locket, set with brilliants \$3.50



H.M.126—Pearl Star Brooch, with safety catch, 14K ..... \$5.00



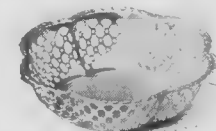
H.M.128.



H.M.127.



H.M.129.



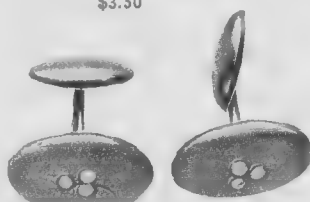
H.M.130—Fine Silver-plated Bon Bon Dish, 4 1/2 inches wide ..\$1.00



H.M.131. "Chantilly" pattern, silver-plated Gravy Ladle, in box .....\$ .90



H.M.132. Gold Cross, 9K, complete with chain \$2.50



H.M.133—Cuff Links, gold-filled, lever end, set with pearls, pair ..... \$1.50

## The Sparkle of Cut Glass and the Soft Glow of Candlelight

Give to a Dining Table an Added Touch of Brightness and Comfort that is Most Enjoyable

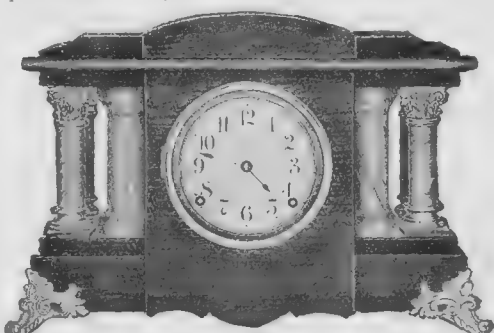
One, two or three pairs of the candlesticks illustrated will lend this extra charm to your dining table or to that of your friends. Plain black-and-white illustrations cannot do them justice, but even as pictured above, you can easily see the fine proportions of the candlesticks themselves, and the graceful floral twining of the design cut and engraved on the four sides and base. They stand 7 1/2 inches high without the holders and are made of clear, hard glass, cut in the new dull-finished, engraved style, and may be purchased with or without the candle holders and shades.

H.M.127—Candlesticks without shades or candle holders, pair ..... \$2.25

H.M.128—Candlesticks complete with gilt-trimmed candle holder and fringed fancy silk

candle shades, pair ..... \$5.00

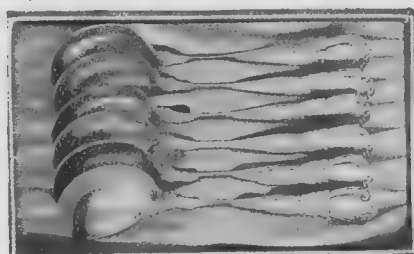
H.M.129—Candlesticks complete with gilt-trimmed candle holder, and fringed silk shade, with gilt metal, pierced overshad, pair ..\$6.35



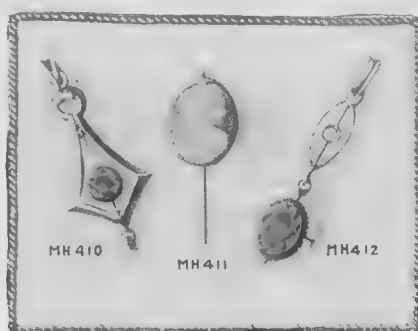
A Fine Clock is a Welcome and Useful Gift

Whether it be placed in parlor, living room, dining room or kitchen, a good clock always adds a touch of convenience and completeness of furnishing; it is a splendid idea for a Christmas gift for the home. Our catalogue shows a full line varying from \$2.50 to \$30.00, but we illustrate one of particularly good value.

H.M.134—Mantel Clock, mahogany finish, bronze ornaments, 11 inches high, 16 1/2 inches wide, 5-inch dial .....\$10.00



H.M.139—Six "Chantilly" pattern silver-plated Soup Spoons, in box ..... \$3.50



Three Unusually Good Values

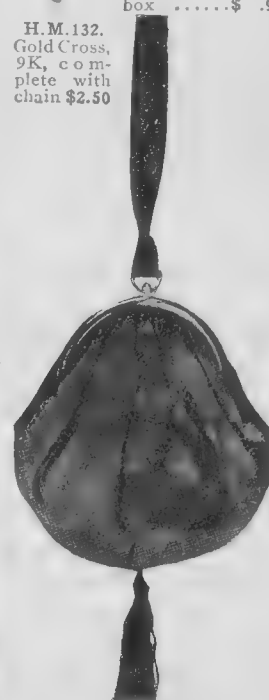
H.M.135—Gold Pendant set with garnet, 10K .....\$3.00  
H.M.136—Pink Shell Cameo Scarf Pin, 14K .....\$4.00  
H.M.137—Garnet and Seed Pearl Pendant, 10K ...\$4.00  
These pendants can be supplied with garnet, amethyst, turquoise or topaz centres; a neck chain, \$1.50 extra.



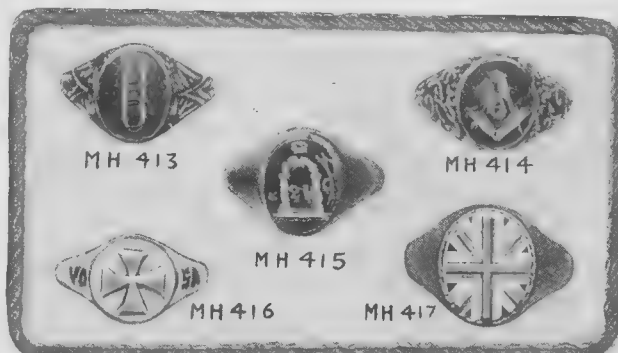
H.M.138—Polished Brass Kettle on Stand, complete with lamp ..... \$6.00



H.M.140 "Chantilly" pattern, silver-plated sugar spoon, in box, \$ .50



H.M.141—Fine Black Silk Hand Bag, Champagne silk lining, with mirror and coin purse ..... \$4.50



## We Specialize on Fraternal Society Rings

To the member of any fraternal organization or society there is no piece of jewellery more attractive, perhaps, than a handsome gold ring with the emblem of his organization worked out on it in colored enamels or gold. What better Christmas gift suggestion could you have, in such a case, than one of these rings? Just a few are shown above; our catalogue will show you our complete selection.

M.H.413—Masonic Ring, ruby top, gold emblem, hand engraved sides, 14K .....\$15.75  
M.H.414—Oddfellow's Ring, Carnelian top, gold emblem, hand engraved sides, 10K ..... 10.00  
M.H.415—Orangeman's Ring, enamel top, 10K ..... 7.00  
M.H.416—Sons of England Ring, enamel top, 10K ..... 8.00  
M.H.417—Salvation Army Ring, enamel top, blue enamel letters, 10K ..... 9.00

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Name.....

## The Spirit of Christmas

By Charles G. Paterson, D.D., St. Stephens Church, Winnipeg

IN the course of a year we celebrate certain days, each of which brings its own message and produces its special effect. Easter makes us rejoice in the assurance of a larger life, to be entered through the portal of death. Empire Day fans into a blaze the sacred spark of patriotism which is ever glowing on the altar of the soul. Thanksgiving reminds us of the loving kindness and tender mercy of the Most High, and recalls us to reverential gratitude. And now Christmas once more draws near, its approach heralded by the stirring within us of memories, emotions and aspirations among the tenderest, purest and noblest of which we are ever possessed. What does its advent bring? What is the spirit of this season, that youth and age alike should tingle so in expectation of its re-appearance? It is the spirit that was voiced in the song of the angels that sang above Bethlehem's plain on that memorable night: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of God's good-will to men. The gospel of Christmas is the good news, always new and only good, that every human being is more precious in the sight of the Supreme Being than all the suns and stars which He has made. The music of Christmas bells and greetings, of the laughter and shouts of the children when they discover their gifts, of the carols and hymns of the people assembled to worship—it is all but the reverberation of the music that ushered into our world the eternal lover and Savior of men. The light of Christmas candles and open hearths, of sparkling eyes and happy faces, of all the season's cheer and merriment—this is but the reflection of the glory of the Lord that shone round about when Mary received into her arms the little child named Jesus. And all Christmas light, and all Christmas music, as it was at first and as it has continued to be, is a sure, welcome witness to this supreme truth, that God is Love.

Christmas commemorates the greatest event in the history of earth or heaven, the incarnation of God as one of ourselves, the self-emptying of Deity in order that humanity might rise into newness of life. No wonder that Carpeggio in his painting of the Nativity makes all the light upon the scene to emanate from where the Child is lying. No wonder that even the careless tripper round the world feels, when he reaches Bethlehem, a strong impulse to kneel down beside the devout pilgrims and kiss the silver star let into the pavement where Jesus is supposed to have been born. No wonder that, one by one, the peoples of the earth, when they desire to take their place among the civilized, alter their mode of reckoning to read with reference to that event. For Christmas means just what Anselm of Canterbury wrote of old: "God Himself, through the mystery of the Incarnation, hath become thy brother." It means that the soul of the basest creature found in the ranks of our enemy is of more value than all the gold that would be needed to pay the costs of every war since the world began. Christmas proclaims that in the sight of God all the celestial spheres whose lights twinkle throughout infinite space are inferior in worth to one human spirit, dwelling perhaps in the body of some wretched victim of the temptations of our modern society. The message of Christmas is, "the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind, and the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." The spirit of Christmas is that of the timeless and infinite good-will of Him who loves each one of us as though there were only one of us to love; the One who patiently seeks to draw us unto Himself, where only are to be had virtue and rest.

But that is not all. The good-will of God to men which is shed abroad in our hearts at the Christmas season is meant to increase within us good-will to one another. The former is actual and unchangeable; the latter is an ideal only partially realized. The recurrence of the anniversary of Jesus' birth helps on the movement mightily. The thermometer which registers human affection reaches then its highest mark; the tide of genuine benevolence is then most nearly at the flood. Not even the war can make this

Christmas an exception. The dawn of that blessed day will find in every heart a passion of devotion for our own, and a longing for their welfare, hardly paralleled in the years of peace. And they who have gone out from us to do what they can to make peace on earth, through armed resistance to armed attack on the fundamental principles of that righteousness which alone makes peace—they will direct toward home thoughts laden with good-will for all who love them; and distance and danger will unite us all in a bond more intimate than before.

Outside the Gospel, the most beautiful and helpful story for this time of year is Dickens' "Christmas Carol." We should turn to it again this season and read of the marvellous change wrought in Ebenezer Scrooge by the spirit of Christmas, whereby the crabbed and miserable old screw became one of the most generous and happy benefactors in good old London town. The spirit of Christmas present is a masterpiece, the genial, kindly giant. He was so tall; and yet he could stand with equal grace beneath the low roof of the cottage or the lofty ceiling of the palace. By preference he frequented the dwellings of the poor, such as the Cratchet home, where crippled Tiny Tim was his special favorite. And he had a wonderful torch from which he sprinkled incense on people quarreling and made them cease, and on frugal Christmas dinners, making them a banquet, bringing wherever he went peace and good-will to men.

It is all a parable, setting forth the holy influence of the spirit of Him whose birth we celebrate. And we are under its influence once more. In the depths of the heart we feel good-will to all, even to our enemies. We wish their true well-being; we believe that we oppose them in was truly for their own good as for ours. We fight, and bear burdens, and pray not for ourselves alone, nor for our Empire only, but for the sake of that Humanity which Jesus came to save and bless, that universal Brotherhood which is one and indivisible, having the one Father God. For this is a civil war. Those whom we are resisting to the death are our erring, misled brothers, multitudes of whom know not what they do. We must continue to oppose them until we are completely triumphant; but when the end shall come may no pride or pomp of victory cause us to forget that the prostrate foe over whom we stand is still one of ourselves, our beaten brother. Meanwhile, as we twine our wreaths and ornament our trees, while we fill the little stockings and read the sweet evangel, may the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of the Christ, fully possess our hearts. May that beautiful spirit lead us away from the wastes of selfishness to the meadows of loving solicitude for others, back from the complexity and artificiality of maturity to the simplicity and sincerity of childhood. May it be ours this Christmas, as we rejoice in our knowledge of God's un-failing love, to be animated by a spirit of good-will such as was His whose name we bear, and whose Kingdom we in this war are striving to defend. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." Amen and Amen!

### Baths.

Everyday bathing is one of the necessities of reasonably good health in summer. The bath cleanses the skin, keeps the pores active and free from obstructions. It is stimulating to the circulation and tones up the skin generally. A cool bath in the morning, with a brisk rub afterward, acts as a tonic, and is a splendid nerve stimulant. A comfortably warm bath at night just before the child is put to bed, acts as a sedative. The bath is one of the principal preventive measures for the summer. Disease lurks at the doorstep, comes in at the windows in dust, invades our homes in such a variety of ways that the mother must needs be vigilant who would keep her children free from illnesses during the hot summer months. A bath in the morning before eating, or two hours after a meal at any time that is convenient, will prove beneficial.

## WINTER

While time and opportunity favors, make horse sound; don't wait, go right at it.

Save-The-Horse Does Not Blister, Discolor or Destroy the Hair.  
Horse Works as Usual Winter or Summer.

(Made in Canada)

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Ira J. Ward, Howell, Mich., writes: "I used Save-The-Horse on a bone spavin; had previously been doctored for year without benefit. She is working hard every day. Many thanks for kind advice and Save-The-Horse remedy."

J. H. Eldridge, R. 3, Senatobia, Miss., writes: "I purchased a bottle of Save-The-Horse for enlarged tendon, and shoe boil, and the results were wonderful."

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- CALGARY—218 Eighth Avenue West
- WINNIPEG—N. W. Corner Main and Portage, Phone Main 1066
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# On Active Service with a Canadian Field Ambulance in Flanders

Recounted for The Western Home Monthly By "A Winnipeg Scots-Canadian."

To the ordinary layman the part played by a Field Ambulance in that important branch of His Majesty's Forces, the Royal Army Medical Corps, may be a little obscure. Therefore some account of one's experiences in a Canadian Field Ambulance might at this time prove of general interest.

Non-combatant, the activities of a Field Ambulance are naturally carried out just behind the firing line, forming the link between the trenches and the clearing hospitals, which are always situated at a safe distance out of ordinary shell fire.

The three essential requirements of a field ambulance are proficiency in handling wounded, mobility of transport and easy access to the trenches.

It has three divisions—Tent, Bearer and Transport (motor and horse), these being all subdivided into three smaller sections, each complete in itself and ready to handle any emergency even when separated from the other sections.

The bearer sections, under a captain, open up an advanced dressing station as close to the firing line as possible, usually in some convenient farm building or its remains. The bearer's duties consist of collecting the wounded from the regimental aid posts, rendering first aid as required, and despatching the horse or motor ambulances with their loads of suffering victims to the safety and comfort of the various clearing hospitals on

the line of communication, first the field ambulance tent hospital, where the tent divisions and chief surgical staff remain, redressing the wounds, performing necessary operations and doing all in their power to assist the brave men who have been so sorely broken in the awful



strife. From the field hospital the wounded are transferred by motor convey to the clearing hospital. Thence they are evacuated by ambulance train to the general hospitals at the base, or to the great hospital ships which carry the sufferers over to "Blighty" to be distributed among the many hospitals of

the old land. The wonderful canal and river systems of Flanders and Belgium have proved of immense value in the peaceful transport of severe cases in hospital barges towed slowly along, giving the serious cases just that chance of victory over their wounds so vital in the early days of weakness and exhaustion.

Enough dry detail has now been given to let the uninitiated understand somewhat of the workings of that great service, which by its devotion to duty and proficiency of performance has won so large a mead of praise in this world war.

One feels proud to be even a humble member of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, which has, in common with the whole First Canadian Division, rendered services so signal as to call forth from the director-general of the Army Medical Service the very warmest encomiums. Satisfied we are to feel that we have in some measure lived up to the motto of our Corps:

"In arduis fidelis."

In the trench mode of warfare on the Western front a field ambulance does not get the opportunity to develop its full usefulness, as operations may remain almost stationary on some sectors of the line and, as a rule, the casualties on such portions of the line are few and easily handled.

Our first experience of the realities of war and of our part in it came at Ypres, where the unexpected happened, and our First Division was called upon in a crisis as acute as any in the war. The casualties of that terrible battle tested to the limit our efficiency as a medical unit, and had there been a weak point in our arrangements that grave emergency would assuredly have found it out. Our

commanding officer had secured for his hospital in the small town just a mile and a half from Ypres a small school-house in whose limited space many a wounded man was laid. Ere the battle was over thousands of broken men, Canadians, Scottish, English and Indian, as well as many French Zouaves, were to pass through our hands. It was work with a vengeance then, officers and men alike unwearied in their efforts to help the dreadful rush of wounded. For many of us it was our first insight into the human havoc of war, yet it was wonderful how quickly our nerves became inured to the awful injuries of those we tended. It was sore on the sympathies of our hearts, for we had no time to give those individual attentions our hearts dictated, so constant was the stream.

The story of Ypres has been told and retold, but the memory of these days will live in the minds of all who were called upon at that time with a vividness beyond description.

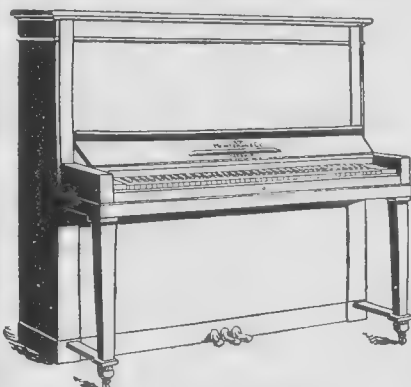
Canada's sons laid down their lives like heroes, and in the aftermath of peace the Maple Leafs will grow in honor over the graves of her beloved dead a lasting token to the willing sacrifice of brave men and true.

After Ypres the shattered Canadian Division moved back for a well-earned and absolutely necessary rest, for there was hardly a unit in the Division but had suffered losses while the infantry battalions were dreadfully cut up.

As soon as reinforcements came, the Division, with a new cavalry brigade, acting as infantry, made up of the Lord Strathcona Horse, Royal Canadian Dragoons, and the King Edward Horse,

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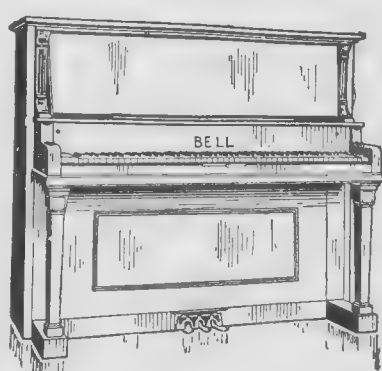
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Above style in choice mahogany or walnut, only **\$395.**

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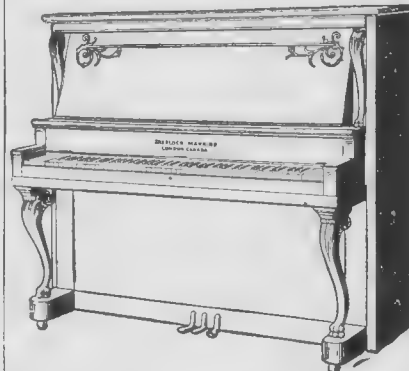


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This beautiful Cabinet Grand Bell Art Piano, style Colonial, in genuine mahogany or oak, with ivory keys, full metal plate, double repeating action, three pedals, seven and one-third octaves, 4 feet 7 inches in height, 5 feet 2 inches in length, and guaranteed for ten years by the Bell Piano Co. for only **\$350.** On terms of \$10 cash and \$8 monthly or on half-yearly or yearly payments.

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This handsome Sherlock-Manning Piano in genuine walnut or mahogany with ivory keys, full metal plate, double repeating action, violin spruce sounding board, three pedals, five layer cross banded pin block, and specially designed in the highest style of art, only **\$298** on terms of \$10 cash and \$8 per month. This Piano is manufactured and guaranteed by the makers, the Sherlock-Manning Piano Co. of London, Canada for a term of 10 years.

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under command of Brig.-General Seely, moved up into the firing line once more, and at Festubert again made a name for themselves. While not so strenuous as at Ypres, Festubert was much more dangerous for the stretcher-bearers, who were under shell fire practically all the time. It was here that one of our squads was struck, two men dying of wounds and the other two being severely wounded. One of our officers, Captain Alwyn Smith, of Winnipeg, won the D.S.O., and a D.C.M. fell to one of our N.C.O.'s. It is impossible to describe one's feelings under shell fire, either on a motor ambulance or while walking with a squad. The swiftness of its approach and the complete uncertainty as to when its bursting fragments will scatter

under the on-coming of a shell a moment of extreme strain. At first one jumped even when the shell was no way dangerous, but after a time you learn to gauge their flight and direction, and the only jumping you do is when necessary—into the nearest ditch.

Then one has countless difficulties to contend with when carrying wounded in. Traversing fields sodden with rain over disused trenches, whose sides are often broken and unsafe, over ditches when the only stepping stones is the still, lifeless body of a fallen friend or foe lying in awful stillness till the battle is over, and these poor victims of a Monarch's madness are gathered into heroes' graves. Shrapnel wounds are terrible in their damage, rending flesh and bone with

cruel power, and the dressing of such wounds sends a pang to one's heart as you imagine what the brave sufferer must be undergoing.

The bravery and endurance of our wounded are beyond praise, their gratitude for any small kindness you may be able to show them so real that the whole sympathy of one's heart comes out unasked, adding a finer quality to one's duties, often rewarded by letters of thanks from convalescent soldiers who may have passed through our hands.

It is a wonderful sight to see the deft fingers of our officers dressing the wounds and giving the wounded by their care and skill the attention so essential for their chances of recovery. There, in

of civil life would scarce recognize the stage artist now showing before delighted audiences.

Pte. Hyam, of Vancouver, is the "funny man" of the outfit, and when at top notch he excels himself. Unpremeditated wit combined with a totally novel method of perambulation, render his turns highly popular.

Ptes. Barrows and Stinson are handy with their feet and clog-dance with zest, and these "Regina Twins," as they are known on the stage, always get a good reception.

Pte. Ben Allen, a singer of excellence, adds to his charm of voice a stage manner of unique quality, and his turns receive at all times the applause his popularity deserves.

Pte. Goode is Hyam's counterpart, and a good second. He delighted his audience one night when he put these words forth with perfect mimicry of our then paymaster, a kind-hearted French-Canadian: "On pay day you salute me, other days you do not see me. Why is it?"

There are others whose personal modesty desires no advertisement of their gifts, but none the less do they contribute to the success of the Third Field Ambulance Concert Party.

With such a troupe it is obvious that to ensure their success there must be a capable stage manager, and in Corp. F. E. Ball of Winnipeg, they have found an excellent one. With the limited conveniences at his disposal he creates a scenic effect highly creditable.

Recently a large concert was held under the patronage of Lieut.-General Alderson, C.B., commanding Canadian Army Corps, and the Canadian prisoners in Germany benefited to the extent of several hundred dollars collected from the large audience of Canadian and Imperial troops.

Thus it will be seen that our Ambulance cares not alone for the bodily wants of the troops but is also able to assist in this mental relaxation so vital to the maintenance of that wonderful British esprit de corps which stamps the forces of our King in all parts of the world.

these small operating rooms, under the heavy handicaps of war, operations have been performed which have saved many a life, and there you see the operator lay aside his military rank and become at once the keen man of science, bending all his powers to assist the maimed and broken.

For us, after the battle is over, there is no tale of glory to be sung, but only the humble record of duty done, unnoticed and too often unrewarded, the worth of which is demonstrated by the wonderful percentage of wounded who are able to return to the firing line.

Thank God all our time is not taken up with tending the wounded, and we get these periods of rest which enable us to keep in trim for our arduous work. During such times we brighten the days with baseball, football and cricket, while the lengthening evenings are beguiled by the enjoyment of a good concert.

Even now, as in the days of Saul, "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and those in high places are only too pleased to encourage concerts and all forms of relaxation for the troops in their periods of rest.

It is remarkable what talent can be found among groups of men, for in our unit alone we have a troupe of performers whose professional excellence is becoming so well known that their services are much in request. Under the guidance of our chaplain, Rev. Capt. McGrier, the musical talent among our boys is producing some wonderful results.

The ambulance lately received into its numbers Pte. "Gitz" Rice, of Montreal, who is exceedingly clever at the piano and who acts as chorus leader for the Ambulance Minstrels. Under his leadership the troupe render glees, madrigals and sundry rich negro American folk-songs in a manner which does credit to everyone concerned.

As you might expect, topical songs and parodies are greatly in request, and here again we have in the ranks of our ambulance a "poet laureate" who loves to prepare copy for his comrades to sing. With blackened faces and costumes of gay colors, it is hard to pick out the dignified staff-sergeants and N.C.O.'s of duty hours as they mix in the merry revel. Such "bon camaraderie" does the boys a world of good.

Staff-Sergt. Millburn, the well-known Winnipeg swimmer, is one of the keenest members of the concert party, singing a pleasant baritone and playing a good tune on the banjo; his sedate confreres



The content of a unit depends upon its officers, and we have been fortunate in having over us men of broad view who, at all times, took a keen interest in their men. Whether in military or recreative matters the members of our corps could always depend upon the support of their officers. The mutual confidence engendered by the participation of the officers in baseball and cricket has proved its value in the service the Third Canadian Field Ambulance has been able to do in the field.

Around the war zone rumor is ever rife, and could one but gather all one hears into the pages of a book, it would be a wondrous tale.

Such is some poor description of what we have come through in the months we have been out here. We all heartily wish the war a speedy end, but not before the power of Germany has forever been humbled, and till that day dawns our services are dedicated to our King and Empire, to do our bit and share in the honest pride of those who one day stand conquerors at last.

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong—Hallelujah."



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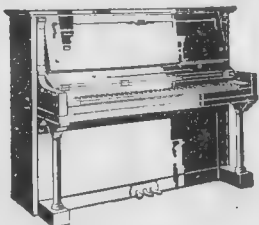
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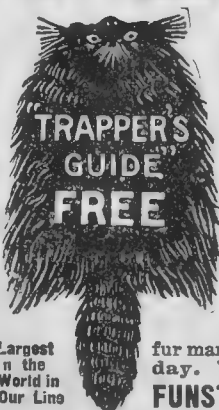


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## Young People

## Miracles

"An egg a chicken! don't tell me!  
For didn't I break an egg to see?  
There was nothing inside but a yellow  
ball,  
With a bit of mucilage round it all—  
Neither beak nor bill,  
Nor toe nor quill,  
Not even a feather  
To hold it together;  
Not a sign of life could any one see.  
An egg a chicken! You can't fool me!

"An egg a chicken! Didn't I pick  
Up the very shell that had held the  
chick  
So they said—didn't I work half a day  
To pack him in where he couldn't stay?  
Let me try as I please,  
With squeeze upon squeeze,  
There is scarce room to meet  
His head and his feet.  
No room for any of the rest of him—so  
The egg never held that chicken, I know."

Mamma heard the logic of her little man,  
Felt his trouble, and helped him a  
mother's can.

Took an egg from the nest — it was  
smooth and round;

"Now, my boy, can you tell me what  
makes this sound?"

Faint and low, tap, tap;  
Sharp and quick,  
Like a prisoner's pick.

"Hear it peep, inside there?" cried Tom  
with a shout,

"How did it get in, and how can it get  
out?"

Tom was eager to help—he could break  
the shell;

Mamma smiled and said, "All's well that  
ends well.

Be patient awhile yet my boy. Click,  
click,

And out popped the head of a dear little  
chick.

No room had it lacked,  
Though snug it was packed;  
There it was, all complete,  
From its head to its feet.

The softest of down, and the brightest  
of eyes,

And so big—why, the shell wasn't half  
its size.

Tom gave a long whistle. "Mamma,  
now I see

That egg is a chicken—though the how  
beats me;

An egg isn't a chicken, that I know and  
declare,

Yet an egg is a chicken—see the proof  
of it there.

Nobody can tell  
How it came in that shell;  
Once out, all in vain  
Would I pack it again.

I think 'tis a miracle, mamma mine?"

Mamma kissed her boy. "It may be  
that we try

Too much reasoning about things, some-  
times, you and I.

There are miracles wrought every day  
for our eyes

That we see without seeing or feeling  
surprise;

And often we must  
Even take on trust  
What we cannot explain  
Very well again.

From the flower to the seed, from the  
seed to the flower,

'Tis a world of miracles every hour."  
—"Youth's Companion."

### Why the Morning Glories wear Pretty Dresses

By Phila Butler Bowman

One day Mary planted a handful of  
morning-glory seeds, and as she was a  
very little girl, she planted them very  
close together, and they lay for a long  
time sleeping very contentedly.

Then, one day the robins came hop-  
ping along the spring lawns, the frogs  
began calling "kr-e-e—kr-e-e" with a  
long thrilling note, telling as plainly as  
they knew how that spring was really  
come; and the dandelions showed them-

selves in the fields, just like pretty gold  
pennies dropped suddenly from a giant  
hand on the green for child fingers to  
pick up. And, one day, the morning-  
glory seeds poked their little green noses  
up above the warm earth and looked  
about them to see what the world was  
like.

They must have found it a very good  
world to live in, for the next morning  
each little seed had unfolded two green  
leaves above a short stem. From that  
day it was wonderful how the little  
green stalks grew; and as they were so  
close together, and each sending out  
tiny tendrils like fingers, they clung to  
each other like little children, not quite  
sure of their way until they became one  
strong, green, swaying vine reaching  
always up toward the sun.

The vine climbed and climbed until

little Mary had to put up a stick for it  
to cling to.

It climbed to the top of the stick and  
sent out little floating tendrils. Then  
the gardener came to help Mary. He  
fastened a long cord to the top of the  
window, and the morning-glory vine kept  
climbing until it stretched above the  
window, and was a beautiful green vine  
with hundreds of pretty leaves.

As it grew, it sent out tiny buds, and  
as the buds grew, they talked to each  
other about the warm sun and the good  
rain and the wind that rocked them in  
their vine cradles.

At night, when little Mary put on her  
white nightgown and cuddled down  
among the pillows, the vine told the buds  
pretty bedtime stories.

It was really bedtime for the buds,  
too, for their eyes were beginning to  
close, so the big vine had wonderful tales  
to tell of the rosy dawn, of the blue sky  
with its white clouds and of the great,  
far, unchanging purple mountains.

How the buds did love the bedtime  
stories! And each day, when they felt  
the warmth of the sun, they would say,  
"Dear Mother-vine, shall we open our  
eyes and blossom to-day?"

And the mother-vine would answer,  
"Oh, no; not yet. You are only buds  
now, and you have no color. You will  
be beautiful when you blossom."

So they talked together in whispers,  
for they were shy at the thought of  
being beautiful

"Oh, if I could be pink and rosy, like  
the dawn!" said one bud. "The vine  
says the color of the dawn is like a rose-  
petal and like the pink of a baby's  
finger."

"Could anything be more lovely than  
that?"

"I should like to be blue," said an-  
other bud. "Would not that be a glad  
color? Blue like the sky, with little  
touches of the white of the clouds, for  
the clouds send us the rain; and the vine

# BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS



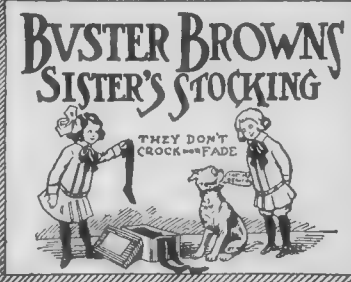
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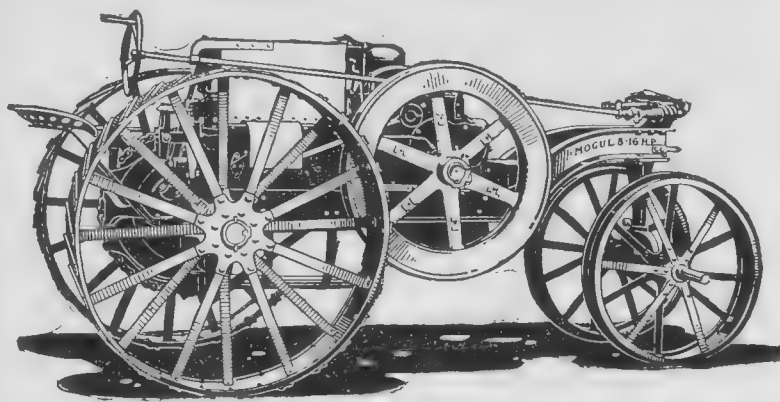
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says she has seen a child with eyes like the blue of the sky. Oh, I hope I may be blue."

"I have thought for days," said a third bud, trembling at his own boldness, "how lovely it would be to have a color like the purple of the mountains. I know that the vine loves the mountains."

One warm night a rain fell very softly and crept to the roots of all the flowers, and before dawn came the rain ceased, and when it was morning, the sunlight broke gloriously over a bright world glistening with raindrops still undried.

Then the morning-glory vine stretched toward the sky in gladness, for everywhere about it hung floating blossoms more wonderful than anything it had dreamed of—blossoms of rose-pink like the dawn, blossoms as lovely as the skies and the eyes of little children. Some had little flecks of white upon the blue. Some had borrowed the deep pink of the heart of the rose, and one, which had

the blossoms, every one, with loving fingers, then went away leaving them growing, and there was a glad light on his face.

But the purple blossoms, ungathered, dropped little seeds when the summer was over, so that when spring came again many more purple blossoms grew.

And if any little child should see a purple morning-glory, he may know it grew from a seed of the morning-glory that loved the purple mountain-tops and thought of them always. And where he sees the blue morning-glory blossoms he will know that they grew from the seeds that loved the blue skies and that the pink blossoms grew from the seeds that loved the rosy dawn.

When sweeping a dusty carpet or rug first scatter pieces of wet newspaper over it and it will then sweep clean without raising dust.



In Santa's Pack of Toys—A Bear, a Duck and a little White Cat

thought of the mountain-tops, was purple, and this blossom, which, as a bud, had been almost too shy to speak, was the largest bloom of all.

Each was like the thing of which it had dreamed. And everyone who looked at the morning-glories saw, as though in a mirror, the thing which had lent to each its color.

"This morning-glory is like the sky at dawn," said a gentle nurse. I will gather it for the sick lad, and he will take heart again."

"See, mother!" cried little Mary, "my morning-glory vine is all in blossom, and I have brought you some flowers that look like bits of the blue sky."

"My little girl always brings mother bits of the blue sky." Mary's mother answered, looking down into her little daughter's eyes as she kissed her. And Mary, kissing back, did not know that mother was thinking of her own blue eyes.

But an old man stood long, and looked at the purple blossoms.

"My eyes are dim," he said, "so that I no longer see my beloved mountains; but the spring has brought me these lovely flowers to remind me that the purple hills are still there." He stroked

### Billy Popgun under the Sea

By Milo Winter

Billy was bewildered by his recent swift journey down into the sea, and by the beauty of the place. He did not move from his seat on Old Moss Back until he was told to slide down to the ground. How light he was on his feet! He could almost float without touching anything. Just an occasional push on the soft moss and weeds would send him drifting about in a most surprising manner. What little uneasiness he may have had at first soon left him, and by seizing a weed now and then and by pulling hard, he rushed through the water like a fish. He went dodging in and out among the great shells and coral-trees until he had quite lost sight of the Turtle.

For a while Billy floated on his back. He was in this position, looking up through the green water at the strange creatures that swam above, when a great shadow slowly came over him, the shadow of some sea-monster with a huge body and many long, waving, snaky arms. This creature was descending on him with all its arms outspread, as if he were bent on entwining Billy with every one of them.

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This is a splendid collection of favorite old-time songs and ballads. Songs that touch the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years and just as dearly loved to-day as when they were written.

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Escape seemed impossible, for the monster followed him when he tried to slip away.

Billy seized his popgun and, with a frantic struggle, managed to point it full at a huge eye that was fixed upon him. Instantly the great body moved rapidly upward and faded into the green water above. Then another form came charging through the weeds. It was Old Moss Back.

"Well, you surely had a narrow escape that time, my boy! That was the old miser, Octopus." Billy shuddered, but Old Moss Back continued: "I have something much more beautiful to look at and to think about than the Octopus. You have nearly forgotten that we came down here to see my treasure-rooms. I have a very beautiful one hidden behind that sea-fan!"



My little pet hen, she likes to whisper in my ear

At that moment a wild-eyed Catfish ran between Billy's legs, nearly upsetting him with its tail, and darted past, with a Dogfish in full pursuit. A Sea Horse that was peacefully standing under a spreading coral-tree was so frightened by the chase that it reared up several times and dashed away out of sight. This was all so natural that it made Billy feel quite at home.

Now for the treasure-room.\* Billy found himself peering into it with his eyes wide open. Such a collection of shells and sea-plants he had never even dreamed of. A heap of great pearls lay in an open shell. Old Moss Back invited Billy to take his choice of them to carry home, as a reward for his services to the little Moss People. After long consideration, he picked out one that seemed a little rounder and more perfect than any one of the others.

"Oh! What a pretty marble this will make! No," he thought, "I will not use it for a marble, but give it to my mother. Yes, that would be much more fun." He told his plan to the Turtle.

"Ho! I thought you might like to do that," said Old Moss Back.

Billy wanted to take a few more for his friends, but that would not be right; so he comforted himself with the idea that his mother would let each of his friends take the pearl to play with. Then he remembered having seen a poor ragged little Sea Urchin outside the treasure-room. When he thought of all this wealth so near at hand, his pity for the poor Urchin was so greatly aroused that he told the kind-hearted Old Moss Back about him.

"Do whatever you like, but let us hurry, for the light is fading and we must be going," was the reply. So Billy gave the delighted little fellow a pearl. Then placing his own carefully under his arm, and holding his gun tightly in his hand, he climbed on Old Moss Back's shell. Up they started, and then suddenly burst into the air. Oh, how the wind was blowing! A great wave towered over them, and came thundering down with such force that Billy and Old Moss Back were hurled apart and sent spinning through the air and spray.

**Relief for the Depressed.**—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

### The Prescription of Prue

Ever since the Kennedy young people could remember, Grandmother Kennedy had been their dearest comrade. She was a tiny, sprightly woman, with a heart as gay as a child's and an infinite variety of most desirable accomplishments, from the making of delicious "cocked-hat" pies and marvellous gowns for tableaux to the singing of half-mournful but wholly fascinating Scottish ballads.

Somehow it never seemed possible to any of them that grandmother could ever change, and when one winter she nearly slipped from them, the family could not do enough to show their devotion. They found a hundred ways of petting her—they hardly permitted her to lift a finger for herself; as she became able to get about the house, they followed her round with wraps, and shielded her from drafts, and pursued her with easy chairs and footstools.

Yet in spite of it all, although she was always grateful, grandmother was not happy. Her old sparkle and sauciness were gone, and in unguarded moments they found her brooding, with a look that went to their hearts.

"What more can we do?" Constance asked, sadly, of her mother. "There isn't a thing she can possibly want that we don't try to discover before she does, and fly to do it for her."

"It's just—that grandmother's old, dear," Mrs. Kennedy answered. "We never realized it before, but this illness has shown us. We can't expect her to be the same again."

There was one member of the family, however, who refused to accept this conclusion, and that was eighteen-year-old Prue, who had been her grandmother's particular chum. Under her tumbled, red-brown hair, Prue was thinking hard. It was a long time before she had an opportunity to put her conclusions into practise, but at last the moment came, upon a morning when everybody else was out. Prue went into grandmother's room and perched upon the arm of her chair.

"Grandma," she said, "I want some real old-fashioned, puffy molasses cookies."



A little rest Prince, before we try the hill

Grandmother looked startled, then half-frightened, then excited. "Prue," she cried, "do you think I could—"

"Come down to the kitchen this minute," Prue commanded, "and you needn't wear a shoulder shawl, either!"

It was a glorious hour that followed. Grandmother made the cookies, and Prue ate three hot, and gave some to the grocer's boy. And just as they took out the last ones, Mrs. Kennedy returned.

"Why, mother!" she cried, in consternation.

Grandmother looked up triumphantly. "They're the best I ever made!" she declared. "I'm not on the shelf yet, Clara!"

### How to Clean a Fur-Lined Coat

Never press a fur-lined coat. It will ruin the skins. Take a very wet sponge and go over the garment thoroughly, if it has become very wrinkled or soiled, then hang on a form in the open air. It will look like a new coat when dry.

# What is an Internal Bath?

By W. R. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but, strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference, or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection" and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English, this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy, and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an internal bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and the WAY, OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 255, 280 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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## Woman and the Home

### How the Ex-Baby Feels

By Anne Guilbert Mahon

"I suppose Edward will take on dreadfully when he sees the new baby," said an easy going mother of her two-year-old child.

"It was just so with the two older boys," she continued. "James was so jealous of Thomas when he came that we could not leave him alone in the room with him. I expect Edward will be the same."

And Edward was. He fulfilled all his mother's expectations for him. He followed out the course of conduct suggested by her to the utmost extent. When he saw the new baby for the first time, occupying his accustomed place in mother's arms, cuddled against her cheeks—taking his place—he cried and stormed and showed in every way his disapproval. For the first few days, whenever the baby was brought near him, he would hide his face and refuse to look at him. Just old enough to grasp the meaning of the remark made by his older brothers and sisters that "Mother has a new baby now," and the laughing innuendoes of the older ones about his "jealousy," he felt that it was incumbent upon him to act as he did, that the baby

supplanting, and the father and mother made the little fellow feel that just as the new baby had his own place in the household, so he had in their hearts, a place entirely distinct and separate from the one Roger occupied and in no way detracting from him.

Roger was now "mother's little man," "mother's little helper," "mother's dear boy"—a place filled solely by himself. No suggestion that baby was usurping his rights, no intimation that there was cause for feeling or jealousy, was ever expressed before him and he never showed the slightest trace of it. He had his own little bed, his own toys, his own belongings, and his own place in father's and mother's hearts. His only feelings for the new baby were those of love and pride. Again and again he would run up to his mother's side and beg to "just kiss baby brother," and when the day came that mother put him out on the porch—with the gate shut—to play and "to take care of and watch baby brother" while the latter lay in his coach, Roger was a proud and happy boy. Never for a moment did his mother fear to trust him alone with "baby brother." She knew he loved him truly and would look after him to the best of his childish ability.

How hard it is made for some of the poor little "ex-babies"! How thoughtless



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## Oily skin and shiny nose

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That bug-bear of so many—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes. Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Begin tonight the following Woodbury treatment. You will feel the difference in your skin the first time you use it.

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

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was really an interloper, a supplanter. It was only natural that he should dislike the new arrival and even as his mother had predicted, he could not be trusted to be in the room alone with the baby. On several occasions he tried to pinch and scratch the little helpless mite, when he was called "a bad boy" and "jealous," punished and scolded until finally, through many hardships and much bitterness, he became used to the thought that he was supplanted and that "mother had a new baby."

Poor little Edward! His mother loves him devotedly. She is a good mother, but she does not realize the feelings of the poor little supplanted "ex-baby."

Only a few doors away from Edward lives another "ex-baby," just his age, but what a difference there is between the two!

Before Roger's baby brother came, his mother talked to him often—little as he was—of how nice it would be for him to have a little brother or sister, how they would love the dear little baby to come into their home to cherish and to take care of, how he would help mother care for it. Roger looked forward with the most eager expectancy to the arrival of the little stranger, whom he was to love, and help care for, and who, in time, would be a companion for him.

His mother made it very plain how much she loved Roger, that no one could ever take his place with her, she would always love him just as much, but she prepared his baby mind gradually, lovingly, tactfully so that when the tiny brother did arrive he was greeted with joy and affection.

Roger realized that the baby's place was entirely distinct from his own. The baby had his own little crib, his own little belongings, his own little clothes—all had their place, and Roger and his belongings had their places. There was no feeling of

grown people often are of their feelings—how blind to their childish standpoints! There are even now grown people who tease and joke a child over the advent of a new baby, telling him that his "nose is out of joint" and that "mother has a new baby and doesn't care for you now." They do not realize, of course, how cruel it is, what effect it has on the child's sensitive little nature, what feelings of bitterness and hatred toward the newcomer it sometimes arouses in him. A wise mother never permits any such thoughtless remarks to be made in the child's presence, or, if they should be made inadvertently, she is quick to explain and make the child see that he is none the less dear because there is another little one to be cared for.

One very sensitive little girl of three years gazed silently and wistfully at the new baby sister, then she remarked sadly: "Do you wish you didn't have me, mother?"

Poor, little "ex-babies"! They need mother's love and care especially at this trying time. To be deprived of mother's presence even for a short time, to have to give place to another when they are teething or fretful or tired—a place which they had come to know as supremely their own—is a bitter experience. It is a hard, hard time for them, but it can be made so much easier if mothers prepare them for it gradually and tenderly, and, like little Roger's mother, make them feel for, love and be proud of the new baby, rather than to consider it an unwelcome interloper.

Extra love must be shown to the older child after the arrival of the new baby. In no way should he be made to feel that he is any less dear. He should be treated with even greater affection than ever and, also, made to feel that he is a little "comrade."

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly.  
It pleases everyone, it will delight him or her also.



It is a trying experience in the life of a child, but it can be met and conquered, as can everything else, by the power of love—"the greatest thing in the world"—love of the mother for the child, and love of the child for the new little baby.

### Washing Dishes

Soda added to dish water imparts a polish to dishes, so pleasing to dainty housekeepers, but it should not be used in washing dishes decorated with gold.

### THE MARTYR

(Oct. 12, 1915.)

Clad in the garb of service,  
See her go,  
She who had soothed the pain  
Of friend and foe,  
Firm, with a step unflinching  
To her death,  
With quiet beat of heart  
And even breath.  
"I do not fear to die!"  
Her words ring clear  
In that dark hour before

To see her stand  
Fearless while they obey  
Their Lord's command.  
She sleeps as heroes sleep,  
In far Ixelles,  
While all the world must weep  
For her—Edith Cavell!  
Hark! at the sound of that  
Immortal name,  
All patriots' ardor leaps  
Afresh to flame—



Miss Edith Cavell, the British nurse who was executed by the Germans. She was known as the Florence Nightingale of Brussels. At the end Miss Cavell said: "I am happy to die for my country."

The day is here,  
O darkest hour, fit for  
Such a crime!  
Foul deed that tops the horror  
Of all time!  
The firing squad, men of the  
Landstrum there,  
Gray sires of daughters also  
Young and fair,  
Felt the tears spring and sting

New millions hasten to avenge  
That volley's sound  
Whose frightful echoes speed  
All earth around—  
And down the coming ages men shall  
tell  
How brave Cavell  
Stood in the martyrs' ranks and fell—  
In far Ixelles!

MARTHA YOUNG.

### To Prevent Glass from Cracking

Put a silver spoon in when any hot liquid is to be poured into the glass, pouring directly on the bowl of the spoon. The heat will not crack the glass in this way.

### For Ferns

To make your ferns grow rapidly, and look green and bright, put two raw oysters, chopped fine, into the pot with the fern about every two or three weeks, and give plenty of water.

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## About the Farm

### Hints on Harness

It is of some importance that horses should be quite comfortable in their harness. Brown leather which is tanned without the addition of artificial coloring should be preferred to black leather which is produced by the use of a dye, into the composition of which iron enters largely, and which has a tendency to injure the surface of the leather. In some cases the surface of some leather peels right off, owing to the dye having gone too deep, or to neglect on the part of the tanner. With good leather and well-made harness, care and attention will keep it in good order for a long while. The harness should not be hung up by the straps, or left out in the weather. There should be a proper place in the stable to keep it when not in use. If it gets mud on, scrape as much as possible off with a very blunt knife or piece of hard wood cut into convenient shape, then use warm water. The water should not be hot, and is best applied with a sponge or soft brush. Place the harness where it will be dry—not too close to a fire—and give it a coat of neatsfoot oil or other

spoiled. There are various other kinds of rivets, or staples, for mending harness, but none equal to the copper rivet for strength and durability. In rivetting the reins the work requires to be well and neatly done, otherwise the rivets might catch and cause an accident.—The Farmer's Gazette.

### Wintering Garden Roots

Where beets, not the hardiest of roots, are found to preserve their flavor and freshness best in the soil during the winter (and that is very often the case where the soil is fairly porous), it is a good plan to lift each other row and store the roots in dry sand or ashes in a cool shed, then carefully earth up the remaining rows, drawing the leaves erect and covering up the crowns fully six inches deep with soil. So treated, we have found beets stand hard weather very well. Parsnips, too, also keep best in the soil if it be not too retentive or wet. They may be earthed up in the same way as recommended for beets, while



Aberdeen Angus Cattle on a farm at Golden Stream, Man.

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

animal fat. This dries in and nourishes the leather. Mineral or vegetable oil is not good. The harness dressing, applied with sponge or clean cloth, improves the appearance of the leather. The buckles, hames, and other parts made of nickel or German silver are better to be cleaned with polishing paste. Rub the tongues of the buckles with an oiled rag. Buckle the collar, and, where possible, shift the straps occasionally, so as to buckle into different holes.

In regard to fitting collars, most horse owners want a collar larger than necessary. For draft horses the pipe collar is, perhaps, best, as it is in the shape of the horse's neck, whereas the round collar is not. A new collar is better to fit fairly tight, as it gets larger with use, whereas a collar that is too large cannot be made to fit without chafing at some point. Some ask that the collar be lined soft, but the firmer the collar, providing it fits the horse, the better. In regard to repairs, the copper rivet, properly used, is a very useful article. Often, however, they are used too long, with the result that the shank bends, and will not bear up as it should do. For joining two pieces of medium leather a  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch rivet will do, but for stout leather use  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rivets. A No. 4 saddler's punch, a piece of lead or hard wood to punch on, a rivet set, a cutting tool, and a hammer are all that are required for mending work. If hard wood is used for punching on, they require to punch with the grain, or the tool will be

turnips may receive similar treatment. In the case of large carrots that have been raised from seed sown in the spring these are best out of the ground, as they are so liable to split. Those, however, from a July sowing do well if left in the ground and given a slight covering of litter or bracken when severe weather threatens. In some gardens it is an excellent plan to lift all the roots from the open ground and lay them in thickly under overhanging trees, as these afford some protection from frost. A good coating of dry leaves over the roots keeps them safe. Too often roots are stored in cellars, where the atmosphere is dry and warm, and this causes them to shrivel and robs them of all their flavor and freshness.

### Value of Green Manure

By H. A. Bereman

A friend who owns a farm in a northern state remarked recently with considerable pride that he had plowed under a crop of green rye last fall to enrich a portion of his land.

I couldn't help thinking what a good farmer he is to understand the importance of maintaining the productive power of his soil, but that how much better off his soil would be this year and in subsequent years had he made it clover or some other legume crop instead of rye.

The legume crop would create about the same amount of humus (which is



all he will get from his rye) and in addition it would increase the nitrogen content of the soil enough to grow ten to twenty bushels more corn to the acre.

Nearly all soils, especially sandy and light loam soils, need more nitrogen. It is the limiting element in practically all normal soils throughout the United States. Nitrogen is added to the soil from stable manure and from fertilizers such as blood-meal and sodium nitrate.

The ordinary grain and hay farmer cannot afford to purchase commercial fertilizers, especially nitrogen at the prevailing price of fifteen cents a pound. Neither can he produce enough manure to keep up the supply of this essential plant food. From all the stock he can crowd into his feedlot, he can never get enough manure to keep up the fertility of his farm without resorting to purchased feeds. It is absolutely unchallenged that no land was ever made rich by manure produced from animals fed exclusively on the crops grown on that land.

Therefore to increase crop yields with economy, the farmer of to-morrow must resort to the use of these green manures which have the power to appropriate from the atmosphere its free nitrogen and convert it into soluble forms. This means legume crops turned,

necessity of this vegetable is a cool storage. A temperature of forty-five degrees is disastrous. Thirty-five to forty degrees are allowable for the best keeping of celery. A box may be turned over to keep the tops from wilting, or wet blankets may be hung near by. Celery thus treated begins to grow in two or three weeks forming new stalks at the heart while the outside ones decay.

Salsify, parsnips, carrots and beets all need storing in sand or soil, and parsnips are much better flavored in the spring than they are in the winter. Spring seems the proper time to use parsnips, and in many places these can be kept in the ground, by being protected.—Rose Sulye Miller.

#### A Talk to the Boys

Are you going to wait until you grow up before you go into business?

That's a long time to wait.

Why not start now and learn now while mistakes are not as fatal?

Get your father to let you take care of the poultry this winter. If he is the right kind of a father he will be only too glad to let you take hold of the work. And then make a business of them.



In the cattle yard, ready to be shipped to the market

under root and branch—not merely stubble. The seed of clover, alfalfa, vetch, field-peas, cow-peas, soy-beans and the rest of the family, are more expensive than that of rye, sorghum, etc., but the increased returns will more than cover the difference in cost.

#### Keeping Vegetables

It is often a problem to know how to keep our winter vegetables after we have grown them. The outside root cellar is the best for many of them. Cabbage needs to be kept just above freezing point and in open crates. If kept in a warm cellar and packed closely they will rot. Turnips and potatoes both keep best in a place just above freezing. While pumpkin, squash sweet potatoes need a warm, dry place, a temperature of fifty or more is good for these vegetables. It is better that they should not touch each other. The shells of pumpkins and squash continue to harden, and the harder they are the better they keep. The softer shelled squashes and pumpkins should be used first, as they will soon spoil if kept. Onions keep best spread out in layers or open crates where they may have free air circulation, dry and moderately warm is the requirement of the onion for good keeping.

Celery should be lifted with a share of the root on it and with the earth still clinging to it. It may be packed in boxes, with the earth tight about it. Celery should be kept out as long as it can be kept from freezing, and the

First, catch all those mongrel and long toe-nailed hens and give them to the church supper for a stew. They don't lay any eggs. They are only loafers who eat up all the profits which the good hens make for you. No business man would keep a stock of shoes that he couldn't sell at a profit. There is no more reason why you should keep hens around the place that don't pay.

Then fix up the poultry house so that it is dry and clean. No business man would keep his goods in a leaky store. How much more important it is that your poultry be kept clean and dry.

And last, but not least, make some money out of it. Get your father to give you everything you make above what were his last year's profits. You are a stockholder in the company, tell him, and you want your share of the profits. When he sees the fairness of the proposition, he can't very well refuse.

Get into business for yourself this winter—the poultry business. Give your hens comfortable quarters. Feed them right and care for them carefully. And if you don't make a success of them, you aren't the business man we think you are.

Conquers Asthma. To be relieved from the terrible suffocating due to asthma is a great thing, but to be safeguarded for the future is even greater. Not only does Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy bring prompt relief, but it actually gives a new era of life to the afflicted. Systematic inhaling of smoke or fumes from the remedy prevents reattacks and often effects a permanent cure.

## Gombault's Caustic Balsam

The Worlds Greatest and Surest

Veterinary Remedy

HAS IMITATORS BUT NO COMPETITORS!

SAFE, SPEEDY AND POSITIVE.

Supersedes All Caustery or Firing. Invaluable as a CURE for

FOUNDER,  
WIND PUFFS,  
THRUSH,  
DIPHTHERIA,  
SKIN DISEASES,  
RINGBONE,  
PINK EYE,  
SWEENEY,  
BONY TUMORS,  
LAMENESS FROM  
SPAVIN,  
QUARTER CRACKS,  
SCRATCHES,  
POLL EVIL,  
PARASITES.

REMOVES

BUNCHES or  
BLEMISHES,  
SPLINTS,  
CAPPED HOCK,  
STRAINED TENDONS.

SAFE FOR ANYONE TO USE.

THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

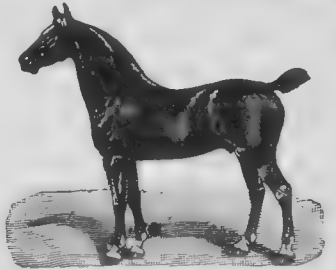
I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success.  
CHAS. MOTT, Manager,  
Mayfield Stud Farm, Leesburg, Va.

We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

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VETERINARY REMEDY

Always Reliable.

Sure In Results.



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The Lawrence-Williams Co.  
Sole Importers & Proprietors for the  
U.S. & CANADA. CLEVELAND, O.

CURED CURB WITH TWO APPLICATIONS.

Have used your GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWER, Evergreen, Ill.

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Eastern States

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Standard Electric Lighted Trains.

All Modern Conveniences

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# "The Taking of the Guns"

The charge of the Ninth Lancers against German guns in the neighborhood of Mons during the early days of the British operations at the front will live in history among the most heroic deeds of our army. It will also live in poetry, like the Balaklava charge, for William Watson has made it the subject of some stirring lines. "At the cannon in ambush our horsemen spurred, knights of liberty, glory's sons, and slew the gunners beside their guns." The Ninth Lancers had been covering the retreat of the infantry when they were told by their colonel that eleven German guns, on the outskirts of a wood about a mile away, must be taken, and the bugle sounded for the charge. The Lancers dashed forward amid a hail of shrapnel and rifle bullets, riding down the enemy's infantry. As they approached the guns, many of the gunners ran into the woods, but those who remained were cut to pieces. After putting the guns out of action, the Lancers rode back under a fierce fire from other guns on their flank.

## This Thrilling Picture

By R. Caton Woodville

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## "The Taking of the Guns" The Farmers' Weekly Telegram

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When we arranged with The Farmers' Weekly Telegram of Winnipeg for a clubbing offer with Western Home Monthly and offered both papers to the end of 1916 for \$1.00, we were of the opinion that we had offered a sensational newspaper bargain, but now that the wonderful production, "The Taking of the Guns," is included free with a subscription to these papers, we have reached the point where it is a duty that every reader owes the home in which (he or she) resides, to provide it with this beautiful and thrilling picture and these two publications for the next year.

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### The Yields of 1915

The season just closed has been one of the most peculiar—it has puzzled "the old timer" in more ways than one. Opening fine, the crops as a general thing were in not only early but in good form. Later drouth set in, the grub created havoc, and so on it went the summer through. At times the farmer was led to shout for joy at the prospect; then his hands went up in horror at what was in view. It was a season of ups and downs, trying the patience of the most faithful. On the whole it has turned out all right—more than all right in some districts, as there is in a number of instances more than a double return of the average yield.

As showing how great have been the returns, we below give the yields as recorded from various districts. The returns are taken from the weekly newspapers published at, or near, the places quoted, and most of them are from the issues of Oct. 20, 21, and 22, so that it cannot be said that one paper has been trying to beat another in boosting the respective districts. The figures quoted after the places are the bushels per acre—none less than 40 being given:—

|                          |        |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Binscarth, Man. ....     | 50     |
| Bird's Hill, Man. ....   | 75     |
| Bow Island, Alta. ....   | 42     |
| Brock, Sask. ....        | 40     |
| Burdett, Alta. ....      | 65     |
| Carmanagay, Alta. ....   | 62     |
| Coblenz, Sask. ....      | 48     |
| Cowley, Alta. ....       | 63     |
| Cupar, Sask. ....        | 50     |
| Cypress River, Man. .... | 40     |
| Dauphin, Man. ....       | 78     |
| Durban, Man. ....        | 50     |
| Hartney, Man. ....       | 45     |
| Hillburn, Sask. ....     | 43 1/2 |
| Isafold, Man. ....       | 70     |
| Kenville, Man. ....      | 61     |
| Lacombe, Alta. ....      | 78     |
| Lakeland, Man. ....      | 62     |
| Lethbridge, Alta. ....   | 76     |
| Macleod, Alta. ....      | 45     |
| Magrath, Alta. ....      | 60     |
| Maleb, Alta. ....        | 54     |
| Melfort, Sask. ....      | 50     |
| Merridale, Man. ....     | 69     |
| Millwood, Man. ....      | 62     |
| Minnedosa, Man. ....     | 55     |
| Monarch, Alta. ....      | 50     |
| Oak Lake, Man. ....      | 50     |
| Oakland, Man. ....       | 63 1/4 |
| Okotoks, Alta. ....      | 78     |
| Pense, Sask. ....        | 64     |
| Prosby, Alta. ....       | 81     |
| Qu'Appelle, Sask. ....   | 42     |
| Raymond, Alta. ....      | 52     |
| Retlaw, Alta. ....       | 60     |
| Riverfront, Sask. ....   | 52     |
| Richard, Sask. ....      | 51     |
| Roland, Man. ....        | 56     |
| Rosburn, Man. ....       | 60     |
| Russell, Man. ....       | 45     |
| Sheho, Sask. ....        | 49     |
| Shoal Lake, Man. ....    | 52     |
| Sundial, Alta. ....      | 60     |
| Swan River, Man. ....    | 70     |
| Taber, Alta. ....        | 50     |
| Tripola, Alta. ....      | 67     |
| Winnifred, Alta. ....    | 61     |
| Woodrow, Sask. ....      | 51     |

While the figures are high, particularly when it is known that the average for the 1914 crop throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was 15.07 bushels (that for the Dominion being 15.67 bushels) and that for Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota 10.05 bushels.

And the grade is all well up, considerable being at the top notch.

### What to Feed

Feed in deep litter, 2 lbs. corn and 2 lbs. wheat, 1 lb. of oats and 1 lb. of barley. Feed light in the morning and heavy at night.

Many children die from the assaults of worms and the first care of mothers should be to see that their infants are free from these pests. A vermifuge that can be depended on is Miller's Worm Powders. They will not only expel worms from the system, but act as a health-giving medicine and a remedy for many of the ailments that beset infants, enfeebling them and endangering their lives.



## Bran Is Nature's Way

Drug laxatives are artificial, and some are habit-forming. Bran is a vital part of wheat.

The most effective form is bran flakes—unground bran. That's what you get in Pettijohn's. And you get it hidden in luscious soft wheat flakes.

This morning dainty brightens every day it starts. Everyone will welcome its taste and its effect.

A week of Pettijohn's will show you that right living requires bran. Prove it now.

# Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat With Bran Flakes

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps for a package by parcel post. We'll then ask your store to supply it. Address

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

East of Manitoba, Peterborough, Ont.  
West of Ontario, Saskatoon, Sask.

# Wheat City Business College

BRANDON, MAN.

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at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book. **FREE BOOK** describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, \$35 and up.

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Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS**

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Collingwood, Ont.

## Don't Whip Children

Or Scold older Persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send no money. Address:

ZEMETO CO., Dept. 40, Milwaukee, Wis.

## PATENTS

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WINNIPEG

## GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative, used as directed, is guaranteed to restore gray hair to its natural color or money refunded. Positively not a dye and non-injurious. Price \$1.00 post-paid. Write Tremain Supply Co., Dept. 27, Toronto Ont.



## Why House Plants Fall

An attempt to grow plants in the living-room of the home frequently results in their speedy death and a keen disappointment to the grower. Success demands that a temperature of sixty-five to seventy degrees be maintained during the daytime, with a drop of ten to fifteen degrees during the night; fifty degrees is as low a temperature as most plants can successfully stand. Incidentally, these temperatures are the best for the health of the family.

Too often the temperature of the living-room reaches seventy-five or eighty degrees during the winter months. Such temperatures are almost invariably accompanied by a low percentage of humidity in the atmosphere, and the soil in the pots dries rapidly in consequence, for not only are the plants transpiring much water through their leaves, but water also evaporates from the surface of the soil and through the porous clay of the pots. Rapid fluctuations of soil moisture are extremely bad for the health of plants. The worst result of this condition is dry soil in the bottom of the pot, for too frequently house-plant watering consists merely in pouring a little water on the surface of the soil, not enough to reach down to the bottom.

Dryness of the soil is best determined by the gardeners' method. Hit the pot a sharp blow with the knuckles of the first and second fingers. If the sound is hollow,

## Artificial Milk

A discovery which should prove of great interest to housewives and mothers has recently been brought to perfection in a London chemical laboratory. This is a process of manufacturing synthetically a pure and wholesome milk of high nutritive value, possessing all the virtues of the original article, none of its many dangers.

The discovery (says the "Times") originated many years ago as the result of the ingenuity of a Chinaman who saw a possible substitute for milk in the native drink prepared from the soya bean. His efforts, however, met with only partial success, owing to the fact that the fluid prepared by him had an exceedingly penetrating and—to Western palates—disagreeable taste. It was left to a German chemist to lay the foundations of the present synthetic milk by suggesting a composite fluid, made up of all the ingredients of cow's milk in correct proportion.

This suggestion was widely discussed about two years ago, but the many obvious difficulties standing in the way of its realization caused the public to regard it more as a dream than a possibility. One or two chemists, however, attracted by the idea, continued to work at the subject, with the result that synthetic milk is now an accomplished fact.

## CROP RETURNS FOR FIVE YEARS

The following table gives the average yields of spring wheat to the acre in the Provinces and Dominion of Canada, and the wheat-producing States and the U.S. as a whole for the past five years.

| CANADA.                    | 1910. | 1911. | 1912. | 1913. | 1914. |
|----------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Prince Edward Island ..... | 17.45 | 19.26 | 18.39 | 19.62 | 25.28 |
| Nova Scotia .....          | 18.29 | 21.05 | 20.19 | 20.50 | 21.87 |
| New Brunswick .....        | 18.19 | 20.39 | 18.11 | 20.72 | 18.57 |
| Quebec .....               | 14.85 | 17.73 | 16.17 | 18.17 | 18.00 |
| Ontario .....              | 23.50 | 20.95 | 20.63 | 23.91 | 21.51 |
| Manitoba .....             | 12.35 | 20.22 | 22.20 | 19.01 | 14.75 |
| Saskatchewan .....         | 11.66 | 22.00 | 21.56 | 23.57 | 15.50 |
| Alberta .....              | 11.35 | 25.28 | 21.83 | 21.00 | 21.30 |
| British Columbia .....     | 21.40 | 26.73 | 30.33 | 26.67 | 27.77 |
| Canada .....               | 14.16 | 20.64 | 20.32 | 20.81 | 15.07 |
| UNITED STATES.             | 1910. | 1911. | 1912. | 1913. | 1914. |
| Iowa .....                 | 20.9  | 13.8  | 17.0  | 17.0  | 13.5  |
| Kansas .....               | 8.4   | 4.2   | 15.0  | 8.5   | 15.0  |
| Minnesota .....            | 16.0  | 10.1  | 15.5  | 16.2  | 10.5  |
| Nebraska .....             | 13.9  | 10.0  | 14.1  | 12.0  | 11.5  |
| North Dakota .....         | 5.0   | 8.0   | 18.0  | 10.5  | 11.4  |
| South Dakota .....         | 12.8  | 4.0   | 14.2  | 9.0   | 9.3   |
| United States .....        | 11.0  | 9.4   | 17.2  | 13.0  | 12.1  |

the soil is dry; if dead, there is sufficient moisture. When the soil is thoroughly dry, the only sure way to water the plant is to place it for several minutes in a pail containing enough water to cover the pot.

Moisture can be supplied to the atmosphere by keeping a dish of water on or near the stove, where it will evaporate readily. Most furnaces have a place for water in the jacket which will need filling daily. Plants usually thrive in the kitchen because of the moisture the atmosphere derives from the steam of the tea-kettle and the pots.

Gas is an enemy of house plants—either coal or illuminating gas—and it will retard growth and prevent the opening of flower-buds even when present in such small quantities that it cannot be smelled.

Fresh air is essential. Ventilate the room by leaving a door or window open just a little, but never allow a draft to cross the plants. Like gas, drafts cause "blasting" of the buds as well as browning of the leaves.

The leaves are plants' lungs, and they must be kept clean. The surface of each leaf is filled with minute pores through which respiration and transpiration take place. Sponging the leaves frequently with clean water will be sufficient with, perhaps, a weekly syringing, which should be done with the plants in a sink or bathtub. Rubbing the leaves with any oily substance to make them shine is unnecessary, for a clean, healthy leaf will have abundant gloss. The grease clogs the pores, preventing the leaves from performing their proper functions.

To obtain a well-balanced plant, turn it half-way round each day, for plants in a window grow toward the light.

The fluid, as far as its appearance is concerned, is quite indistinguishable from rich cow's milk. It is delightfully smooth on the palate. On the other hand the taste seems to some persons slightly different from that of ordinary cow's milk. It is said that even this slight "taste" can be removed at will.

## Introduction of Bacteria

The new milk has been built up from a basis of casein obtained from the soya bean. The beans are treated by a special process whereby all oil and waste matter are removed and only the pure casein left. To this basis are added in exact proportions fatty acids, sugars, and salts, and emulsification is carried out.

The difficulty of producing a perfect emulsion (milk is one of the most perfect emulsions known) has been completely overcome, the new fluid satisfying every test in this direction, even to the extent of refusing to "cream."

Milk, however, is something more than a food substance; it is a living fluid containing a definite strain of bacteria which assist in its digestion. In order that the synthetic milk may approximate in all respects to the real milk, bacteria of the required strains, including the lactic acid (sour milk) bacilli rendered famous by Metchnikoff a few years ago, are introduced to the fluid and permitted to act upon it until it reaches exactly that state of what may be termed maturity at which fresh cow's milk is obtained. That it is indeed a real milk is proved by the fact that excellent cheese and "butter" can be made from it.

Your Lane, Blemished Horses  
Need Attention Now

Don't delay—it's easier and cheaper to treat blemishes before they become deep-seated. A few applications of **ABSORBINE** well rubbed in acts quickly and effectively without blistering or laying up the horse. **ABSORBINE** is concentrated—handy and economical to use. A few drops is all that is required at an application.

**ABSORBINE**  
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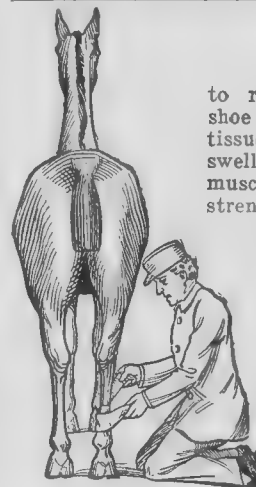
## THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

is used by successful trainers, breeders and horse owners the world over—it has increased the working and selling value of thousands of horses—it has helped many horses to break records on the track and, incidentally, has made money for its users. **ABSORBINE** itself has a record of twenty-five years' service in producing successful results.

## WHAT USERS SAY:

Mr. Chas. Lawrence, Paoli, Pa.:  
"I have successfully used your Absorbine on a big knee of six months' standing. It certainly is the most remarkable liniment I ever used."

Mr. R. J. Crabtree, Maroa, Ill.:  
"I have never used anything equal to Absorbine for thoroughpin. I removed one of a year's standing. I would not be without it, and have recommended it to my neighbors and friends."



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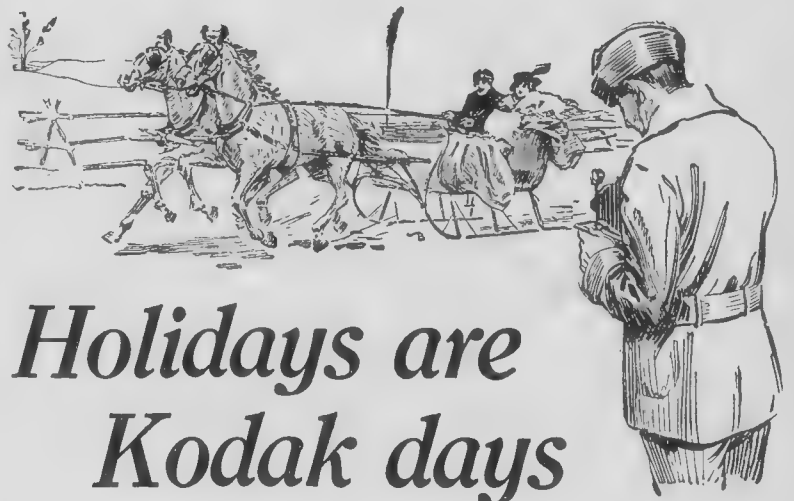
to reduce sprains, bog spavins, thoroughpins, puffs, shoe boils, capped hocks, swollen glands, thickened tissues, rheumatic deposits, enlarged veins, painful swellings, strained, ruptured tendons, ligaments or muscles; to allay pain and stop lameness; to strengthen any part that needs it.

**ABSORBINE \$2.00 A BOTTLE**

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**INVALIDS' PORT**

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has won the confidence of the Canadian Medical Profession by the reason of the high standard of excellence of this tonic-reconstituent.

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Big Bottle Ask YOUR Doctor All Druggists

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**BENGER'S**

One of the most valuable foods known to the Medical Profession.—"The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Benger's Food is distinguished from the others by the ease with which it can be digested and absorbed.

**BENGER'S FOOD IS FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS,** and all whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or advancing age.

Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants" and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents and the Aged. Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, Eng.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

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W. J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent

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Winnipeg, Man.

Tickets to the OLD COUNTRY on sale Nov. 15th to Dec. 31st.

### The Woman at the Desk

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., (Johns Hopkins University).

"I'm so tired," said a young newspaper woman to me one day. "I declare I don't know what is the matter with me—I never used to feel this way. I ache from head to foot, and I haven't the energy to do a thing."

I looked at her in some surprise. Three months before, the last time I had seen her, she had been in excellent health—ruddy cheeks, firm erect carriage, and an air of vitality and youth that was contagious. Now her color was gone; she looked anemic, pale, and her body was lax and inert in a way that spoke more eloquently than her words.

"You're discouraged," I hazarded.

Her eyes flashed an indignant denial.

"You've worked too hard, then?"

"No—not as much in fact. I've been mostly at my desk lately."

I began to see light.

"Just how do you sit?" I questioned.

"Sit? Why, I don't know—any way at all."

There it was—the secret of her persistent weariness. "I sit any way at all." Shoulders bent, knees crossed, head lowered and strained forward—the same position that is accountable for the majority of the ills of the working woman.

Not only does the woman who is chronically tired lose all of her good looks, youth and health, but she foregoes what is, perhaps, of much greater importance to her—her personal vigor, force, aggressiveness and will power. Associated with this lack of will power, there soon appears hesitation, indecision, a marked irritability and timidity. The tired woman is a cross woman, and moreover she will soon become an inefficient one. No mind can maintain its constant excellency of thought and activity unless it is given every possible aid and help of a perfect body. If the body be ill, so is the mind, and vice versa. The business woman of to-day to be "efficient" must have, in addition to the ability, health, strength, and endurance. No man will employ a worker who is not always "on the job" and is bright, ready and at the topnotch of readiness and vitality. Why? Because the work bears undeniable tell-tale marks of mental or bodily weariness.

"Oh, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! Who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there can be no enjoying the world without thee." So said an old and wise writer, and we are rapidly learning to know it too, although, with most of us, we never appreciate the mechanism of our bodies until we are forced to do without a part of them. Then and then only, we realize all that we have missed.

In the matter of the health of a working woman, she is likely to spend eight hours of her day bending over a desk, a correct position is of the utmost importance, as well as other things. The chair should be of such a height that she may set her feet firmly and easily on the floor, the seat being deep enough from before backward to accommodate about three quarters of the length of the thighs, while the back of the chair should be so curved as to support the back in its natural curves, rests being afforded at the waist and shoulders.

The chair and desk should be close enough together to enable the worker to read from books in an erect position, since bending forward over the desk causes round shoulders, flat chest, and short-sightedness. When properly arranged, two-thirds of the forearm can be rested upon the desk without raising the shoulders. The book should be held about twelve inches from the eye, and always brought toward the face, instead of the eyes peering forward to it.

If a woman has any large amount of writing to do, she should use a typewriter, by all means. This saves an immense amount of labor, allows the output of more work in a more legible and neater manner. Moreover, the motion of the fingers is not nearly as confining and cramping as when a pen is used, and the body is held more erect, with the shoulders well back.

It is a wise thing, when the muscles of the body feel confined and tired, to walk around the room several times, and to

take a few deep breaths before an open window. This relaxes the strain of the eye as well as of the body.

An incorrect posture for any length of time results in many evils—main among which are a poor chest development, a deviation of the septum of the nose to one side (brought about by faulty breathing), marked curvature of the spine, and countless deformities of the chest. An erect position is absolutely essential for symmetrical development of the chest, and the proper ventilation of the lungs. Weak muscles and poor muscular development—which are certain to come about—are fruitful sources of spinal curvatures and flat chests. Women write to me constantly asking, "What shall I do for a poorly developed bust?" And if they only knew it, there would be no need for this question, if they would only throw their shoulders back and their heads up and take a normal amount of exercise.

Breathing exercises will go a long way toward correcting the ailments which arise from incorrect carriage. Taken before an open window, they completely change the air in the lungs, maintain the elasticity of the lung tissue, and expand the chest in every direction. A supply of change the air in the lungs, maintain the elasticity of the lung tissue, and expand the chest in every direction. A supply of oxygen is inhaled which stirs up, disinfects and cools the stagnant air.

To be most effective, these exercises should be taken before an open window, with loose and light clothing, supported from the shoulders. Place the hands on the hips, raise the shoulders to the utmost, and take a deep breath, breathing in from above downward. When the lungs have expanded to their utmost and have reached their greatest capacity, and the breath has been held as long as possible, empty the lungs by an abrupt and forced expiration. Repeat at first about ten times, and gradually increase, until the number has reached thirty. These should be practiced early in the morning directly after arising, and in the evening just before retiring, as well as during the day.

The lunch hour should be devoted to absolute relaxation of some nature—whether it be rest, exercise or merely change of occupation. It is best to vary the monotony as much as possible, even during the working hours. Lunch should consist of a simple wholesome, nourishing meal—not cakes, pies, buns, pickles and ice cream. Altogether too many women breakfast on nothing, lunch on a concoction of sweets that outrage their digestive organs, and then wonder that their heads ache all the afternoon. A glass of milk, sandwiches and something warm make a satisfying and needed repast. Eat slowly, chew well. Following luncheon should come a brisk walk in the open air, which refreshes and revigorates the entire body.

It is absolutely necessary that some exercise be indulged in every day, whether it be a walk to and from the office, a stroll at the lunch hour or in the evening. Exercise deepens and quickens respiration, oxygenates the lungs, strengthens the muscles, and stirs up a sluggish liver. Many a person has thrown off a heavy cold, avoid nameless ills, and keep out the germs of tuberculosis, to which office workers are constantly exposed. With plenty of proper exercise, it is most unlikely that one will easily become sick, and a lack of outdoor exercise is certain to result in an anemic condition, pallor, flabby muscles, bad color, poor carriage, lack-lustre eyes, pale lips and a generally ill-nourished appearance.

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## Correspondence

### Notice to Contributors

The publishers of The Western Home Monthly note an increasing tendency on the part of correspondents to quote liberally from letters which have appeared in these columns in former issues. We particularly request our readers to refrain from doing this as we want our pages to contain original matter, and the simpler the language, the better. We are anxious, at all times, to receive bright, interesting letters from our readers and make no stipulations as to theme, except that matters appertaining to religions, politics and nationality, and also attacks on private individuals and corporations, should be barred. Our subscribers, by taking to heart this advice and acting accordingly, will help to make our correspondence pages more interesting.—Editor.

Cumberland, B.C.

Dear Editor: As an interested reader and admirer of The W. H. M., permit me to pass some comment upon the subject in the Young Woman's page of the October number headed "She Doesn't Like Men." I note you call for readers' opinions on same and as I am a young man I trust it will not bar

women and know the causes of their distress. (Good I say), but woman is no failure. The sins of humanity is a huge topic complex and manifold, so much so Mr. Editor that it doesn't become any of us to lay the blame on anyone. The world and humanity are old. There may be much about both for regret but there is ever so much more about them to rejoice over. As a business fellow, life to me seems a business concern with mother Nature as a senior partner.

I find her precepts are on the square. A sober observation of her method and system leads to sure success. An optimistic view of life gets good returns because everything that's worth while in life is ours for the taking.

I would like to pass on a few more of my meditations. However, Mr. Editor, I trust you will accommodate these few and permit me to remain, wishing The W. H. M. success,

Yours for humanity.  
Optimist.

### A Match for "Mere Bachelor"

Manitoba, Oct. 8, 1915.

Dear Editor: I have just read, with a very great feeling of disgust, "Mere Bachelor's" letter in the October number, and think that when he would so



Rounding up Manitoba Cattle for Market

my reflections. It is a big question and I would like to detail more on same but as your space is of value I will under the circumstances, be as brief and as precise as I can. I think every fellow should read and take interest in the Young Woman's page and every girl likewise in the Young Man's page. "She" states she was a nurse four years and knows of the inner channels of women's lives. Had spent 13 months in a woman's hospital and bitterly criticizes the encouragement of girls to love home making and a high regard for men, who "She" blames for all the sins of humanity and that marriage is a failure. I have a notion that her vision of life is a little vague and that she is inclined to pessimism. It is true that some folks fail with marriage but marriage is no failure. To my mind marriage and home (compliments of each other) are the most noble, worthy and sacred of all human obligations and the source of all that is best in humanity. It is true some men are vile, base and mean but (Oh, you "She" have a heart), mankind is not all vile, base and mean. Mankind is the masterpiece of creative art. Some girls prefer an occupation through which they can shun the home and the domestic but this is not home's fault. There is no finer or better art under the sun for girls than Domestic Science or home making. My experience of girls is that the intelligent have inside their heart of hearts an irresistible love of home life.

"She" in the course of her profession may have dealt with many unfortunate

insult, in a letter, the country girls, his manner towards them must be the same. If so he deserves to be treated coolly and without a great deal of respect. But perhaps he has been in the habit of associating with only the lower class of girls, as I know there are the different classes, both the vulgar and refined, in the country as well as in the city. "Mere Bachelor" is evidently judging all of the girls by those of his own acquaintance. He must have expected to draw forth indignation from the country girls when he tells them to read carefully every week, the Young Ladies' Page.

He says that he learned his manners from his mother and at school. He surely cannot have gone to school long enough, or else must have left his mother too soon, or he would not have written such an unmannerly letter.

He speaks of a young man escorting a young lady, who had been caught in a thunderstorm, to her home and not receiving a thank you. I take it for granted that this young man was himself, or he would not have been able to describe so well the feelings of the man towards the lady. Probably the reason why he did not receive the thank you was because the young lady was more frightened of his manner toward her than she was of the thunder and lightning and did not think him deserving a thank you.

Because a man has lived on a farm for five years, it is no reason whatever why he should "act a little different, simply because the young women have altered him in his manners." Where

## Suffered Awfully

FROM

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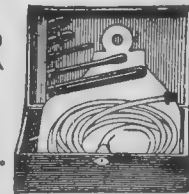
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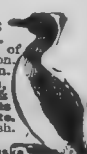


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ever a man is living, for the sake of his own self respect, he should still retain his gentlemanly manners.

I am sure that "Just Me," or any other lady would not object to any bachelor smoking by his own fireside, but I think it is sadly out of place for a man to smoke at a public gathering or where there are ladies who would have to put up with the smoke.

As for the country girls talking of nothing but dress, I think that he has mistaken them for the city girls, as it has become almost a proverb that the city girls are more guilty of this than are the country girls (of course I am not speaking of the girls of his particular acquaintance as there are exceptions to all rules). "Mere Bachelor" also said, "It is going some when a girl gets such a swollen head, that just because it may be imperative that her father should wear overalls, she is ashamed for her girl friends to see him." I am not ashamed for any one to see my father when he dons his overalls for work, because all of my friends know that he is a gentleman. In fact I am quite proud of him as he has received a gold medal for being the best ploughman in the district.

I have lived on a farm all my life, but as far as manners are concerned I would not take a back place with any city girl, and I certainly try to keep aloof from ungentlemanly men. I appreciate fine manners in a man just as much as the girl does, whose home is in the city.

Yours truly,  
Country Girl.

Criticism.

Sask., Oct. 25.

Dear Editor and Readers: This is my first attempt at writing for your interesting column. I read The W. H. M. and like it very much. I have just finished reading "Mere Bachelor's" message in the October number. My but

he did get some steam up. I wonder if he would stand back and allow some other bachelor to speak thus of his own sister. If he still calls himself a gentleman, I think he would not. Perhaps "Just Me" was a bit severe when she included rowdiness in her list of faults. I remember the first Sunday that I was "at home" to my friends on the Prairie. A friend of my brother (a bachelor) called. He wore blue striped overalls, and a black striped negligee, his shoes had no polish on them, even his hair didn't look very well brushed, and I think he had no tie at all. Now I never in all my life had seen a young gentleman call on Sunday, at a house, in just that sort of rigging. I resented it at once, and said that he showed little or no respect for a woman, to come in this fashion. Later I learned that this was one side of Western life, and that he had no other suit than this. He has called several times since and I don't think anything about it. I should never care to couple up for life with such a man, for if he can't keep a second tog when it's only himself, where would I come in?

"A voice from the East" was right when he said that we would know what "love" really was when the object of our love had vanished, as a vapor in the air.

I have only been in this glorious West for six months, and as yet I get lonesome at times, so I shall be glad to hear from any of the readers, if this letter ever finds space in your splendid paper. Wishing you all every good fortune I will sign myself,

Intruder.

Hope Manitoba will Lead the Way

Manitoba, Oct. 9, 1915.

Dear Editor and Readers: This is my first attempt at writing to your paper, although I have often thought of doing so before.

I have just read the correspondence of the October issue and am therefore in the mood for writing.

I feel rather amused after reading some of the letters. I certainly do not agree with "A Voice from the East" that "love is a mild form of insanity" or was that really his opinion? I believe love is the greatest gift God ever gave man.

What do you readers think of women having the vote? I believe I read one letter a while ago against it. But why shouldn't they vote? They are just as intelligent as men. We have been busy here in Manitoba with petition forms and are hoping Manitoba will be the first province to grant women their rights.

Does "Kid" think that having a "Ford" etc., might entice some young girls to write to him.

I really think "Mere Bachelor" is far too hard on we Western girls. Some of us may be too reserved but not all. Then too he referred to girls being ashamed of their fathers in overalls. I was brought up on a farm and consider my father and brother just as good in their overalls as when "dressed up" or just as good as the rest of men.

I will sign myself,

Suffragette.

Fond of Farm Life

Austin, Man., Oct. 13, 1915.

Dear Editor and Members: Seeing my last letter in print I am tempted to write once again to your valuable paper. The weather out here has been very unfavorable for threshing as it has been raining nearly every day. The grain is turning out very well though, we had three thousand six hundred bushels of wheat and the oats and barley and buckwheat is not finished yet. My father has a threshing outfit of his own and so we got all our wheat threshed before the wet weather. My father is a cement block manufacturer,

but owing to the war building is slack this year, but he shipped quite a lot of gravel.

I am going away to high school now, but I am very glad to get home once in awhile, as I like the farm very well. I think I would like it farther west though. I like shooting and went out one day when I was home. I agree with "A voice from the East" that The W. H. M. is a good cure for the blues. I enjoy reading its valuable pages very much especially the Correspondence page. Well, hoping to hear from some of the jolly members of our page as I am fond of a lively life myself, I will close. Wishing the members and The W. H. M. my best wishes, I am,

Brown-eyed Ravenshot.

A Talk from Madagascar

Manasoa, Tulear, Madagascar.

Aug. 10, 1915.

Dear Sir: I have through the kindness of an unknown little friend in Simpson, Sask. (Olga Oistad), become an interested reader of your magazine. I find very many articles of value in the paper and think the majority of the stories delightfully wholesome. It would be difficult to say which page I appreciate the most, but would probably head the list with Mrs. Hamilton's and The Philosopher's. The Correspondence column also interests me very much, but at times I am saddened by the apparent all-for-fun spirit which seems to run through some of the letters. Think to myself: Perhaps they have not yet tasted the seriousness and the responsibility of life, and above all the blessed peace through faith in the One True God.

I sometimes think: Wouldn't their view of life take a different standard if they were able to pay a visit to our dark heathen country down here! In fact I have often wished to take them with me on a short visit via the Cor-

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"I am a woman of middle age—have borne 23 children in 25 years—and all my trouble dates from the birth of my last baby, five years ago. I was never the same after that. My strength went from me, and I began to suffer with

pain at my chest, and round my left side. So severe did this become that I could not bear the slightest pressure, and the pain in my side was so severe that I could hardly bear it. I lost all appetite, and used to suffer from frightful headaches and palpitation that was like an engine beating in my breast, I went almost blind with dizziness, and oh! so sick. Then came retching. Everything I took returned, even a glass of water or a cup of tea. I was also extremely constipated. I was in bed for weeks at a time, and when I struggled up from very weariness I had soon to go back again. I got weaker and more wasted until I was like a living skeleton. Medicine and other things I tried did no good. Nothing did any good till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then—oh! what a blessed relief—I got steadily better from the first, and now I am just full of health and strength."



Mrs. King.

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respondence column, but have hesitated, not knowing whether it would be appreciated or not.

I thought the letter by "Contented" in the May number was very, very good. It would undoubtedly prove a blessing to our young people to read such good, sound, kind advice (if I may call it so) from our married friends. Altogether too many of our young people step into married life thoughtlessly and must therefore pay the consequences.

I should like very much to correspond with Contented, but do not see the way clear from here, as I presume the envelope must be stamped, and our stamps will not pass from Winnipeg?

Just one thing more before I close. Some of the stories in your paper I should like very much to translate into Norwegian for our papers at home in the States, but do not know whose consent I must obtain in order to do so. Would you kindly give me information on the subject.

I have no intention nor desire to make money on the translations, but wish to spread them abroad for the good in the stories.

Awaiting further information on the subject and with all good wishes for the staff, the paper and all its readers, I will sign myself,

"A Missionary."

P.S.—I will be leaving on a furlough in the spring, and would very much appreciate an answer before my departure.

The writer is given full permission to use any story she may think fit in the above manner, also mail any correspondence she wishes, direct to The W.H.M., and the Editor will see it is stamped and forwarded to its destination.

#### Prefers the Old Songs

Alberta, Oct. 13, 1915.

Dear Editor: For some months I have been a reader of The W.H.M. and enjoy reading it very much. Although I do not agree with "Just Me" in her opinion of bachelors, still I think "Mere Bachelor" is rather hard on the teachers. I am a teacher and have found pleasure in helping the farmer's wife. To me it was a novelty to be on the farm and would enjoy very much going back there. We teachers try to instil into the minds of the children the necessity of good manners but if they are not taught them to some degree in the home it has not such a lasting effect upon them.

In regard to Tipperary, mentioned in "Student's" letter, although the music is good yet I do not think the words arouse any patriotism. To me, nothing will ever replace "The Soldiers of the King" or "The British Navy," although the latter is not so widely known in this country. I saw an article which said "Tipperary" was being replaced by "Onward Christian Soldiers."

All honor to all our patriots both at home and abroad, and may the time soon come when war shall cease and peace reign again. My address is with the editor if any one wishes to write, Curly.

#### Woman Suffrage in Oregon

Oregon, U.S.A., Aug. 29, 1915.

Dear Editor: Would it be asking too much for you to accept a few words from a United States girl? I have been reading the letters in the Correspondence page for some time and became very much interested in some of them, especially those on "Woman Suffrage" and the "liquor question." I think the very fact that the state was voted dry the first year Oregon had woman suffrage ought to convince anyone that women should have the right to vote. Although I will not be old enough to vote for three years I at least have my opinions formed on that particular subject.

I am a junior in High School this year and expect to teach when I finish there. Most of the writers in the Correspondence column seem to have a bad opinion of school teachers in general, and old maids in particular, but school teachers are not all of the cranky type, I hope.

I have heard much of the beautiful sunsets and other scenic beauties of Canada and have longed to visit that country for some time, although we have scenery here that could not be surpassed.

Well I must close wishing The W.H.M. further success. I would not seriously object to hearing more about Canada through some of the readers of the Correspondence page.

Yours sincerely,  
Oregon Girl.

#### Not Accustomed with Manners

Glen Ewen, Sask., Oct. 18, 1915.

Dear Editor: Being a silent reader of The W.H.M. for over five long years in which I have taken the greatest interest in it especially the Correspondence column, I resolved to make a brave effort to join the merry circle.

I notice the main subject at present is "Love" in which I think we girls get taken down pretty bad and in which I am going to try to say a little in my own defence.

I notice in the last issue we have a letter from the "Mere Bachelor." Now he does not need to try to say that the country girls do not appreciate fine manners. For my part I am nothing but a farmer's daughter—nothing to be ashamed of at any time—but it is so seldom we girls living out in the West see good manners from a mere bachelor that when a gentleman does lift his hat or does anything like that we have to stand in amazement. Before we can think to return it he has flown like a whipped dog and then the next person he meets he tells them about how we don't appreciate it or he even writes a big speel to The W.H.M. where he intends to get sympathy from all his fellow men. Of course I will acknowledge that there are a few girls of us that try to show we are a little above those bachelors but perhaps those poor girls will be glad to say the affirmative to those humble wife seekers when they want some one to share their joys, sorrows and cares and then the bachelor will forget all he thought and said and will come to the decision that the rather aged bachelor came to when I asked him why he did not get married. He said he thought woman the most beautiful and useful creature that God ever created. Hurrah! yes, and he added that he had not the heart to ask one of them to share his life after he had batched so long for he had so many bad habits he should not be able to give up.

"Mere Bachelor" might have been taught a lot from his mother and teacher but he does not speak as though they taught him respect for the ladies. I like nothing better than to see my father and brothers in working clothes. So there now "Mere Bachelor." Is not our country during this terrible war depending greatly on all the cereals a farmer can produce.

I wish just to tell you something of which I am positive to as its truthfulness. A young lady in our own community kept company with a young gentleman and later an engagement took place between the couple. The lady's father was next to a millionaire and she had her heart's desire while the young gentleman was very poor having just enough to barely keep himself decent. When the engagement was announced the father was angry telling his daughter he would give her no wedding and remove all his money which he had placed at his death in her hands. Still the young lady loved her intended husband so much that in a few weeks she was married at a neighboring church to him and went to his one-roomed shack. See she had stepped down from all her grandness, society, and everything for love. Times went on and they lost nearly everything by fire. In vain her father pleaded with her to come back and leave all but she was too sincere. So there now "Mere Bachelor." I will close and sign myself,  
Not Ashamed.

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## Household Suggestions

**Spiced Beef.**—Pressed spiced beef may be prepared with fresh brisket, thick or thin flank of beef, or the silver side of the round. From 10 lbs. upwards is the best size. If the thin flank is used the skin and bone should be removed before pickling; the bones of the brisket should be removed after cooking, and the bone of the round before cooking, and its space filled with fresh beef fat. In all cases the meat must be bound firmly before cooking to keep it in good shape, and is improved by being rolled up in butter muslin. For the pickle sprinkle the beef with common salt for one day, then have ready 1 lb. of common salt, 1 lb. of coarse brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of saltpetre,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of ground black pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of ground allspice, a heaped teaspoonful each of ground mace, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, six fresh bay leaves, crushed, and a dessert-spoonful of thyme; mix all these ingredients well together; rub the meat well with it every day for fourteen to sixteen days, according to size; take it out; rinse it with clear cold water under a tap, roll it into the form of a galantine, or bind it into shape with strong tape or white cord; wipe it dry. To cook it, put into a stew pan 2 oz. of beef dripping or fat bacon, two onions, two carrots, one turnip, four shallots, three blades of celery, all cut into slices; place the meat on the top, cover, and let all fry for half an hour; or, if more convenient, brown the meat in the oven, and lastly add the vegetables, slightly fried; cover with good stock, to which a bottle of cooking claret will be an immense improvement. Add one teaspoonful of peppercorns, two blades of mace, and a small bunch of fresh herbs; let it stew till quite tender, remove all bones and gristle, press it well under heavy weights, remove the tape and muslin and brush over with glaze, decorate with some aspic jelly chopped, and also some cut into pretty designs; hard-boiled eggs cut into slices and sliced boiled beetroot are also an appropriate garnish.

**How to Choose a Goose.**—When a goose is young the bill is yellow, which turns red when the bird grows old. When fresh killed the feet are supple, and when stale they become stiff and dry. Geese should be large and fat, and the white and grey are to be preferred to those of a dark color. To carve a goose, cut down to the breast-bone, and help out as many slices as can be obtained, taking a little stuffing out of the apron each time. Next remove the legs and wings, cutting the flesh and jerking the joint-back, and then separate the neck and side-bones, and finally the back. After the breast, the fleshy part of the wing and thigh are the most favorite parts.

**Rolled Steak.**—Take 1 lb. or rather more of rump steak half-inch thick, make some veal stuffing, spread it over the steak, roll up, bind with tape or skewer it, put into a baking-dish with a little stock, cover closely, and bake for about two hours; take out the meat, thicken the gravy with 1 oz. butter rolled in a tablespoonful of flour, season with pepper and salt, put the steak on a dish, remove the tape or skewer, strain the gravy over, and serve.

**Savory Pie.**—Ingredients:  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of stewing steak,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of potatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of onions, one teaspoonful of unpolished rice, some good dripping. Method: Slice the onions and fry them and the steak until brown in hot dripping; then put them into a stew-jar with cold water to cover, and cook slowly for two hours. Wash the rice and boil it until tender, boil and mash the potatoes, and cut the steak into small pieces. Grease a good sized pie dish and put in first a layer of the rice, next a layer of the steak, and then repeat the process until these ingredients are all used. Pour over some of the gravy, season to taste, cover with the mashed potatoes, and then bake in the oven until nicely brown.

**Stewed Rabbit with Brown Sauce.**—Prepare a rabbit in the usual way and cut it into neat joints. Remove the rind from 3 oz. of sliced bacon and cut the slices into small pieces; cook these in a

stewpan until the fat part is transparent, and then remove them to a plate. Coat the joints of the rabbit with a mixture of flour, salt, and pepper, and fry these in the liquor left by the bacon until they are brown on all sides, adding a little more fat if necessary. Then add two onions cut into slices, and brown these also. Return the pieces of bacon to the stewpan, grate a little nutmeg over the contents, and pour in one pint of stock. Put the lid on the stewpan and cook very gently until the rabbit is tender. Send to table with a dish of baked tomatoes.

**Potatoes Lyonnaise.**—Slice cold boiled potatoes to make two cupfuls. Cook five minutes one tablespoonful and a half of butter with one tablespoonful of finely-chopped onion. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, season with salt and pepper, add potatoes, and cook until potatoes have absorbed the butter, occasionally shaking pan. Add butter and onions, and when well mixed, add half a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley.

**Fairy Puddings.**—Required: 2 oz. of castor sugar, 2 oz. of flour, 2 oz. of butter, two yolks of eggs, one white, one lemon-rind, half a pint of

**Quick Salad Dressing Without Oil.**—One-quarter cupful of sugar with a dash of salt, pepper and mustard stirred in. Add one-quarter cup vinegar and let it come to a boil. Beat one egg in the cup and fill up with sour cream. Stir into the sugar and vinegar and let come to a boil. Cool and use. This will keep in a cool place a week or two.

**Sausages and Fried Apples.**—Prick the sausages well with a fork. Place in a deep frying pan; pour in enough boiling water to cover the bottom; cover and cook over a moderate fire. When the water evaporates, remove the cover and turn several times, that they may be nicely browned. Turn on to a platter. Core a number of large tart apples, cut in rings an inch thick, and fry in the sausage fat.

**To Keep Pies from Running Over.**—The best way ever to keep apple pies (or fruit pies of any kind) from boiling over into the oven is: Do not stick or pinch the top crust to the lower, but cut the top one slightly smaller, so it will just fit inside the lower one and lie loosely over the pie. This lets the juice bubble up around the edge of the top crust, but it will not boil out, and the pies are delicious.

**A Variation of Baked Apples.**—Peel and slice apples to just fill a gallon stone

on milk and cook slowly for three-fourths of an hour. Before serving put in one cup of cream and let it come to a boil. Or, line a buttered baking dish with a layer of cold boiled potatoes; sprinkle with bread crumbs, salt and pepper and then another layer till dish is full. Cover with milk and bake in oven.

**Apple Johnnycake.**—One pint of white meal, two tablespoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, milk enough to make soft batter, three apples pared and sliced. Mix in the order given and bake in a cake pan thirty minutes.

### Five Roses Flour Recipes

#### Christmas Cake

4 cups sugar  
3 cups melted butter  
4 cups molasses  
2 cups sweet milk  
10 eggs  
2 teaspoons soda  
2 teaspoons each cinnamon, cloves, allspice  
2 nutmegs  
8 cups Five Roses Flour  
2 pounds currants  
3 pounds raisins  
1 pound mixed peel  
1 pound chopped nuts  
Bake in slow oven.

#### Almond Icing

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter  
1 egg (white)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond extract  
2 cups icing sugar  
Cream butter, beat white of egg stiff, add almond flavoring and sugar. Stir in gradually. If too stiff, add a little milk. Use  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound almond burnt and rolled. Cover cake with icing and roll in nutmeats.

#### Christmas Pudding

2 eggs  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups currants  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups raisins  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups suet  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
1 cup molasses  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
4 cups Five Roses Flour  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar  
1 teaspoon mixed spice  
Boil or steam 3 hours. Sauce to taste.

#### Scotch Short Bread

$\frac{1}{4}$  pound fresh butter  
2 ounces fine sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce cornstarch  
6 ounces Five Roses Flour  
Knead cornstarch and sugar into the butter, then gradually knead in flour. Roll out into a round. Pinch the edges with fore-finger and thumb, prick over top with fork, cut in eight. Place on baking dish and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Leave on tin to harden.

#### Currant Bun

$\frac{1}{2}$  pound Five Roses Flour  
1 pound raisins  
1 pound currants  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  pound sugar  
2 ounces blanched almonds  
2 ounces candied peel  
1 teaspoon ginger  
1 teaspoon cinnamon (or spice)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Jamaica pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon caraway seeds  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar  
1 teacup sweet milk (old ale may be used instead)

With the hand mix well in a basin all above ingredients. Line a cake tin with a plain short crust rolled out very thin, and put the mixture in this prepared tin, and roll out the scraps of paste to cover top. Wet well the edges. Place top cover on and press well around the edges. Prick top with a fork, and brush over with sweet milk. Bake in moderate oven for at least 3 hours.

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Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.



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milk. Thickly grease some small dariole moulds or cups. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the sugar and milk. Add this slowly and smoothly to the flour. Then add the beaten yolks and grated lemon-rind. Beat the white stiffly and stir it in lightly. Half fill the cups with this mixture, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes, or till firm and a pale brown. Turn out gently and serve at once, or they sink down.

**Nut Sandwiches.**—Run shelled peanuts through the chopper using the finest plate, and sprinkle on bread and butter. Any kind of nut meats may be used, but should be very thin. Sprinkle all nut sandwiches lightly with salt.

**Egg Sandwiches.**—Chop one egg for each child in the chopping bowl, and mix with an equal quantity of cold, boiled and chopped ham. Use in the usual manner, moistening with cream if too dry. Sprinkle with salt and a very little pepper.

**Escalloped Potatoes.**—Peel and slice raw potatoes thin. Butter a baking pan, put in a layer of potatoes, butter, salt, pepper, sprinkle with flour, then another layer of potatoes and so on until the pan is filled. Just before putting into the oven fill the dish with cream or milk.

**Potato Soup.**—Boil seven potatoes until soft, season with salt, pepper and butter, pass through a colander, then add one and one-half pints of milk, juice of large onion, three dashes of celery salt; stir into a cream, then beat for ten minutes. Before serving add remainder of quart of milk and some finely-chopped parsley.

jar; add one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves or cassia and one-half teaspoonful of soda (a little more if the apples are very sour). Shake the jar, so all will be well distributed through the apples, then put in the oven and bake slowly six hours. Turn out, and when cool it is pleasing to the eye and taste. A bean pot does very well in place of the jar.

**Sandwich Bread.**—When baking, half fill previously buttered pound coffee cans with bread dough, and set to rise. Experience will teach you just how full to make the cans, but it is safe to start with the can half full. This makes nice round slices, and these in turn can be cut into triangles to please the children. Baking powder cans may be used or the regular "store" sandwich bread pans, but the coffee cans are all right for the purpose.

**White Corn Cake.**—One-fourth cup butter; one-half cup sugar; one and one-third cups milk; whites of three eggs; one and one-fourth cups white corn meal; one and one-fourth cups flour; four teaspoonfuls baking powder; one teaspoonful salt. Cream the butter; add sugar gradually; add milk; alternating with dry ingredients, mixed and sifted. Beat thoroughly; add whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in buttered cake pan 30 minutes.

**Cream Potatoes.**—Take cold boiled potatoes, cut in dice, put a large piece of butter in the skillet; when ready to brown put potatoes in, pepper and salt, stir them around in butter for a few minutes, but don't let brown, then pour





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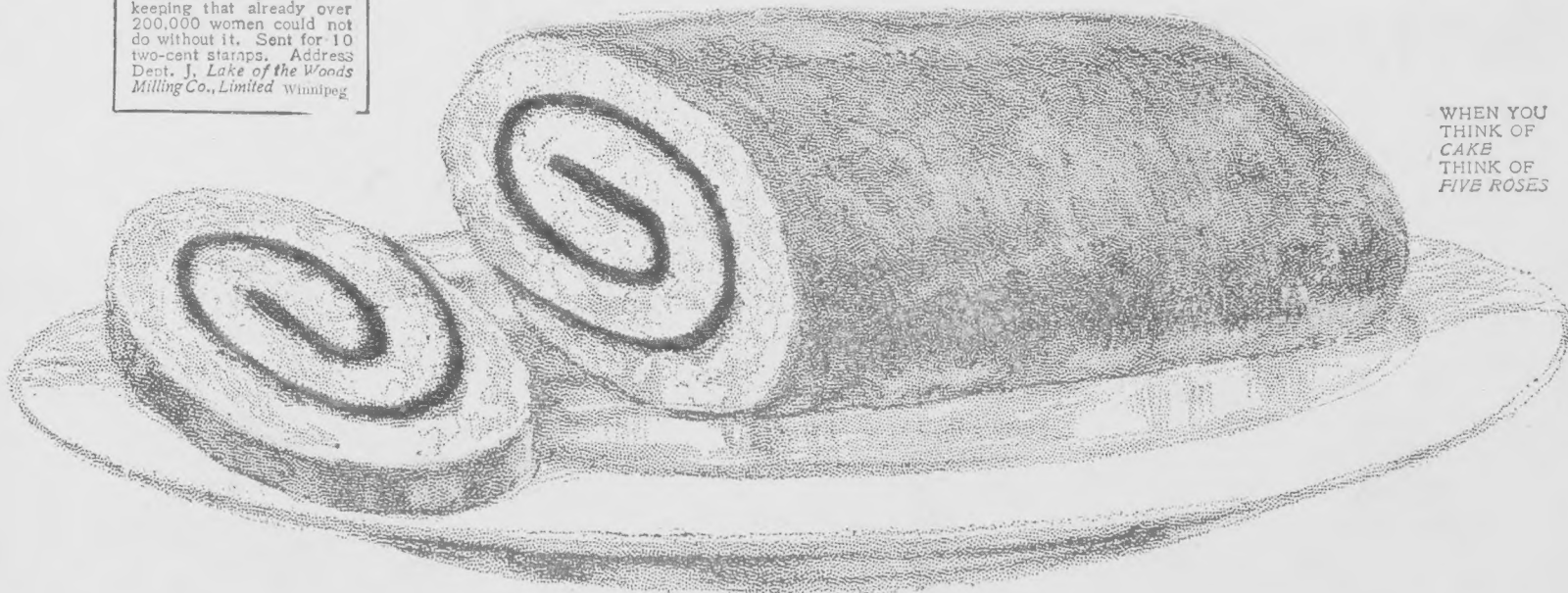
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